THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]Weekly
Founded A°[illegible]aj. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JULY 13, 1918

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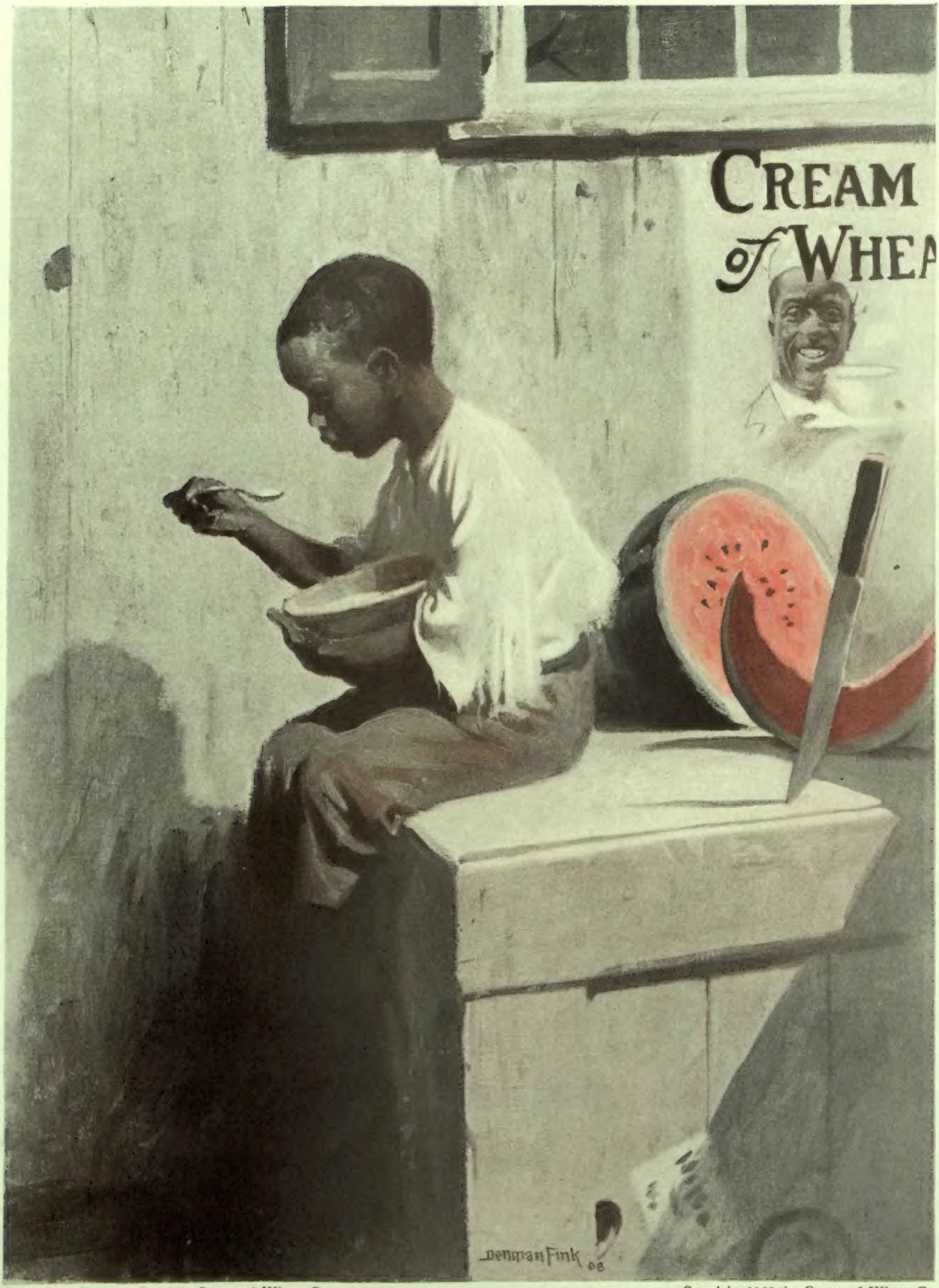
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

VENUS IN THE EAST—By Wallace Irwin



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The road shown in illustration is part of Riverside Drive, treated with "Tarvia-B."

Illustrated Tarvia booklet free on request

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(Photo courtesy N. Y. World)

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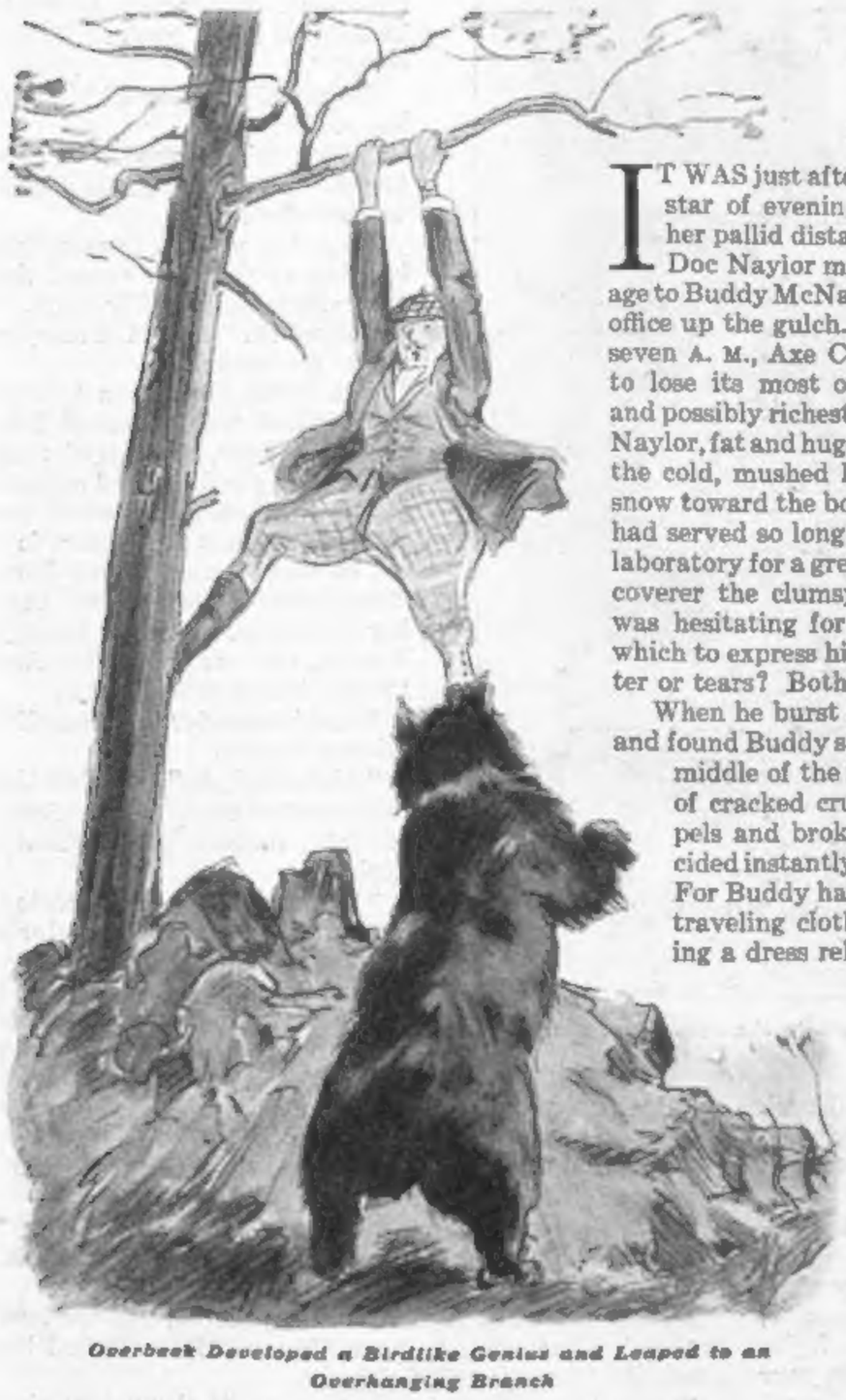
VENUS IN THE EAST

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Overbeck Developed a Birdlike Genius and Leaped to an Overhanging Branch

IT WAS just after sunset and Venus, star of evening, was still keeping her pallid distance in the sky when Doc Naylor made his last pilgrimage to Buddy McNair and his little assay office up the gulch. On the morrow, at seven A. M., Axe Creek, Colorado, was to lose its most original, best known and possibly richest citizen; and as Doc Naylor, fat and hugely swaddled against the cold, mushed his way through the snow toward the box of a building that had served so long as both boudoir and laboratory for a great metallurgical discoverer the clumsy big-hearted cynic was hesitating for a medium through which to express his emotions. Laughter or tears? Both, possibly.

When he burst open the front door and found Buddy standing stiffly in the middle of the room amidst a litter of cracked crucibles, bone-ash cupels and broken slag the Doc decided instantly that it was to laugh. For Buddy had gotten into his new traveling clothes and was preparing a dress rehearsal for the Doc's special benefit. Buddy had always wanted a blue suit, and it was obvious, even to old Naylor's none too subtle color sense, that Buddy had gone at it with his usual thoroughness, and accomplished his ambition; for the loose-hanging creation, which he had brought up this very morning from the Fashion Store, across from the Texas Star Hotel, presented all the brilliancy of a chemical fire. Yellow shoes, fancifully trimmed with buttons to match, a cravat of daintiest lavender, a hat of bowler type somewhat tight in the band, a very tall double collar and a slippery satin shirt combined to disguise the exterior Buddy as something he wasn't and never had been.

Doc Naylor gave three long snorts, his great body shaking like a bale of cotton in an earthquake.

"Great Scott—don't know you! Don't want to know you!" he spluttered, wiping his spectacles as he tried to visualize the old corduroys and downtrodden swamper's boots which had characterized Buddy McNair.

"My card!" grinned Buddy, and somewhat inexpertly fumbling he brought out several, blew away the tissue paper and handed one to his caller.

"Mr. Gilbert Kernochan McNair!" read Doc Naylor. "Huh! So that's what you'll be as you saunter through marble halls jostling the rich and great."

"Don't I look the part?" to-morrow's adventurer inquired nervously.

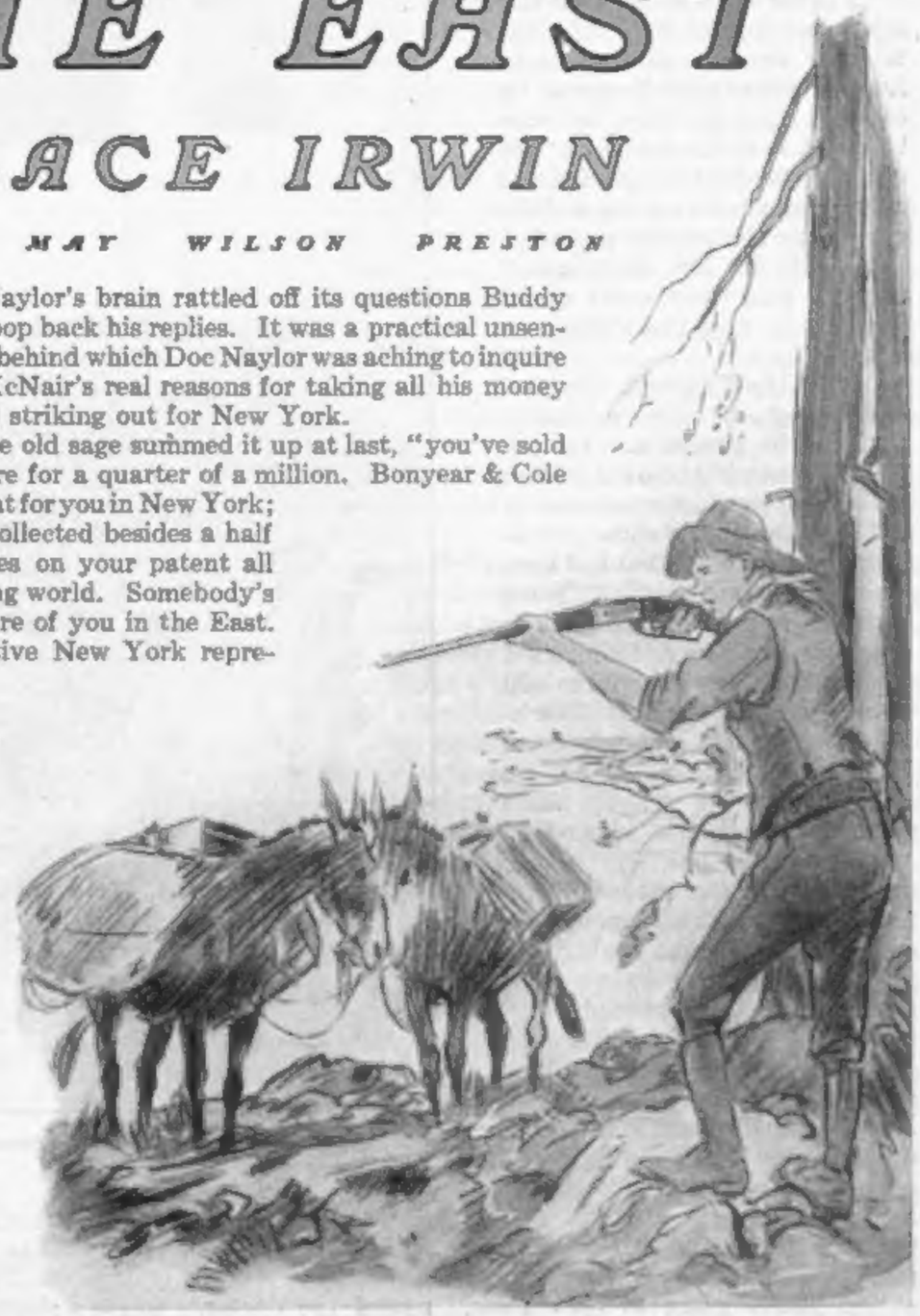
"I hope the first six confidence men who see you fall to quarreling among themselves."

"Great Henry!" Buddy had a panic-stricken feeling. An east-bound train was so soon to tear him away from this rough, jagged and protective old rock to which he had clung so long that it had become a habit of his life.

Matters of business, important to both Naylor and McNair, were to be discussed at this sitting. Buddy's profitable relinquishment of his share in the Virginia Supercyanide Mill had promoted the Doc to its management. So the conference waited only for Buddy to cast aside his glorious coat, revealing more glorious shirt sleeves. Then the two took chairs, propped their feet on the old workbench before the dusty window and went at it hammer and tongs.

Buddy knew nothing about business, but he knew all about the Supercyanide Process of Gold Reduction, because he had invented it. No matter how rapidly the machine gun in Doc Naylor's brain rattled off its questions Buddy was there to pop back his replies. It was a practical unsentimental talk, behind which Doc Naylor was aching to inquire into Buddy McNair's real reasons for taking all his money in a lump and striking out for New York.

"Well," the old sage summed it up at last, "you've sold your share here for a quarter of a million. Bonyear & Cole are holding that for you in New York; and they've collected besides a half year's royalties on your patent all over the mining world. Somebody's got to take care of you in the East. Bonyear's active New York representative is that human summer squash, Pontius Blint, who came here last year to close the deal for them. He's honest, I guess, and he's rich and he knows New York. Throw yourself on his mercy as soon as you get there. Otherwise anything might happen to you."



In the Flash of a Gun Buddy Had Chosen Between Two Duties

Buddy leaned his elbows on the table and gazed westward. Mountain twilight had settled down, the interior of the assay office was black, the cooling coke ovens glowed dimly, the two men's faces showed as patches of white. In the obscurity Doc Naylor picked up courage to speak out.

"Just why are you going East, Buddy?"

Down the cañon in the deep crotch between snowy mountains Buddy could see the evening star snapping with electric brilliancy in a gory spot of sunset. "I've sort of taken a notion to follow that star," he admitted at last in a constrained tone.

There were two pairs of elbows on the table now as beyond the mountain silence trouble-giving Hesperus touched the tallest pine, sank, disappeared.

"Well, Doc?" suggested Buddy at last.

"You always were a damn fool," explained Doc Naylor pleasantly. "And I suppose that accounts for some of your charm—which I have to take other people's word for—and all of your crazy success. You've given the world the Supercyanide Process merely because you didn't have sense enough to know it couldn't be done. Your specialty is the scientifically impossible. By insulting the laws of chemical reaction you've gone and cleaned up what I suppose will amount to half a dozen millions of dollars, sooner or later. And now you propose to go East by way of the evening star."

"Is that pretty nutty?" asked Buddy, with the chastened look he always gave the man who had guided him through his precarious years.

"Not for you," Naylor affectionately assured him. "Of course it defies physics, astronomy, geography, astrology and the time-tables of the D. & R. G. But then ——"

"What's the idea?"

"Going to New York, aren't you?"

"Take the spur to Colorado Springs at seven A. M., change to main line at eleven-forty-six," he recited the figures he had carefully committed to memory.

"Let me tell you. Venus, which you have just picked out as the lodestar of your future, doesn't travel on that track. She's off right now for the Pacific Coast. Of course if you want to go to New York via San Francisco, Nagasaki, Petrograd and Paris ——"

"You always were a literal-minded cuss. I was just trying to express an idea."

"Ideas are your curse," gloomed the fat man. "Who ever told you to pack your trunk and follow Venus?"

"My father," said Buddy McNair, clearing his throat.

It was as though the old man's ghost had sifted in from the starlit snows outside. Never before had Naylor heard him mention the consumptive eccentric who had dropped dead in a snow pile opposite the Palace Saloon nearly twenty years ago; yet still lingered the legend of a skinny pundit with a Dublin accent who had brought a small boy and a bale of books into camp, had mopped up under tables and shared the title of professor with a mixed-ale pugilist.

"Yes," drawled Buddy McNair, looking into the sunset fires, which had now died lower than his coke ovens, "there's some of the old gentleman in me, I guess."

Doc Naylor sat perfectly still. He had known reticent men to unburden themselves like this in hours of waiting before a wedding or a funeral.

"I never knew whether he was too small for the Rocky Mountains or too big. He ran away from civilization because he couldn't stand it. Then he came here and beat his brains out because it wasn't civilized. He was a gentleman and a scholar and the wisest man that never knew what to do with his life. If it hadn't been for him there never would have been any Supercyanide Process."

"He didn't invent the formula?" asked Naylor curiously.

"I might almost say he did. When I was a kid he used to take me over to the dumps out back of the Virginia mill and show me millions of tons of mud that had been thrown into the discard. 'Two or three dollars' worth of gold in every ton,' he'd say. 'We've got to whet Cyanide's appetite so he'll eat all the gold.' He started working on a formula before he died. It was no good, but it set me thinking."

"And this Venus idea—that was his too?"

"Dad had a passion for finding the trouble with things he couldn't cure," acknowledged Buddy.

"He should have been a diagnostician," said the retired medical man.

"I guess so. He used to sit on a big rock and hum to himself as he watched Mistress Venus slide down behind the trees. 'That girl Venus,' he used to say, 'always looks wrong to me up here. She ought to be in the East; she's so dressy and *chic* and highly polished, so brilliant and civilized. We've got to change that, too, Buddy!'"

"So you're going to New York," mused the doctor. "Well, Axe Creek is no place to spend a hundred thousand a year on, unless you want to build more cyanide mills."

"I just sold one," Buddy pointed out, "and there's no use putting the money back into the Rocky Mountains. Doc, it's just this: I want to spend my money on the best that money can buy. Maybe that won't appeal to you, because I've a notion you went through some of that before you came West. You've shot your arrow."

"I'll admit it," agreed Naylor, not without regret.

"Well, I haven't. I don't mean I've got any longing to go live on a roof garden and hire a nigger to spray me with wine out of a hose. But I'm thirty-seven now; pretty soon I'll be forty and past enjoying life."

"A schoolboy thought!" grinned the old doctor.

"It won't do me any good hanging round Axe Creek dripping gold out of the holes in my pockets. I'm not such a darned snob, Doc," he pleaded. "Any of the boys round the camp would do the same under the circumstances. Only they might not go at it so thoroughly."

"Well, what's so superior about your program?" the Doc obliged him.

"I'm going to get in with the big people of the world. The ones that make the wheels go round, that make pearls and caviar and grand opera pay. The kind whose pictures and dogs' pictures and babies' pictures fill up the Sunday papers; that are so much somebody that it matters more whether their bridesmaids carry orchids or roses than it does whether an ordinary citizen lives eighty years or dies of catalepsy at the age of twenty-one. I've got the price of admission and I want to get in—with the best!"

"And he got it all out of the Sunday supplements!" Doc Naylor whistled. He might have been whistling to a little dog he left back in New York a decade before, so far away and impersonal was the almost unmusical note.

"I suppose you intend to marry into the American peerage?" he growled at last.

"I'm game for anything," Buddy modestly allowed.

"My boy," the doctor said gravely, "you haven't been beyond Denver since you were a baby."

"And only twice there. The last time I played poker and came back in a freight car."

"Hm!" The growl came forebodingly out of the dark. "Your New York representatives have piled your money in a bin for you. All you want now is a shovel."

As the Kneeling Knight Offered His Collection She Looked Him Straight in the Eye. "Oh, You Do Look Funny!" She Giggled

"You think I'm a bum business man?" Buddy felt cold.

"About as good as most poets. But you'd better fasten yourself to Pontius Blint and never leave him long enough to get a shave."

"I guess I can afford a few bumps," boasted the new-made capitalist.

"Buddy, I'm going to tell you something about money." Doc Naylor took a limp cigarette from his side pocket, lighted it and inhaled. "We're all tired hearing the fogies say that wise men make money for fools to spend. In your case you're both the wise man and the fool—a bad combination. I had a little money and lived in New York myself once upon a time; and as I look back on it all now I believe I've found out a few things. Really to enjoy money you've got to have laid a foundation in knowledge of what things are worth. Houses and everything else have to be built from the foundation up. There's no use choosing pretty wall paper first, then trying to hang the bricks on it. Happiness is a matter of good investment. The reason money—some money—doesn't bring happiness is because it has been invested in fake happiness. A million dollars spent in foolishness brings in dividends—in headaches."

"You're another one of those darned diagnosticians."

"A pretty poor one. But if I had time to take you East I'd show you what I mean. Better change your star from Venus to Jupiter."

Buddy didn't answer. Instead he struck a match and applied it to a kerosene lamp, under whose illumination Doc Naylor took another opportunity to study this man who so engaged his affections and who so consistently puzzled him. Even the naïvely planned store clothes of Axe Creek became Buddy McNair and added to his charm. He wasn't tall—rather a hair's breadth under medium height. His quaint sunburned face showed a deep dimple at the corner of the mouth; his eyes were small, black and melancholy; his nose was low-bridged and sharp, his ears peaked. It was an irregular, fine-grained, impertinent, shy, likable countenance which Buddy McNair carried round the room with him, peering into bins, drawers and cubby-holes in the search for further relics to pack into his East-going trunk.

"Now, what do you think this is?" he chuckled as he fished a pearl-handled curio out from under an ancient pile of ore samples.

"Looks a lot like a six-shooter," confessed the Doc.

"Old Hod Wing's gun!" grinned the assayer as he turned the rusty cylinder under his thumb. "He must have left it behind the day he skipped to California."

The criminal details of Mr. Wing's skipping do not concern this story.

"Want it?" Buddy offered the weapon, handle first.

"What for? Why not take it East with you?"

"I never toted a gun. Probably I'd shoot myself in the foot, if the old crowbar'll go off."

"Take it anyhow," persisted the oracle. "Otherwise how will New York know you're a Westerner?"

Awkwardly Buddy slid it into his pocket.

"Guess it's no good," he protested. "Hod never left anything valuable behind."

Upon the word a tremendous banging at the door caused the two men to leap guiltily apart.

"Come in!" yelled the assayer above the thunders.

Out of the dimness a specter materialized and advanced into the room. Bent, bow-legged, very dirty, a long white beard sprouting from a face that seemed too small to support so dense a forest, he stood gazing gimlet-sharp through the veil of his overhanging eyebrows. It was Shaggy Keenan, the lone prospector, Axe Creek's best tourist exhibit.

"Just in time for the funeral!" grinned Buddy.

"Ain't dead yit," squeaked the little short-winded voice. "Gosh-amighty, dressed like a French dook!"

"Have a cigar," suggested Buddy, noting Doc Naylor's trouble-breeding smile.

Shaggy took the cigar and crammed it into his pocket, never permitting his piercing gaze to rove.

"I'm an old man, I am," he boasted, "and I seen nearly everythin' comin' an' goin'."

"You've seen a darned sight more than I have," cheerfully conceded the object of Shaggy's visitation.

"Almost everybody has," cut in Naylor.

Mr. Keenan's tiny jaw chewed busily behind its bush. "Thank you, Uncle Shag."

Buddy wanted to get back to his packing, but the lone prospector had come to have his say. He collected his slow wits, then pointed shakingly.

"Once," he quavered in a singsong, "I cleaned up nine hundred dollars, all in a chunk. And I lit out for Denver. And I almost got there. And I met up with a dame ——"

"Hi, Shag!" bawled Buddy, hoping to distract him from the theme which Mr. Keenan had repeated until everybody knew it by heart. "Cut it short and I'll give you a hundred dollars rebate on that nine."

"Hey?" Shaggy limped a step nearer.

Buddy brought a fat wallet from an inner pocket of his new coat and was shaking out a fresh bank note.

"Tomfoolery!" snarled the old man, clutching avidly.

"I guess I owe it to you."

"You're a liar."

Without another word Shaggy crammed the bill in a hip pocket, turned and shambled out of the door.

"He comes; he goes." Doc Naylor shook like a jelly.

"What's the old banshee wailing about?" asked Buddy, staring after the vanished apparition.

"Dames!" gurgled Naylor. "He lit out for Denver. And he almost got there. And he met up with a dame. The handwriting on the wall. Daniel at Belshazzar's cabaret ——"

"Dry up!" commanded his disciple. "What in Sam Hill have I got to do with dames?"

"Just as much as Napoleon, Samson and the two Anthonys, Mark and Saint."

"By the way the camp's moaning you'd think I was going East to be executed."

"You're perfectly helpless," persisted the tormentor. "You never had any money before and now you're off in a cloud of gold dust. Trouble ahead, old son!"

"You mean dames?"

"Precisely that."

"Huh. I'm through, Doc—through! That little Swede in the Pansy Varieties ——"

"You've just begun. You're going East by the Venus route—and Venus is the planet of dames."

"Nothing like it."

Even as he protested so vigorously his mind strayed guiltily again to the Sunday-supplement illustration secreted behind rosebud-calico curtains in his lean-to bedroom. Whose face stared from that page to lure him into unknown seas where sirens whanged their golden harps?

"How much money have you got in that wallet?" The kindly cynic tones cut into his reflections.

"There's eleven thousand five hundred left," confessed the schoolboy to his master.

"What for?"

"Traveling expenses."

"You'll need fifty dollars for food and tips. You've got your ticket."

"Yep. And there's a wagonload of loose change in my clothes besides."

"With any definite object in view?"

"I want to travel rich."

"You'll travel poor at that rate. Look here, Bud, better hand me over that roll.

"I'll let you have a hundred—that's fifty more than you need."

"Not on your life!" Buddy folded his coat and sat on it. "You can't tell what'll happen on the road."

"I can tell you one thing that'll happen: You're going to meet up with a dame."

"I suppose you've got money that says I will?" asked Buddy in his gentlest poker voice.

"I'll invest a month's salary on it," said the Doc, rising ponderously and shaking his trousers over fat ankles.

"Name your proposition."

Matters were taking on an amusing turn, thought Buddy.

"Well, I'll lay five hundred that you'll be stung for that roll, or part of it—and by a woman—before you reach Denver."

"Put your wages in the bank," pleaded Buddy. "I don't need 'em. There may be hard times ahead."

"This isn't a bet—it's an investment."

"Who's a damn fool now?" asked Fortunatus. "I'll tell you what—I'll cover your five hundred with a thousand."

"Even or nothing. Let others rob you."

"Do you realize that it's less than three hours between Colorado Springs and Denver?"

"Dames are speedy workers."

"Oh well, if you're determined to throw money at me," said Buddy with reluctance, "I'll take you on."

Naylor consulted his watch—a way he had when things were all settled.

"Supper at the boarding house?" he asked, his hand on the door latch.

"Got to stick round. Mrs. Carey's sending over a dish of stew."

"I'll send Gowan's bobsled for you at six in the morning," the fat man promised. "I'll take you to the station—see you aren't robbed before you get off."

He swung out into the snowy path. Buddy McNair experienced a curious swelling of the tonsils. He felt for a moment like a very small boy deserted by a gruff and kindly parent.

And it seemed a crime, on their day of parting, to trick poor Doc out of the money for which he slaved so faithfully.

At ten o'clock Buddy took his lamp back into his lean-to bedroom and placed it on the marble-topped table, which he had once regarded as all too luxurious for his means. He had built this addition himself, shingled it with strips beaten out from tin cans; the exotic wall paper, figured with purple urns suspended on blue smilax, he had chosen and hung. Reflectively he seated himself on his narrow iron bed and removed the yellow shoes, which were beginning to pinch him. His well-strapped trunk sat in the middle of the floor. Above the washstand outfit in a far corner those rosebud-calico curtains swung limply across his shrine, whither strayed his eyes as excited reflections progressed. Doctor Naylor was a pretty smooth old analyst, but he lacked understanding. How in the world could Buddy have told him or anyone else just why he was going East? The thousand little odd reasons, fusing unwillingly into one, were as yet embryonic in Buddy's keen, dreaming mind. Condemned at their birth as idiots, fools and weaklings, the little reasons pulled, pulled, pulled together, blending, growing, coloring—their puling company was stronger than he.

He shuffled in his sock-clad feet over to the rosebud curtains and pulled them aside so that the divinity stood plainly revealed. A sheet from one of New York's most ardent Sunday supplements, several months old, had been tacked to the wall directly above the water pitcher. At the top of the page stood one shocking large and black interrogation point, round which gamboled many impertinent questions in fanciful lettering:

What Star Guides Society Queen?
What Heart Shall Win Lady of the Pearls?
Divorced, Royally Courted, Will Mrs. Pat Dyvenot Wed Again?

Below, the subject of so much conjecture, Mrs. Pat Dyvenot, was presented. The newspaper illustrator had framed her ingeniously in a five-pointed star, four points of which had been supplied with heart-shaped windows through which her lovers peered. She was slender as a lily, and as white and as proud. Even the art of soft-paper printing could not make her other than beautiful; her long narrow eyes seemed to look out with an air of triumphant mystery; possibly the bad printing was responsible for her unfathomable gaze. A necklace of large pearls with a dot of white in the center of each hung in two strands over her breast. From the lower left point of the star which the newspaper illustrator had so carefully drawn round her the cruel comely face of her ex-husband, Pat Dyvenot, peered forth; from the lower right stared the fat, bald Prince Kulik, of Bulgaria; from the upper left Tom Wheedel, polo player; from the upper right Terrill Overbeek showed a patch of the very hunting costume he had worn into Axe Creek for a serio-comic adventure. There was also a heart-shaped window at the top of the star, but it was unoccupied save for one small impertinent question mark.

Coiled ingeniously round the entire composition was an exact-size reproduction of the famous Overbeek pearls, the necklace which Mrs. Dyvenot wore in the picture and which, if you had taken the trouble to read the accompanying article, you would have realized had caused the rumor of her engagement to Terry Overbeek.

Buddy McNair looked morosely at his treasure; morbidly he took in the vacant question-marked frame at the top of the star—the unknown place in Mrs. Dyvenot's heart. Then he tore the paper from its tacks and crumpled it in his hands. After all, Doc Naylor knew less than nothing about the subject, talk as he might. And it was rumored that Terry Overbeek's heart had won to the center of the star. Well, if he wasn't any better shot at ladies than at other species of dangerous game ——

Upon second thought Buddy straightened out the rumpled page and folded it into a corner of his traveling bag.

When he had finished undressing he blew out the light and grinned in his pillow with the guilty memory of the crime at which he had been both witness and executioner and whose blood must forever smear the illustrious name of Terrill Overbeek.

That newspaper page, that dark and violent deed upon a lonely mountain side! How were they mingled now in the mind of Buddy McNair, tossing on the eve of a golden adventure!

If Terrill Overbeek, proclaimed on three continents as international sportsman, huntsman, clubman, heir to one of America's famous fortunes, had not wandered into Axe Creek and wandered out at a time when Buddy's luck was beginning to turn, then had the obscure assayer never become inoculated with the Overbeek virus. And there had been a secret treaty between these two ill-met ambassadors—a gentleman's agreement over a corpse that still bled warm and twitched a little.

On whose conscience lay that innocent blood? Buddy and Terry, thousands of miles apart, had passed the buck, no doubt. Together they had kept the hideous secret.

It was in the fall of the year, three autumns before the present adventures, that Terry Overbeek's princely camping outfit had strayed into Axe Creek and established itself up the gulch. From the steps of his assay office Buddy had seen the miracle and remarked to himself that it looked like some surpassingly prosperous wagon show; and it had been natural to conclude that Overbeek—whose name Gowan, the storekeeper, had already heralded through the camp—was taking advantage of the week's open season for deer.

Overbeek himself, looking the favorite of fortune which a generation of society reporters had proclaimed him, strolled into Buddy's assay office on the day of his arrival and asked for a guide. He was a slightly built man, a little taller than Buddy, and all his features had seemed to curl upward as though wealth had adorned him inside as well as out. His hair and mustache were curly, and the nose that lay between was insignificant; his forehead bulged, so did his oyster-colored eyes.

Naturally curious as to this blessed being who, together with his relatives and

(Continued on Page 72)

"If You'll Pardon Me," the Affable Mr. Stevenson Apologized, "They're Waiting the Game for You"

LUCK OF WAR—By George Pattullo

FRIDAY. At last! We're to take part in the great battle! The boys are r'arin' to go. This business of sitting still, holding a quiet sector, where you are obliged to take everything Heinie cares to hand you without a real chance to hit back at him, has got my goat. I'm fed up on it. *Oui!* Gee, yes!

All of us would ten times rather take our chances in an offensive than take punishment on the defensive; and defensive stuff is about all we've pulled since coming over here, except for a few little raids and patrol encounters. The boys have doped it out that our losses would be smaller in making a big attack than in stopping one; but no matter what the losses, we'd rather get a crack at the boche and have it over with. Sitting tight wears down the nerves.

We hear that the French are planning a general attack, to be launched at the moment the boche reaches low ebb, and that we shall be in it. In other words, we'll be shock troops. Not so rotten! Eh, what, old dears?

Here's a very curious fact: A good many officers and men in this force with whom I've talked since we landed seem to have made up their minds that we are to be a sort of heroic sacrifice. They've been steadily nursing a notion that we would be thrown in somewhere in a desperate forlorn-hope stunt—that we would be the first American troops to bear the shock of a German offensive, and consequently would be liable to get it harder than those who come later.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

In Camp in France

All Aboard for the Big Show

I DON'T figure it that way at all. One division is just as apt to get cut up as another; so it beats me where the boys get this stuff of "We who are about to die salute thee!" Yet that's their idea. I can detect it in the undercurrent of every serious talk; it creeps into the tone of their letters; now and again a guy will take me off to one side and fix it up with me to write his girl or his mother after he is bumped off, promising to do the same for me.

Yet they joke about it too. Pop said to the chaplain to-day:

"You won't forget that little matter, padre, will you?"

"What little matter is that?" asked the chaplain.

"Why, my tombstone!"

The chaplain looked surprised.

"You never mentioned a tombstone to me," he protested.

"Sure I did! Don't you remember? A bottle of rum at head and feet!"

But the chaplain came back at him.

"No," he said gravely; "for then you wouldn't lie quiet."

Nearly lost a team of mules to-day, and mules are worth more than men in this man's army. Fact; they're so hard to get—so hard to keep fit—and transportation is so precious. Well, the teamster of one of the supply wagons drove too far out into the river near the colonel's house to wash his wagon. Blewey! The current caught him and swept the whole outfit under the bridge and downstream. He jumped off and swam to land. The mules couldn't make it, because they were held fast by the harness; but luckily an eddy carried them close to the bank. There some of the men succeeded in turning them loose and, being mules, they headed straight out into the middle of the stream again. However, they landed farther down; and we saved the wagon too.

SUNDAY. I'm all in! *Oui—je suis fatigué*, and then some. If anybody gave me a push I'd fall down; haven't got enough pep left to fight a Bismarck herring.

We pulled out of M—— yesterday morning about three-forty-five. Wow, it was dark! Also, it was raining. Marched to the railroad, three miles away, and there we climbed into our eight chevaux and forty hommes. Our men are bigger than the French on the average, so thirty-five of the boys fill one of the dinky cars; but we had to put thirty-seven of them to the car, just the same. They had nothing but a blanket each and straw to lie on.

It didn't worry us. We know we're going to get into the Big Show; so what the hell do we care?

Spent twenty-four hours on that train. Fairly crawled along most of the time and made several long stops. At one place a man left a car door open and the adjutant's horse jumped out. It's a wonder he didn't break a leg; only a few scratches.

All we got to eat was coffee and sandwiches yesterday. We had a few kitchens going on the flat cars, and at one place the French Red Cross served us coffee at a station. Our train made a wide detour, skirting Paris.

It was still pitch dark when the train made its last stop. The town we were bound for was still nearly forty kilometers away; but this was as far as they could bring us by rail, because of the heavy movement of British troops to meet the German waves.

So out we piled, grabbed a rush breakfast of hot coffee and sandwiches, and started. Our headquarters company did twenty-four miles before five-thirty in the afternoon—and, remember, we hadn't had our shoes off in two days, or a decent sleep, or a square meal, or a wash. And we were carrying about seventy-two pounds to the man. I'll bet a million—any million at all: one of J. P. Morgan's or John D.'s; I'm not particular—I'll bet a million there isn't another division of troops in Europe that can stand such hard hikes as ours. What's more, I'll bet a million they don't have to.

Being gas officer and of no importance except when we're gassed, I walked. The medicos can ride, but I leg it. That's why I'm tired. And that's why I wouldn't join a party they've ribbed up at the café near the château. Me for the hay—right now!

MONDAY. This is some country we're in! Too tired to notice it much yesterday. Châteaus every few miles. The colonel and regimental officers are in one that was built in the time of Louis XIV.

Of course I'm not in the Brain Trust; so my billet is in a cottage down a side street. But it is clean and neat, and the old woman fusses over me like a mother. She knows we're bound for the Big Show, and I guess she feels sorry for me.

I walked over to-day to the next town, where our third battalion is billeted. Perhaps those guys aren't sitting on the world! The officers have copped a château that makes the colonel's look like a garage. It has a sunken garden in front and a park like a miniature Versailles.

Found Mahoney in a four-poster bed with red satin hangings and a coronet on the canopy.

He had on the identical suit of woolen underwear he wore all winter up in the Toul sector, and his muddy boots lay on the shining polished floor.

"Boy howdy, but this is the life!" he said with a grin. "I'm for fightin' out the war right here if it takes all summer."

There were some fine portraits on the walls and a colored print of Napoleon Third. A footnote under it announced that His Majesty had honored that very bed by sleeping in it.

"I sure hope Nap didn't leave any cooties," Mahoney remarked.

Speaking of cooties, I heard a funny argument on the road yesterday.

During a rest one of the men found a big snail, of a kind none of them had ever seen before. He was positive it must be a snail; but a pal of his argued hotly that it was merely another breed of cootie.

The Badger Fight in Billets

MONDAY. We have been resting in this place a week. Next to my leave at Nice, it's the best time I've had since we came to France.

Last night we had a badger fight in the garden back of my billet. It was staged in Belasco style. The guy who pulled the badger was persuaded to put on a coat with a fur lining, inside out, to protect him from the claws of the ferocious beast; he wore a helmet to guard his bean, and had on two thicknesses of putties, so the ravenous creature couldn't chew his calves; also, he carried a trench knife and a club.

I thought that every man in America knew about a badger fight, but when the talk started in mess yesterday this boy and two others bit like catfish—swallowed hook and all; in fact, we had to fight some of them off, so many wanted to pull the badger.

About thirty officers were on hand, and Madame, who owns this house, stood in the background. She shrieked with laughter when the badger shot out of the box; it was probably the first real laugh the old lady had had in three years. G—— gave her a rabbit we had hidden in the box in order to excite the dog.

Sounds like a bunch of kids! I guess it was a fool thing to do on the eve of starting for the Big Show; but it's a cinch the boys couldn't enjoy a badger fight if they were worrying.

Well, we were all summoned to headquarters this morning, where the commander in chief addressed us. Went over in trucks; I lost seventy francs shooting craps on the floor.

All the officers massed on the lawn to hear him.

Ran into Strothers in the crowd—he was at Leavenworth with me. Now he has a staff job; but he's still a lieutenant. Never saw a man so optimistic about the war; he surely did whoop it up. It did me good just to talk to him. He says the U. S. will finish this job—got to finish it. Strothers was wound up like a music box.

"You may see me out there yet," he added.

Strothers has been on lines of communication ever since we came over. S. O. S., they call it now, meaning Service of Supply. He's had it

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Resting, but All Ready for Business

pretty soft; but I hear a lot of them are going to be put with troops soon.

The general's speech was a sort of farewell, an exhortation to do our best. You could see that he felt deeply; his voice fairly vibrated. But we knew what an address from the commander in chief meant.

"He's kissing us good-by," said C—— on the way home. . . . "Any of you guys want some of this money? Coming out! Now for a natural!"

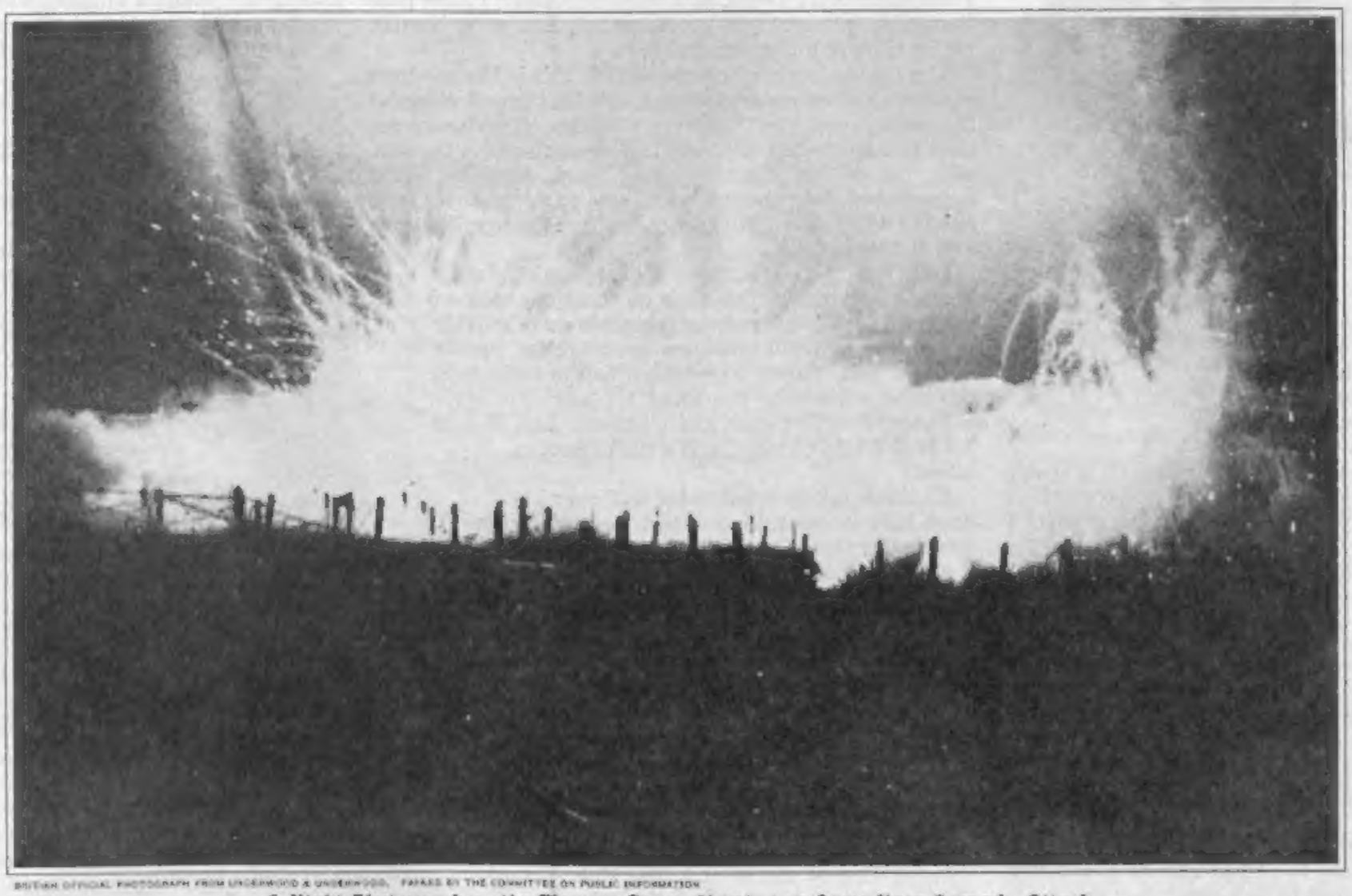
We move out at three-forty-five in the morning.

SATURDAY. A château and clean sheets one night; the next I slept with a bunch of sheep in a stable. They were rich, but gave out lots of warmth. More than twenty officers were herded in that stable; two French liaison officers chose the company of five cows in another barn instead.

All right, if they want to be stuck up!

We have been on the road three days. Marched up by easy stages. Now we are at rest in a good sized town. It's only eight miles from the Front; we saw a flock of sausage balloons to-day and dozens of airplanes scouting. The artillery is raising hell all the time. While we were entering the town the village idiot reviewed us. There is always an idiot in every rural community—one of the harmless kind they permit at large. He stood on the steps of the *mairie*, with a wooden sword at his side, an apron suspended from his waist, a black felt hat tied on his head with a piece of rope under the chin, and striped underdrawers on his legs. Apparently he'd lost his pants, but not his dignity. He never batted an eyelash, but stood there like a ramrod as we went by, with his right hand at the salute and the sword held like a cane.

To-night he has been raging up and down the street, yelling "*Louis Quinze! Allemands!*" and a lot of unintelligible gibberish. But he never tries to halt anyone or to molest anyone, though he will point his wooden sword and a toy pistol he carries. The French pay him no more attention than if he wasn't there. Our boys have tried to build romances round him—gassed, crazed by shell shock, and so on. But the truth is that he has long been the village idiot, and the coming of our troops has simply stimulated him into a mood of exaltation.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A Night Photograph on the Western Front, Showing an Incendiary Grenade Attack

Queer Stories One Hears

ONE hears some queer stories in this town: The population fled in face of the German advance last month, leaving everything behind them. Some have since returned, by order of the prefect. Evidently the French feel that they can hold the boche where he is or they would not force these people to come back. The authorities wanted particularly to have the farmers return, and all day big carts have been going through, piled high with household effects, papa walking and guiding the horse, mamma on top of the load, and the children sitting beside her.

The English held this sector before the German drive—part of the Fifth Army. I met a Smith College girl who had been upcountry on reconstruction work. She says she witnessed a remarkable sight—three lines of humanity!—the English and the refugees pouring back along the roads, and French troops going up to plug the gap.

A colossal mistake of some kind seems to have been made. But there're mistakes on both sides. We have grown accustomed to thinking of the boche war machine as working without a miss. Far from it; it spits and backfires, and often goes dead, just like our own.

The best thing I have heard was from an officer in a French regiment that is holding the Front we're to take over. When the English retreated they left a wide-open gap to Paris. The French had to fill it on the jump, at any cost. All they had available at the moment was a force of Territorials, who had been doing work back of the line—men getting along in years. They piled those Territorials into trains and rushed them up.

It seems they expected to establish liaison with the English; but the English were already back of them. So these Territorials got out of their trains and went forward. They went about three miles before getting into contact with the boches, though the boches had come so fast that their infantry had far outstripped the guns.

Well, they went to it. The boche took a crack at them and immediately discovered that he was up against Territorials. Then he stopped right where he was and commenced to dig himself in. Fact! He suspected it to be a trap; felt sure that if the French sent Territorials against shock troops it was a blind to lead the Germans on. Moreover, the success they had gained in their first rush so far exceeded expectations that it threw their machinery out of gear. The Allemands jumped to the conclusion that the rapid retreat of the English and the throwing-in of the Territorials were all a part of a trick; and they halted where they were. That is the story the French tell us. I give it for what it is worth.

MONDAY. Still here. There are heavy batteries not far off and they blaze away all night. Our billet quivers to every shot. Went out after dark to see the artillery duel. The sky was one blaze of zigzagging flashes. It was horribly beautiful.

We had an air raid later in the night. Whether Heinie had spied an unwonted movement of troops or was trying to do what his artillery had failed to do—silence the big French guns in this vicinity—I don't know; but he sent over airplanes about ten o'clock and they bombed the green fields for two hours.

Perhaps he wanted to scare us, to weaken our morale by spoiling our sleep. He surely did spoil mine. The shrapnel was screeching, the bombs were crashing on the edge of town, and all the while the Big Boys roared defiance. If the raid was made against them it was a joke, because they never let up firing until dawn.

The Germans sent over a few shells just about daylight this morning. I heard their rushing whine above our billet; they exploded somewhere in the fields beyond; evidently intended as counterbattery work.

Took a short walk along the road toward the Front this afternoon. Some middle-aged farmers, a few old men and several women were working in the fields; spring is upon the country and they were plowing.

There's no beating this breed—these French. There they were, going placidly about their job, though big shells were cr-rumping on the slope not four hundred yards away. All this region is under fire, and nobody knows when the boche will take it into his head to strafe any portion of this farm land; yet the peasants plow and make the ground ready for crops just as though no war was on.

Far better than their élan, the French seem to have a sort of fatalism that is superior to headlong courage, because it has staying powers—it's like adamant. No matter what happens, the world has to go on; people must live, and to live they need food. *Voilà!* Let's put in the crops!

The village idiot had a big day; came out dressed in newspapers principally, with a red sash on and a fireman's brass helmet. First he fought a solemn bayonet duel in the square with one of our doughboys, he using a stout stick and the soldier a broomstick. Then he appeared suddenly to be seized with the notion he was the mayor or the town crier, for he fished out a piece of paper and began to bellow a proclamation calling on all the inhabitants to do whatever he ordered and to stay peacefully in their homes and not start anything.

Later I met him on the road. His exaltation had passed; he was strangely quiet. Perhaps I looked at him with a too-marked curiosity, for he stopped and said, so quietly and slowly that I could understand him:

"You think I'm crazy; but I'm not. Everybody else is, however. Everybody is crazy but me!"

And he wasn't so far wrong at that!

Refugees continue to straggle through. These come from close to the occupied territory, and the French permit them to leave; in fact, they make them leave. Many have tried to stay on, despite the shelling and the certainty of death. The majority never before strayed forty miles from home; to leave means the severance of all their life ties. What wonder that they cling to their homes in spite of everything: that they prefer to take the risk of death to launching out into an unknown world!

Baby-Killers

TO-DAY I saw an old grandmother in the back of a wagon. She was bent and wrinkled; looked as though she had done nothing but doze by the fire for years. Yet now she has to flee. Not a sound did she make; simply wiped her eyes and wept. Near her sat her granddaughter, fast asleep. She was a young woman of about twenty-two and held a child wrapped in a shawl. One of our medicos took a peep under the shawl. Then he woke the mother—for the baby was dead.

And that's war! Damn them!

THURSDAY. We are in the line!

Boy howdy, but we used to be *en repos* in that Toul sector and didn't know it! If I was back there I'd smoke a cigar in No Man's Land.

Heinie is throwing big stuff into this village. He sent over five hundred and ten shells last night, and the place is hardly larger than a city square in area. We get all the shorts when he goes after our batteries.

That's the way with the artillery, every time! They find out where the infantry is and then stick their batteries in its back yard. An artillery officer would just as soon plant his guns in a conservatory or under your bed as anywhere else. It wouldn't surprise me to go upstairs some fine morning and stumble over a seventy-five mounted in the doorway of the dugout.

They seem to be all round us. If you stir a step in any direction—whang!—one of our own batteries turns loose right in your ear and you jump about ten feet. They're pretty well hidden, some of them; others are as plain to view as if they wore a sign, because they still have the winter camouflage, and now the whole country is green.

Our dugout is a wonder. You could put two hundred men in it easily. It was formerly a chalk mine and the tunnels wind round in the bowels of the earth—regular Victor Hugo stuff; easily forty feet below the surface at the deepest point, and with three exits.

There are houses up above; and the road must run directly over our heads, for we can hear the transport wagons rumbling along at night, bringing up the rations and supplies.

The French, who were here before us, fixed up several separate chambers out of logs and boards. They also made a fine mess room for the colonel and regimental officers; the inside walls of it are covered with white canvas, and an oil lamp burns there all day and until late into the night. *(Continued on Page 89)*

ONE ARROWHEAD DAY

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

Aunt Mollie Wound the Clock and Set the Mousetrap, and Hustled Us All Off to Bed

IT BEGAN with the wanted incitement to murder. A wooden staff projects some five feet above the topmost roof peak of the Arrowhead ranch house, and to this staff is affixed a bell of brazen malignity. At five-thirty each morning the cord controlling this engine of discord is jerked madly and forever by Lew Wee, our Chinese chef. It is believed by those compelled to obey the horrid summons that this is Lew Wee's one moment of gladness in a spoiled life. The sound of the noon bell, the caressing call of the night bell—these he must know to be welcome. The morning clangor he must know to be a tragedy of foulest import. It is undeniably rung with a keener relish. There will be some effort at rhythm with the other bells, but that morning bell jangles in a broken frenzy of clangs, ruthlessly prolonged, devilish to the last insulting stroke. Surely one without malice could manage this waking bell more tactfully.

A reckless Chinaman, then, takes his life in his hands each morning at five-thirty. Something like a dozen men are alarmed from deep sleep to half-awakened incredulity, in which they believe the bell to be a dream bell and try to dream on of something noiseless. Ten seconds later these startled men have become demons, with their nice warm feet on the icy floor of the bunk house, and with prayers of simple fervor that the so-and-so Chink may be struck dead while his hand is still on the rope. This prayer is never answered; so something like a dozen men dress hurriedly and reach the Arrowhead kitchen hurriedly, meaning to perform instantly there a gracious deed which Providence has thus far unaccountably left undone.

That the Arrowhead annals are, as yet, unspiced with a crime of violence is due, I consider, to Lew Wee's superb control of his facial muscles. His expression when he maniacally yanks the bell cord is believed by his victims to be one of hellish glee; so they eagerly seek each morning for one little remaining trace of this. The tiniest hint would suffice. But they encounter only a rather sad-faced, middle-aged Chinaman, with immovable eyes and a strained devotion to delicate tasks, of whom it is impossible to believe that ever a ray of joy gladdened his life.

There is a secondary reason why the spirit of Lew Wee has not long since been disembodied by able hands: His static Gorgon face stays the first murderous impulse; then his genial kitchen aroma overpowers their higher natures and the deed of high justice is weakly postponed. This genial kitchen aroma is warm, and composed cunningly from steaming coffee and frying ham or beef, together with eggs and hot cakes almost as large as the enameled iron plates from which they are eaten. It is no contemptible combination on a frosty morning. No wonder strong men forget the simple act of manslaughter they come there to achieve and sit sullenly down to be pandered to by him who was erst their torturer.

On a morning in late May, when I had been invited to fare abroad with my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill—who would breakfast in her own apartment—I joined this assemblage of thwarted murderers as they doggedly ate. It is a grim business, that ranch breakfast. Two paling lamps struggle with the dawn, now edging in, and the half light is held low in tone by smoke from the cake griddle, so that no man may see another too plainly. But no man wishes to see another. He stares dully into his own plate and eats with stern aversion. We might be so many strangers in a strange place, aloof, suspicious, bitter, not to say truculent.

No quip or jest will lighten the gloom. Necessary requests for the sugar or the milk or the stewed apples are phrased with a curtly formal civility. We shall be other men at noon or at night, vastly other, sunnier men, with abundance of quip and jest and playful sally with the acid personal tang. But from warm beds of repose! We avoid each other's eyes, and one's subdued "Please pass that sirup pitcher!" is but tolerated, like some boorish profanation of a church service.

The simple truth, of course, is that this is the one hour of the day when we are face to face with the evil visage of life unmasked; our little rosy illusions of yestereve are stale and crumpled. Not until we are well out in the sun, with the second cigarette going good, shall we again become credulous about life and safe to address. It is no méal to linger over. We grimly rise from the wrecked table and clatter out.

Only one of us—that matchless optimist, Sandy Sawtelle—sounds a flat note in the symphony of disillusion. His humanness rebounds more quickly than ours, who will not fawn upon life for twenty minutes yet. Sandy comes back to the table from the hook whence he has lifted his hat. He holds aloft a solitary hot cake and addresses Lew Wee in his best Anglo-Chinese, and with humorous intent:

"I think take-um hot cake, nail over big knot hole in bunk house—last damn long time better than sheet iron!"

Swiftly departing pessimists accord no praise or attention to this ill-timed sketch; least of all Lew Wee, whom it is meant to insult. His face retains the sad impassivity of a granite cliff as yet beyond the dawn.

Now I am out by the saddle rack under the poplars, where two horses are tied. Ma Pettengill's long-barreled roan is saddled. My own fleabitten gray, Dandy Jim, is clad only in the rope by which he was led up from the caviata. I approach him with the respectful attention his reputed character merits and try to ascertain his mood of the moment. He is a middle-aged horse, apparently of sterling character, and in my presence has always conducted himself as a horse should. But the shadow of scandal has been flung athwart him. I have been assured that he has a hideous genius for cinch binding. Listening to this at first without proper alarm, it has been disclosed to me that a cinch binder ain't any joke, by a darned sight! A cinch binder will stand up straight and lean over backward on me. If I'm there when he hits the ground I'll wish I wasn't—if I am able to wish anything at all and don't simply have to be shipped off to wherever my family wants it to take place.

I am further enlightened: Dandy Jim ain't so likely to start acting if not saddled when too cold. If I saddle him then he will be expecting to have more fun out of it than I have any right to. But if the sun is well up, why, sometimes a baby could handle him. So for three weeks I have saddled Dandy Jim with the utmost circumspection and with the sun well up. Now the sun is not well up. Shall I still survive? I pause to wish that the range of high hills on the east may be instantly leveled. The land will then be worth something and the sun will be farther up. But nothing of a topographical nature ensues. The hills remain to obscure the sun. And the brute has to be saddled. The mood of that grim breakfast, voiceless, tense, high with portent, is still upon me.

I approach and speak harshly to the potential cinch binder, telling him to get over there! He does not; so I let it pass. After all, he is only a horse. Why should I terrorize him? I bridle him with a manner far from harsh. He doesn't like the taste of the bit—not seasoned right, or something. But at last he takes it without biting my fingers off; which shows that the horse has no mind to speak of.

I look him calmly in the eye for a moment; then pull his head about, so that I can look him calmly in the other eye for a moment. This is to show the animal that he has met his master and had better not try any of that cinch-binding stuff if he knows when he's well off. Still, I treat him fairly. I smooth his back of little vegetable bits that cling there, shake out the saddle blanket and tenderly adjust it. Whistling carelessly I swing up the saddle. Dandy Jim flinches pitifully when it rests upon him and reaches swiftly round to bite my arm off. I think this is quite perfunctory on his part. He must have learned long since that he will never really bite anyone's arm off. His neck is not enough like a swan's.

I adjust saddle and blanket carefully from both sides, pulling the blanket well up under the horn of the saddle and making sure that it sets comfortably. One should be considerate of the feelings of a dumb beast placed at one's mercy. Then I reach for the cinch, pass it twice through the rings, and delicately draw it up the merest trifle. Dandy Jim shudders and moans pathetically. He wishes to convey the impression that his ribs have been sprung. This, of course, is nonsense. I measurably increase the pressure. Dandy Jim again registers consternation, coughs feebly, and rolls his eyes round appealingly, as if wondering whether the world is to sit, without heart, and watch a poor defenseless horse being slain. He is about to expire.

I now lead him gently about by the bridle. It occurs to me that a horse with this curious mania for binding cinches or cinching binders—or, in other words, a cinch binder—will be as willing to indulge in his favorite sport with the saddle unoccupied as otherwise. He may like it even better with no one up there; and I know I will. Nothing happens, except that Dandy Jim stumbles stiffly and pretends to be lame. The sun is not yet well up; still, it is a lot better. Perhaps danger for the day is over. I again lead the dangerous beast——

"What you humoring that old skate for?"

Ma Pettengill, arrayed in olive-drab shirt and breeches, leather puttees, and the wide-brimmed hat of her calling with the four careful dents in the top, observed me with friendly curiosity as she tied a corduroy coat to the back of her saddle.

Hereupon I explained my tactful handling of the reputed cinch binder. It evoked the first cheerful sound I had heard that day:

Ma Pettengill laughed heartily.

A Reckless Chinaman Takes His Life in His Hands Each Morning at Five-Thirty

"That old hair trunk never had the jazz to be any cinch binder. Who told you he was?"

I named names — all I could remember. Almost every one on the ranch had passed me the friendly warning, and never had I saddled the brute without a thrill.

"Sure! Them chuckleheads always got to tell everybody something. It's a wonder they ain't sent you in to the Chink to borrow his meat auger, or out to the blacksmith shop for a left-handed monkey wrench, or something. Come on!"

So that was it! Just another bit of stale ranch humor—alleged humor—as if it could be at all funny to have me saddle this wreck with the tenderest solicitude morning after morning!

"Just one moment!" I said briskly.

I think Dandy Jim realized that everything of a tender nature between us was over. Some curious and quite charming respect I had been wont to show him was now gone out of my manner. He began to do deep breathing exercises before I touched the cinch. I pulled with the strength of a fearless man. Dandy Jim forthwith inflated his chest like a gentleman having his photograph taken in a bathing suit. I waited, apparently foiled. I stepped back, spoke to Ma Pettengill of the day's fine promise, and seemed carelessly to forget what I was there for. Slowly Dandy Jim deflated himself; and then, on the fair and just instant, I pulled. I pulled hard and long. The game was won. Dandy Jim had now the waist of that matron wearing the Sveltina corset, over in the part of the magazine where the stories die away. I fearlessly bestrode him and the day was on.

I opened something less than a hundred gates, so that we could take our way through the lower fields. Ma Pettengill said she must see this here Tilton and this here Snell, and have that two hundred yards of fence built like they had agreed to, as man to man; and no more of this here nonsense of putting it off from day to day.

She was going to talk straight to them because, come Thursday, she had to turn a herd of beef cattle into that field.

Then I opened a few dozen more gates and we were down on the flats. Here the lady spied a coyote, furtively skirting some willows on our left. So, for a few merry miles, we played the game of coyote. It is a simple game to learn, but requires a trained eye. When one player sees a coyote the other becomes indebted to him in the sum of one dollar.

This sport dispelled the early morning gloom that had beset me. I won a dollar almost immediately. It may have been the same coyote, as my opponent painfully suggested; but it showed at a different breach in the willows, and I was firm.

Then the game went fiercely against me. Ma Pettengill detected coyotes at the far edges of fields—so far that I would have ignored them for jack rabbits had I observed them at all. I claimed an occasional close one; but these were few. The outlook was again not cheering. It was an excellent morning for distant coyotes, and presently I owed Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill seven dollars, she having won two double-headers in succession. This ride was costing me too much a mile. Being so utterly outclassed I was resolving to demand a handicap, but was saved from this ignominy by our imminent arrival at the abode of this here Tilton, who presently sauntered out of a feeding corral and chewed a straw at us idly.

We soon took all that out of him. The air went something like this:

MRS. L. J. P.—brightly: Morning, Chester! Say, look here! About that gap in the fence across Stony Creek field—I got to turn a beef herd in there Thursday.

TILTON—crouching luxuriously on one knee, still chewing the straw: Well, now, about that little job—I tell you, Mis' Pett'ngill; I been kind o' holdin' off account o' Snell bein' rushed with his final plowin'. He claims ——

MRS. L. J. P.—still brightly: Oh, that's all right! Snell will be over there, with his men, to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. He said you'd have to be there too.

TILTON—alarmed; he rises, takes straw from his mouth, examines the chewed end with dismay and casts it from him; removes his hat, looks at this dubiously, burnishes it with a sleeve, and sighs: To-morrow morning! You don't mean to-morrow ——

MRS. L. J. P.—carefully yet rapidly: To-morrow morning at seven o'clock. You don't want to throw Snell down on this; and he's going to be there. How many men can you take?

TILTON—dazed: Now—now lemme see!

MRS. L. J. P.—quickly: You can take Chris and Shorty and Jake and yourself. Anyone else?

TILTON—swept over the falls: Why, no'm; I don't guess there's any other I could spare, account of ——

MRS. L. J. P.—almost sweetly: All right, then. To-morrow; seven sharp.

TILTON—from the whirlpool, helplessly: Yes'm! Yes'm!

MRS. L. J. P.: Morning!

We ride on. Tilton fades back toward the corral; he has forgotten to replace his hat.

I now decided to make a little conversation rather than have the stupid and ruinous game of coyote for a pastime.

"I thought you hadn't seen Snell yet."

"I haven't; not since he promised his half of the job two weeks ago."

"But you just told Tilton ——"

"Well, Snell is going to be there, ain't he?"

"How do you know?"

"I'm going to tell him now."

And the woman did even so. If you wish the scene with Snell go back and read the scene with Tilton, changing the names. Nothing else need you change. Snell was hitching two mules to a wood wagon; but he heard the same speeches and made approximately the same replies. And the deed was done.

"There now!" boomed Mrs. Talleyrand as we rode beyond earshot of the dazed and lingering Snell. "Them two men been trying for two weeks to agree on a day to do this trifling job. They wasn't able; so I agreed on a day myself. Anything wrong with it?"

"You said you were going to talk straight to them."

"Ain't I just talked straight to Snell? Tilton will be there, won't he?"

"How about the way you talked to Tilton before you saw Snell?"

"Well, my lands! How you talk! You got to have a foundation to build on, haven't you?"

I saw it as a feat beyond my prowess to convict this woman in her own eyes of a dubious and considering veracity. So I merely wondered, in tones that would easily reach her, how the gentlemen might relish her diplomacy when they discovered it on the morrow. I preceded the word diplomacy with a slight and very affected cough.

The lady replied that they would never discover her diplomacy, not coughing in the least before the word. She said each of them would be so mad at the other for setting a day that they would talk little. They would simply build fence. She added that a woman in this business had to be looking for the worst of it all the time. She was bound to get the elbow if she didn't use her common sense.

I ignored her casuistry, for she was now rolling a cigarette with an air of insufferable probity. I gave her up and played a new game of smashing horseflies as they settled on my mount. Dandy Jim plays the game ably. When a big fly settles on his nose he holds his head round so I can reach it. He does not flinch at the terrific smash of my hat across his face. If a fly alights on his neck or shoulder, and I do not remark it, he turns his head slightly toward me and winks, so I can stalk and pot it. He is very crafty here. If the fly is on his right side he turns and winks his left eye at me so the insect will not observe him. And yet there are people who say horses don't reason!

I now opened fifty more gates and we left the cool green of the fields for a dusty side road that skirts the base of the mesa. We jogged along in silence, which I presently heard stir with the faint, sweet strain of a violin; an air that rose and wailed and fell again, on a violin played with a certain back-country expertness. The road bent to show us its source. We were abreast of the forlorn little shack of a dry-farmer, weathered and patched, set a dozen yards from the road and surrounded by hard-packed earth. Before the open door basked children and pigs and a few spiritless chickens.

All the children ran to the open door when we halted and called to someone within. The fiddle played on with no faltering, but a woman came out—a gaunt and tattered woman who was yet curiously cheerful. The children lurked in her wake as she came to us and peered from beyond her while we did our business.

Our business was that the redskin, Laura, official laundress of the Arrowhead, had lately attended an evening affair in the valley at which the hitherto smart tipple of Jamaica ginger had been supplanted by a novel and potent beverage, Nature's own remedy for chills, dyspepsia, deafness, rheumatism, despair, carbuncles, jaundice and ennui. Laura had partaken freely and yet again of this delectable brew, and now suffered not only from a sprained wrist but from detention, having suffered arrest on complaint of the tribal sister who had been nearest to her when she sprained her wrist. Therefore, if Mrs. Dave Pickens wanted to come over to-morrow and wash for us, all right; she could bring her oldest girl to help.

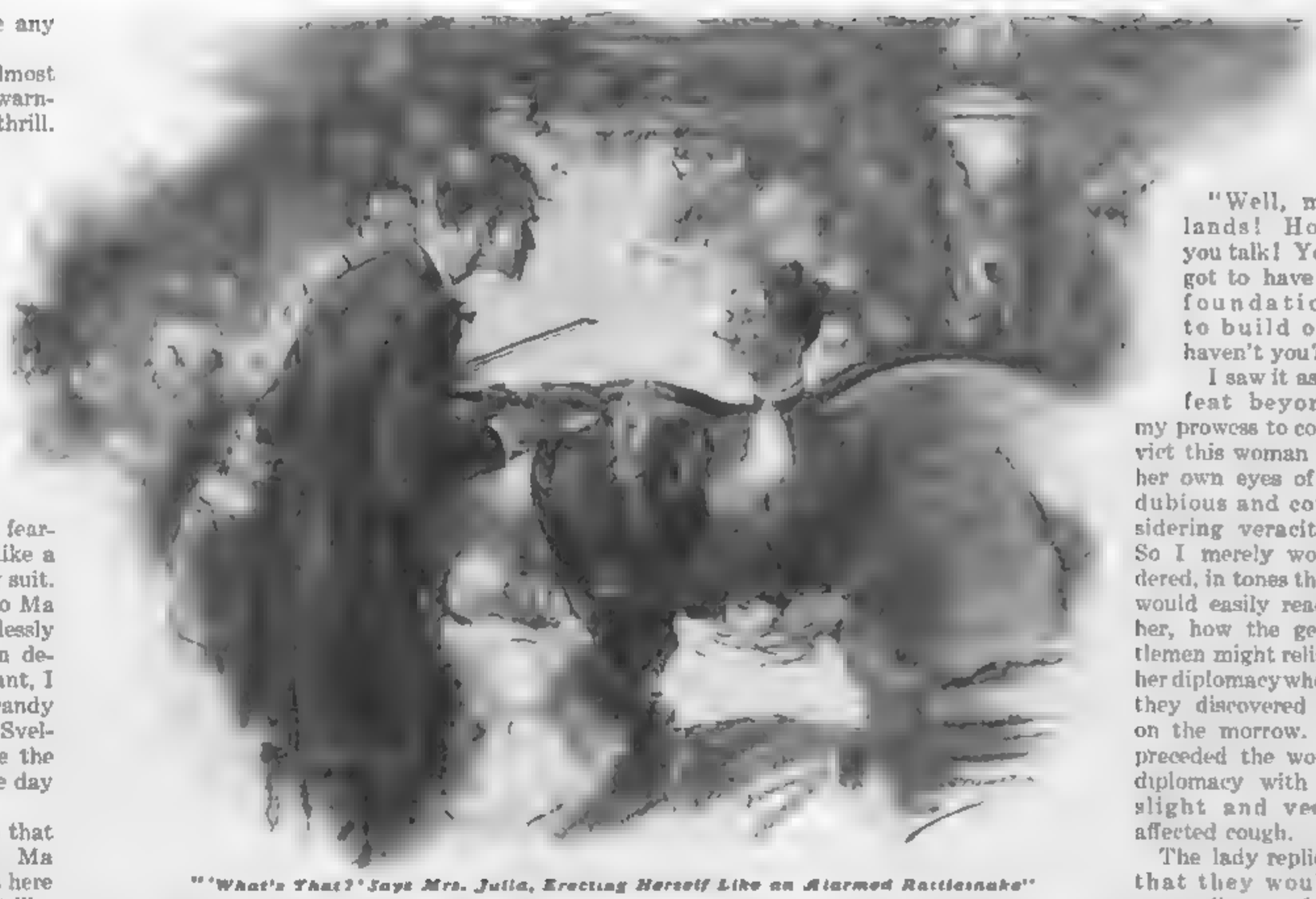
Mrs. Dave thereupon turned her head languidly toward the ignoble dwelling and called: "Dave!" Then again, for the fiddle stayed not: "Dave! Oh, Dave!"

The fiddle ceased to moan—complainingly it seemed to me—and Dave framed his graceful figure in the doorway. He was one appealing droop, from his mustache to his moccasin-clad feet. He wore an air of elegant leisure, but was otherwise not fussily arrayed.

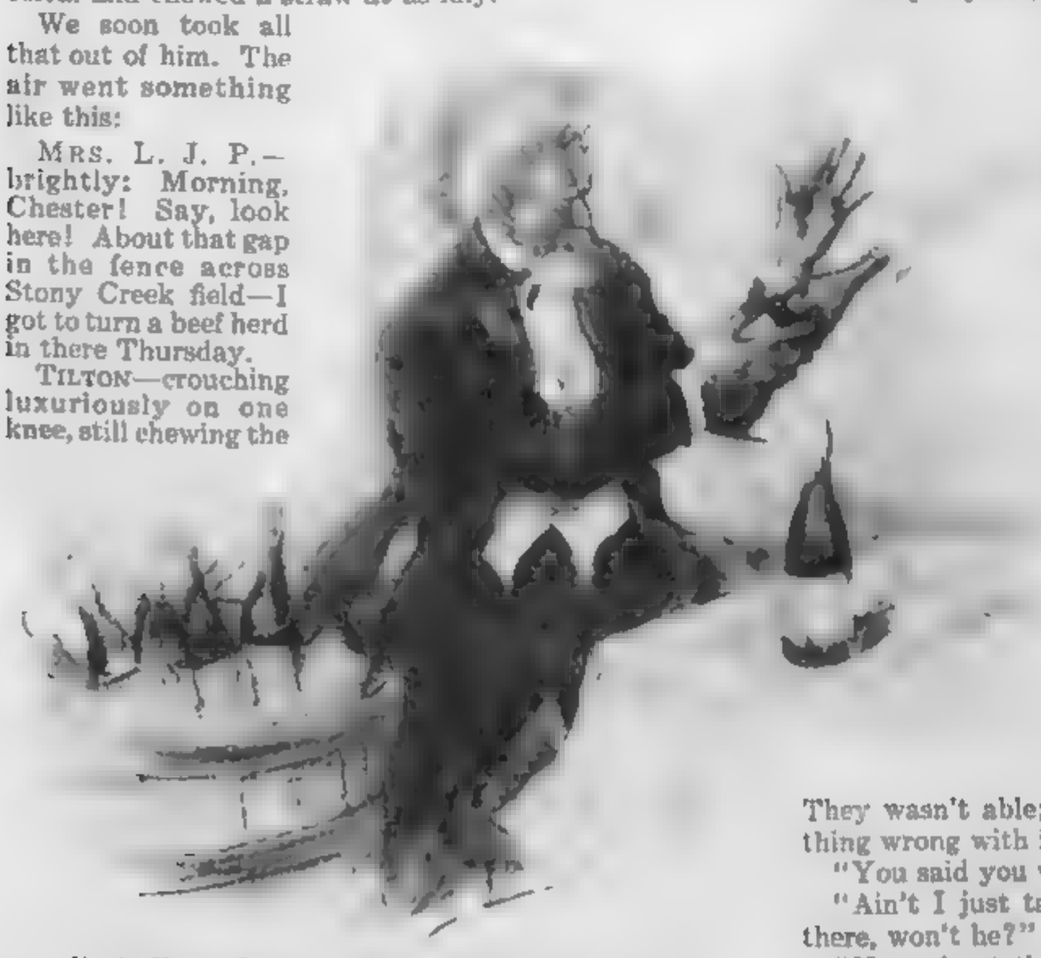
"Dave, Mis' Pett'ngill says there's now a day's washin' to do over to her place to-morrow. What think?"

Dave deliberated, then pondered, then thought, then spoke:

"Well, I d'no', Addie; I d'no' as I got any objections if you ain't. I d'no' but it's all the same to me"



"'What's That?' Says Mrs. Julia, Erecting Herself Like an Alarmed Rattlesnake"



Uncle Henry Exploded Several Bottles and a Toast Was Drunk to the Bride and Groom

Hereupon we meanly put something in Dave's unsuspecting way too.

"You must want a day's work yourself," called out Ma Pettengill. "You go up to Snell's about six in the morning and he'll need you to help do some fencing on that gap in Stony Creek field. If he don't need you Tilton will. One of 'em is bound to be short a man."

"Fencin'?" said Dave with noticeable disrelish.

"You reckon we better both leave the place at once?" suggested Mrs. Dave.

"That's so," said Dave brightly. "Mebbe I ——"

"Nonsense!" boomed Ma Pettengill, dispelling his brightness. "Addie can drop you at Snell's when she comes over to Arrowhead. Now that's settled!"

And we rode off as unvoiced expostulations were gathering. I began to wonder whether it must, throughout a beautiful day, be the stern mission of this woman to put tribulation upon her neighbors. She was becoming a fell destroyer. The sun was well up. I thirsted. Also, breakfast seemed to have been a thing in the remote past.

We now rode three torrid miles up a narrow green slit in the hills for a scant ten minutes of talk with a most uninteresting person, whose sole claim to notice seemed to be that he had gone and fenced the wrong water hole over back of Horsefly Mountain, where we have a summer range. The talk was quick and pointed, and buttressed with a blue-print map, and the too hasty fencer was left helpless after a pitiful essay at quibbling. We rode off saying that he could do just as he liked about sending someone over right away to take that fence down, because we had already took it down the minute we set eyes on it. We was just letting him know so he needn't waste any more wire and posts and time in committing felonious depredations that would get him nothing but high trouble if he was so minded. Another scalp to our belt!

I now briefly recalled to the woman that we had stopped at no peaceful home that morning save to wreck its peace. I said I was getting into the spirit of the ride myself. I suggested that at the next ranch we passed we should stop and set fire to the haystacks, just to crown the day's brutalities with something really splendid. I also said I was starving to death in a land of plenty.

Ma Pettengill gazed aloft at the sun and said it was half past twelve. I looked at my watch and said the sun was over ten minutes slow, which was probably due to the heavy continuous gunfire on the Western Front. This neat bit went for just nothing. As we rode on I fondly recalled that last cold hot cake which Sandy Sawtelle had sacrificed to his gift for debased whimsy. I also recalled other items of that gloomy repast, wondering how I could so weakly have quit when I did.

We rode now under a sun that retained its old fervor if not its velocity. We traversed an endless lane between fields, in one of which grazed a herd of the Arrowhead cattle. These I was made to contemplate for many valuable moments. I had to be told that I was regarding the swallow-fork herd, pure-breds that for one reason or another—the chief being careless help—had not been registered. The omission was denoted by the swallow fork in the left ear.

The owner looked upon them with fond calculation. She was fondly calculating that they would have been worth about fifty per cent more to her with ears unmutilated. She grew resentful that their true worth should not be acclaimed by the world. In the sight of heaven they were pure-breds; so why should they suffer through the oversight of a herd boss that hadn't anywhere near such distinguished ancestry? And so on, as the lady says.

We left the lane at last and were on the county road, but headed away from the Arrowhead and food. No doubt there remained other homes for us to wreck. We mounted a rise and the road fell from us in a long, gentle slope. And then a mile beyond, where the slope ended, I beheld a most inviting tiny pleasance in this overwhelming welter of ranch land, with its more or less grim business of cattle.

It was a little homestead fit to adorn an art calendar to be entitled Peace and Plenty—a veritable small farm from some softer little country far to the east. It looked strangely lost amid these bleaker holdings. There was a white little house and it sported nothing less than green blinds. There was a red barn, with toy outbuildings. There was a vegetable garden, an orchard of blossoming fruit trees, and, in front of the glistening little house, a gay garden of flowers. Even now I could detect the yellow of daffodils and the martial—at least it used to be martial—scarlet of tulips. The little place seemed to drowse here in the noontide, dreaming of its lost home and other little farms that once companioned it.

To my pleased surprise this unbelievable little farm proved to be our next stopping place. At its gate Ma Pettengill dismounted, eased the cinch of her saddle and tied her horse to the hitching rack. I did likewise by the one-time cinch binder.

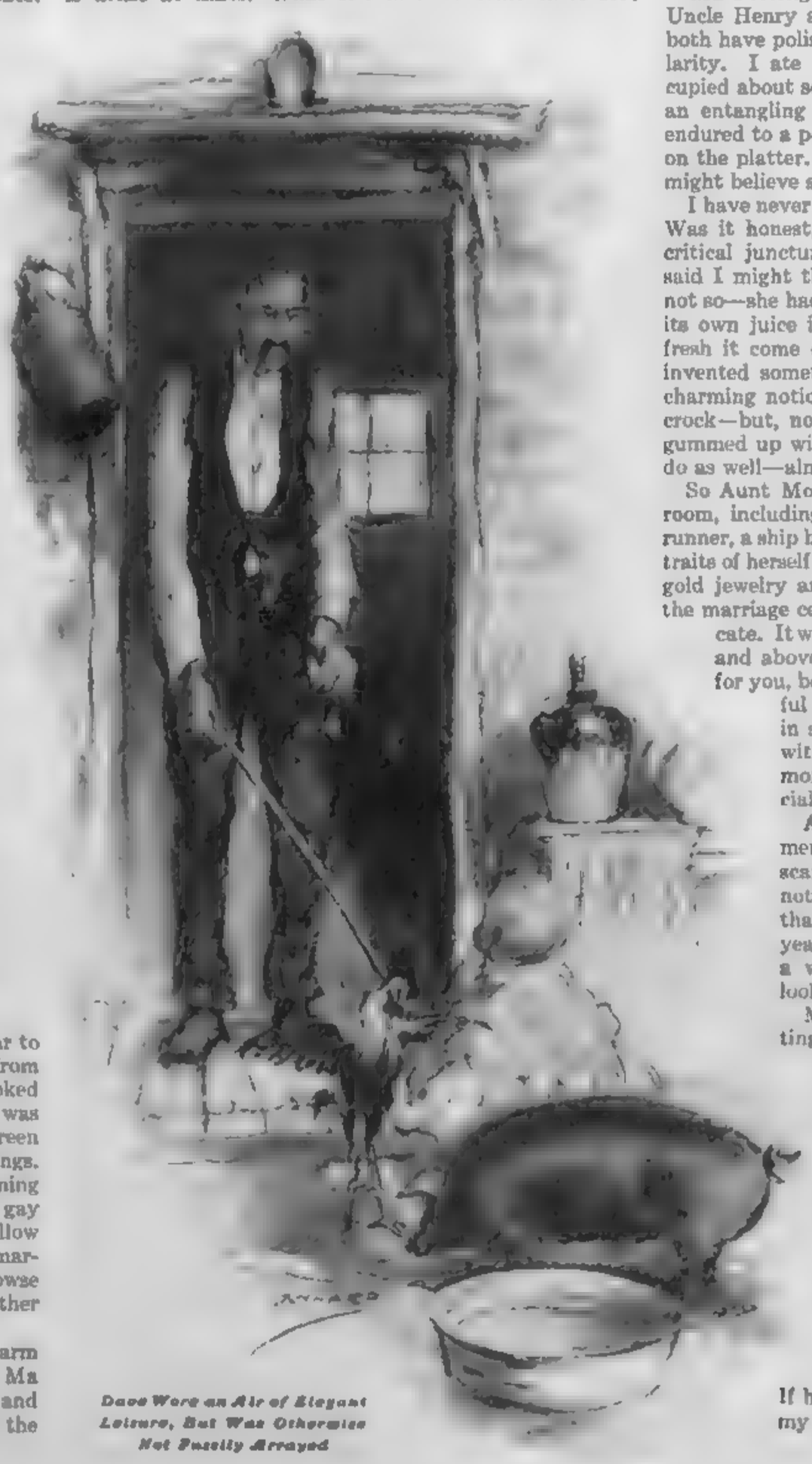
"Now," I wondered, "what devastating bomb shall we hurl into this flower-spiced Arcady? What woe will she put upon its unsuspecting dwellers, even as she has ruined four other homes this day? This should be something really choice." But I said no word and followed where the avenger stalked.

We unlatched the white gate and went up a graveled walk between the rows of daffodils and tulips and hyacinths. We did not ascend the spotless front porch to assault its innocent white door, but turned aside on a narrow-gauge branch of the graveled pathway and came to a side porch, shaded by maples. And here, in strict conformity to the soundest behests of tradition, sat two entirely genuine Arcadians in wooden rocking-chairs. The male was a smiling old thing with winter-apple cheeks and white hair, and the female was a smiling old thing with winter-apple cheeks and white hair; both had bright eyes of doll blue, and both wore, among other neat things, loose and lovely carpet slippers and white stockings.

And, of course, the male was named Uncle Henry and the other one was named Aunt Mollie, for I was now presented to them. They shyly greeted me as one returned to them after many years in which they had given me up. And again I wondered what particular iniquity we had come here to do.

Then Ma Pettengill eased my worry. She said, in a few simple but affecting words, that we had stopped in for a bite to eat. No self-torturing stylist could have put the thing better. And results were sudden. Uncle Henry, the male one, went to take our horses round to the barn, and the other one said they had et an hour ago; but give her ten minutes and she'd have a couple of them young pullets skinned and on the fire.

Ma Pettengill said, with very questionable taste, I thought: "Oh, no; nothing like that!"—because we didn't want to make the least bit of trouble. The woman is dense at times. What else had we come there for?



Dave Wore an Air of Elegant Leisure, But Was Otherwise Not Fussily Arrayed

But Aunt Mollie said, then, how about some prime young pork tenderline? And Ma Pettengill said she guessed that would do, and I said I guessed that would do. And there we were! The ladies went to the kitchen, where they made quick and grateful noises.

Pretty soon Uncle Henry came round a lovely corner and said try a tumbler of this here grape wine, which he poured from a pressed-glass pitcher; so I tried it and gave him a town cigarette, which he tucked between his beautiful white mustache and his beautiful white whiskers. And I hoped he didn't use gasoline to get them so clean, because if he did something might happen when he lighted the cigarette; but nothing did, so probably he didn't. I tried the grape wine again; and dear old Uncle Henry said he was turning out quite a bit of it since the Gov'ment had shet down on regular dramshops, quite considerable of parties happening along from time to time to barter with him, getting it for dances or colds, or something.

A yellow cat, with blue eyes like Uncle Henry's, came and slept on his lap. A large fussy hen with a litter of chickens—or however a hen designates her assemblage of little ones—clucked her way to our feet. I could see three hives of bees, a grape arbor, and a row of milk pans drying in the sun, each leaning on its neighbor along a white bench. Uncle Henry said drink it up while it was cold. All Nature seemed to smile. The hen found a large and charming bug, and chuckled humorously while her cunning little ones tore it limb from limb. It was idyllic.

Then Aunt Mollie pushed open the screen door and said come in and set up; so I came in and set up quickly, having fried pork tenderloin and fried potatoes, and hot biscuit and pork gravy, and cucumber pickles, and coconut cake and pear preserves, peach preserves, apricot preserves, loganberry jelly, crab-apple jelly and another kind of preserves I was unable to identify, though trying again and again.

Ma Pettengill ate somewhat, but talked also, keeping Uncle Henry and Aunt Mollie shiny with smiles. They both have polished white teeth of the most amazing regularity. I ate almost exclusively, affecting to be preoccupied about something. The time was urgent. I formed an entangling alliance with the pork tenderloin, which endured to a point where but one small fragment was left on the platter. I coolly left it there, so that Aunt Mollie might believe she had cooked more than enough.

I have never ceased to regret that hollow bit of chivalry. Was it honest, genuine, open? No! Why will men at critical junctures stoop to such trickery? Aunt Mollie said I might think that tenderline was fresh-killed; but not so—she had fried it last December and put it down in its own juice in a four-gallon crock, and now look how fresh it come out! She seemed as proud as if she had invented something. She had a right to be. It was a charming notion and I could have eaten the rest of the crock—but, no matter. Half a dozen biscuits copiously gummed up with preserves of one kind or another would do as well—almost.

So Aunt Mollie showed me objects of interest in the room, including her new carpet sweeper, a stuffed road runner, a ship built in a bottle, and the colored crayon portraits of herself and Uncle Henry, wearing blue clothes and gold jewelry and white collars and écru neckties. Also, the marriage certificate. This was no mere official certificate. It was the kind that costs three dollars flat, over and above what you give to the party that does it for you, being genuine steel-engraved, with a beautiful bridal couple under a floral bell, the groom in severe evening dress, and liberally spotted with cupids and pigeons. It is worth the money and an ornament to any wall, especially in the gilt frame.

Aunt Mollie seemed as proud of this document as she had been with the tenderloin. I scanned it word by word for her pleasure. I noticed especially the date. Aunt Mollie said that her and Henry were now in the fortieth year on this place, and it had changed in looks a whole lot since they came here. I again looked at the date of the certificate.

Ma Pettengill said, well, we must be getting on, and they must both come over to the Arrowhead for a day right soon. And Uncle Henry said here was a quart bottle of his peach brandy, going on eight year old, and would I take it along back with me and try it? Parties had told him it was good; but he didn't know—mebbe so, mebbe not. He'd like to know what I thought. It seemed little enough to do to bring a bit of gladness into this old gentleman's life, and I was not the man to wound him by refusal. It was as if Michelangelo had said "Come on round to the Sistine Chapel this afternoon and look over a little thing I've dashed off." If he had brought two bottles instead of one my answer would have been the same.

(Continued on Page 69)

REMINISCENCES OF UNCLE JOE CANNON—By L. White Busbey

An Interview With the Former Speaker

ALIEN and sedition legislation has had more consideration in the Sixty-fifth Congress than in the last hundred years, or since the enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798; and what a commotion those early laws created!" remarked Uncle Joe Cannon in chatting about the rumors of spies, organizations of traitors and seditious developments since the war with Germany began.

"You must remember that this is the first great war in which we have been engaged without a peace party in the country and in Congress. We had 'Loyalists,' which meant the same as traitors, at the time of the Revolution; a peace party in 1812; again at the time of the Mexican War; and again in the Civil War. The opponents of war in the sixties were open and at times violent. They were confined to no section of the North, nor to any particular class of citizens. There were members of Congress and members of state legislatures, governors and judges, business men, workingmen and farmers in all parts of the North who were not in sympathy with the administration of Lincoln in pressing the war; and there were generals in the Union Army who were suspected of not being too much in earnest. The great majority of the Northern people were loyally supporting the war, but there were enough exceptions to make a very serious situation.

"I had some experience with disloyal demonstrations during the Civil War, because I was district attorney for the twenty-seventh judicial district of Illinois, where we had a good many of them.

"Illinois filled all her quotas without the draft until the last year of the war and sent 260,000 men, or 15 per cent of the whole population, into the Union Army. Such a percentage to-day would place 1,100,000 men in the field from Illinois alone. No state had a better record in the war than had Illinois; and yet we had much trouble with those who opposed the war and offered embarrassments of such a nature that President Lincoln had to send Union troops into his own state to put down insurrections.

"Enrolling officers were obstructed and assaulted, soldiers were mobbed and murdered, and it was estimated that there were 85,000 members of disloyal societies in the state, organized for the avowed purpose of discouraging enlistments, encouraging desertions and obstructing the draft."

The Honorable Joseph G. Cannon

Disloyal Societies of the Sixties

"THIS estimate was exaggerated, but it was made by Representative Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who was recognized as their supreme leader by all these organizations in the North. I do not believe we had anything like that number of disloyal people in Illinois during the Civil War, but we did have a good many and they were quite as troublesome as were those in other states, even though they did not get the same amount of publicity as did those who caused the draft riots in New York City. Our disloyal societies in the West were largely in the country and their movements were secret. It was difficult to enumerate them or keep track of their operations. They met in barns and in out-of-the-way places where they were able to keep secret their plans and movements except as they were followed by secret agents of the Government or by informers. They held all their meetings in secret and they struck in the dark.

"Neither do I believe that all the men who were members of those societies were disloyal at heart. Many were ignorant of the full meaning of the rituals, mystified by the high-sounding oaths they took against the constituted authorities, and flattered by the titles given them; but they formed just as dangerous an element to the peace of the state as though they were fully conscious of what they were doing, for they had arms, drilled as though they were part of the state militia, and obeyed their officers. When commanded to shoot a recruiting officer or a soldier they obeyed, though clandestinely.

"The free and often violent criticism of the President by the newspapers and by public speakers, in Congress and the legislature as well as on the stump, helped these men to justify their disloyal acts. With radical Republicans criticizing the President for not moving fast enough and radical Democrats criticizing him for moving at all, a good many men who were not well versed in law or in politics easily persuaded themselves that the war was only a continuation of the political campaign of 1860. We had as much latitude in such criticism in Illinois as they had in New York, and with so large a part of our virile men in the Army there was not the same restraint on the critics as there was before the soldiers were sent to the Front. Douglas died soon after he came home to urge the people to stand loyally by the President; Logan, McClernand and other conservative Democratic leaders went into the Army, and less loyal leaders took their places in politics in Illinois. The Chicago Times became so violent in its criticism of the Government that it was suppressed for a time by the military authorities.

"In 1861 we had a constitutional convention authorized by the legislature, and in the election the same year a majority of the delegates chosen were Democrats—not Democrats of the Douglas type, but men who operated under that party name to oppose the war. That convention was unique in several particulars: The delegates began their deliberations by refusing to take the usual oath to support the constitution of the state for which they were to propose a new constitution; they took issue with the President of the United States on the power he exercised; assumed to be the bona fide government of Illinois with power to direct the governor and other state officers, elect a United States Senator to succeed the late Senator Douglas, control the Illinois troops in the field; and they even voted an appropriation of $500,000 for military purposes. Such manifestations on the part of the distinguished men who were clothed with the power to propose a new constitution and assumed to have superseded the regular state government and run counter to the Federal Government had the natural effect of misleading many other men who were dissatisfied with the conduct of the war.

"The next year the Democrats elected a majority of the state legislature, and that body followed in the wake of the constitutional convention, notwithstanding the refusal of the voters to ratify the new constitution that had been submitted to them at the same election. The legislature also took issue with the National Government, declared the war a cruel oppression without warrant in the constitution, denounced the President, sought to embarrass the governor's efforts to support the policy of Lincoln, and made itself so obnoxious to the loyal people of the state that they were rejoiced when Governor Yates, taking advantage of a disagreement between the two houses over a date of adjournment, prorogued the body and threatened with military arrest and imprisonment all who dared to disobey his command. He had troops at Camp Yates ready to execute his orders, and the members of the 'disloyal legislature' of Illinois went home. That was the turning point in the war history of Illinois, but it did not end the operations of the so-called knights.

"The rituals and oaths of these orders of knights now read like extravagant satires on American democracy. That so many men should join these orders, form 'castles' in the woods and on the lonely prairies, take oaths which no normal man could read and understand without laughing at their farcical absurdities, and go through formalities as ridiculous as the performances of Don Quixote, now seems beyond the realm of ordinary intelligence and common sense; but when to this travesty on medieval knight-errantry is added the sinister purpose of the men who organized, directed and controlled such an army of deluded men, they presented the most defiant demonstration of treason the country has ever known.

"These modern knights were sworn to encourage and aid Union soldiers to desert; to discourage enlistment; to circulate treasonable literature; to furnish intelligence to the enemy; to aid the enemy by recruiting for his army within the Union lines; to destroy government property and the property of loyal citizens; to assassinate soldiers and citizens; to release the Confederate prisoners at Chicago, Springfield and Indianapolis; to cooperate with Confederate agents in Canada to overthrow the existing governments in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; and to organize a Northwest Confederacy which should unite with the Southern Confederacy to destroy the National Government. Such organizations to-day would be intolerable and impossible, but they existed at the time of the Civil War, and they were seriously considered as an aid to their cause by the Confederate leaders; for Jefferson Davis sent Jacob Thompson as his agent to Canada to counsel and cooperate with the leaders of these disloyal organizations within the Union states."

A Gigantic Conspiracy

"IT ALSO developed that a good many men of prominence in the North were identified with these orders—some of them members of Congress, some members of state legislatures and some on the bench; and they had taken these oaths to destroy the governments they were sworn to serve and to violate every law of the land for the protection of life and property. It was a gigantic treasonable conspiracy, not an angry and excited mob of men engaged in a riot. In that particular the disloyal movement in the Middle West differed from the draft riots in New York City, where angry mobs assaulted the enrolling officers, killed and were killed as the mobs swept through the streets and clashed with the soldiers. In the West we had plots made in secret to murder high officials of state governments, and lesser secret plots to destroy the property of loyal citizens, for no other reason than that they were loyal and had been selected by some committee for punishment.

"The knights wore no regalia or insignia of their disloyalty, and it was as difficult to distinguish them from loyal citizens as it is to distinguish between a Presbyterian and a Methodist or between a Jew and a Gentile in these modern days. The loyal citizen too often learned that he had disloyal neighbors from their vengeance upon him

and his. No doubt the majority of the men who joined these orders took the vows without giving very serious attention to their meaning. They found these secret societies asylums where they could associate with men of like opinions regarding the war and where they could freely express themselves without danger. They were not all so warlike as they pretended to be. Some of them were ready to talk about shedding the last drop of blood to prevent Lincoln from waging an unjust war, but they took good care to keep out of danger of shedding the first drop of their own blood for any cause whatever. They were cowards, and joined these societies because they wanted to keep as far away from the fighting line as possible. Cowardice, like misery, loves company, and a good many of the knights had no other inspiration for their membership.

"But the ignorance of many, the cowardice of some and the vanity of most of them did not minimize the danger of these men, especially in the sparsely settled country from which most of the loyal men had gone into the Army. They were directed and used by intelligent and determined men who sought to overthrow the Government as it was constituted, and cowardice shielded by secrecy encouraged almost any kind of outrage. We called those knights by another name—'Copperheads,' because, like that snake, they hid in the grass and struck without warning.

"They had some success in all their undertakings. There was one Illinois regiment in which nearly all the men were persuaded to desert, and the first regiment commanded by Grant had mutinied against its first officers. I found plenty of work at home almost from the beginning of the war; and the governor, not able to have all volunteers accepted by the War Department, thought my place was there where the work was at hand. The longer I stuck to my job the more serious it became, and I ceased to think about going into the Army."

Copperheads in Charleston

"ONE of the early military arrests in Illinois was that of Judge Constable while holding court at Charleston, the county seat of Coles County. The judge was of an old Maryland family, a lawyer of the old school, who held the civil courts in such high esteem that he could not conceive of any higher authority even in time of civil war. A number of deserters from Indiana regiments were followed by their officers across the state line and arrested at Charleston, where Judge Constable was holding court. Friends of the deserters appealed to the judge, and he, considering the action of the military authorities of another state an invasion of the civil jurisdiction of Illinois and a judicial outrage, promptly released the deserters and ordered the arrest of the army officers as 'kidnapers.'

"This action by Judge Constable aroused the combative spirit of Governor Morton, of Indiana, who at once demanded of General Carrington, who represented the War Department, a prompt redress of grievances. The general proceeded to Charleston with a file of soldiers, surrounded the courthouse where the judge was hearing the case of the kidnapers, and placed the judge under arrest for interfering with the military operations of the Government. The judge was about to be taken to Indiana as a military prisoner when Judge Treat, of the United States District Court for Southern Illinois, interfered and ordered his release.

"This was one of the early and peculiar mix-ups we had between the civil and military authorities and across state lines, and it did not help to clear away the misunderstandings of the people or reduce the friction between political factions, which were rapidly resolving themselves into supporters of the war and opponents of everything done by President Lincoln to prosecute the war and restore the Union.

"That little courthouse in Charleston was, two years later, the scene of another demonstration of disloyalty, one of the worst that was recorded anywhere in the North, where Union soldiers were deliberately shot down in the presence of the same judge while opening his court. Coles County was originally settled by Kentucky Whigs and named after the second governor of Illinois, who had been a slaveholder in Virginia but who led in the great fight to keep slavery out of the Illinois constitution. Charleston was then, as now, the county seat of Coles County, a beautiful village in the great Corn Belt, and one of the most prosperous and cultured towns in the state. Lincoln as a boy had driven an ox team from Indiana into that village, and near there his father had settled, where his stepmother still lived. It was that county and that town which claimed Lincoln when he developed into the leader of a great political party.

"Charleston had been the place in Eastern Illinois where one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas was held, in 1858, when rival processions met the two leaders at Mattoon, ten miles away, and escorted them to the courthouse square; and it was difficult to tell which was the greater favorite. It was in that debate I heard Lincoln in his reply to Douglas say: 'I do not understand that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave I must necessarily want her for a wife.' It was there he declared in explicit terms that he did not favor negro citizenship or the equality of the races, either politically or socially.

"That town now holds as sacred the memories of Lincoln and his associations with the place as does any city in Illinois; and yet it was at Charleston that one of the boldest assaults on Union troops was made that is reported anywhere outside the zone of war. It is one of those inexplicable contradictions of history which occur, but it is unfortunate that the tender memories of Lincoln in Charleston should have associated with them the recollection of a disloyal plot where Union soldiers were shot down as Lincoln hirelings. The record was made and it is found in the official history of the Union and Confederate Armies, so there is perhaps no impropriety in talking about it.

"The 54th Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry was enlisted in that part of the state from the towns and farming communities in Coles, Douglas, Ford and Vermilion Counties, and the men were a fine lot of soldiers. They had been at the Front as volunteers, had reenlisted for the war as veterans and were home on furlough in March, 1864. Col. G. M. Mitchell lived in Charleston, and Doctor York, the surgeon of the regiment, in Paris, Edgar County. They were both high-minded men and very popular in that community."

Union Soldiers Murdered

"SIXTEEN soldiers of the regiment lived in the neighborhood of Charleston, and when the order was issued for the regiment to return to the Front these men were directed to take the train at Charleston, March 28, 1864, and proceed to Mattoon, where the regiment would rendezvous. It was known all over the county that these soldiers would say good-by to their friends at the railroad station in Charleston and take the three o'clock train that afternoon. It was Monday, the day for the spring term of the circuit court of Coles County to open. Congressman John R. Eden, the Democratic Representative from the district, was also advertised to make a speech in Charleston that afternoon. These three events furnished the excuse for the gathering of a considerable crowd composed of all parties and factions and representing all degrees of loyal and disloyal sentiment. It was in itself a dangerous combination, but that does not fully explain what happened.

"The soldiers came in their uniforms, but stacked their guns at the station and went to the courthouse square to meet their friends. In the court room Judge Constable was on the bench and Sheriff John H. O'Hair was impaneling the jury. There were many farmers' teams hitched about the courthouse square. Among these were a number belonging to a company of men from the northern part of the county who made no secret of their hostility to the Union and Union soldiers. They had boasted that they were armed and had drilled under regular officers, and that they were prepared to clean out the 'Lincoln hirelings.' Nelson Wells was recognized as their captain.

"These men made no open display of guns in the streets of Charleston that day, but as Private Oliver Saller walked up the courthouse yard he was shot by Wells and mortally wounded. The wounded soldier fell, but partly raising himself drew his pistol and shot Wells, killing him instantly. Colonel Mitchell was in the court room when he heard the reports of these shots, and he started to the street to learn the cause of the trouble. As he passed through the door from the court room he was shot and severely wounded. He also had a hand-to-hand encounter with two other men, who tried to kill him there in the presence of the court.

(Continued on Page 30)

It's Going to Take Skill to Pack the Burro for This Trip

ENTER THE VILLAIN

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

ON THE day the second letter from Willard Le Bayne arrived at Echo Valley Farm, Phœbe-Ann went up into the spare chamber and began the first of her great world series of "changing things round" to suit the metropolitan tastes of the coming boarder. Not that she could really change much, except as the proverbial leopard can change his spots. He can take them from place to place, but he cannot alter their essential quality. So with the furnishings of the spare chamber. The bed could be placed where the bureau stood, and the rocker exchanged for the table. The red-glass pin tray might be moved to the left side of the dresser, and the pink-celluloid hair receiver to the right—Phœbe-Ann was not certain that a hair receiver was *de rigueur*, anyhow, for a male boarder; but that was about all.

Oh, a few touches. A redisposition of the rag rugs that overlaid the hit-or-miss foundation; of the towels on the washstand under the red-and-white splasher, where a child ate from a bowl above the legend Always Be Kind; of the few pictures on the wall—the woman clinging to a cross in a heavy thick-milk sea; the dim old Custer's Last Stand; the steel engraving of Pharaoh's Horses; the chromo of a De Longpré study of roses. Phœbe-Ann had bought the last herself down at the ten-cent store in Trusco some years ago. But that had been when her taste was still unformed.

All at Once He Found Himself Holding Her Hand—and Not Saying a Word About Shakspere

Now she thought it might be better to take them all down, the pictures, and put up some penny prints, Madonnas, that had come along with one of her school papers. But when she had taken down the originals they left their imprint in faintly darker squares upon the walls, and the penny prints wouldn't cover them.

But as far as she could she changed everything else, working with repressed energy, a pink spot in each cheek.

She would never forget last summer. The pencil salesman and his wife! They had come for a month, and stayed a week. Phœbe-Ann would always remember the way the pencil man's woman had taken off her hat and sailed it onto the high old bed and patted down her peeled-onion coiffure and said contemptuously: "Merciful heavens, what a place! And you haven't even running water!"

"I told you that when I wrote," Phœbe-Ann had faltered. "That's why it's cheap," she had added; which, all things considered, was not the most fortunate remark.

Not that the pencil man's wife's contempt was really conclusive. Even Phœbe-Ann had felt there was something lacking here—a quality touch, surely. Not that it paid also to be critical about summer boarders when they came to help you eke out; one should be appreciative and grateful—yes, grateful—when Echo Valley Farm was so old, and as hard as the moon to get at.

But still, the pencil man's wife! She had never done anything but rock on the porch and chew gum and complain, and thrust out two highly exposed ankles from her inconsiderable skirt as who should say "These are my jewels," until Phœbe-Ann blushed for her.

And the pencil man was no better. He did nothing but smoke, what time he did not eat. And when he looked at a tree it ceased to be a tree and became so many potential gross of pencils, the while he squinted at it, crushing his cigar between thumb and forefinger.

She had been very glad when they had gone—barring the financial stringency. But of course they had been right to a certain extent. The room wasn't exactly ——

Phœbe-Ann worried a little as she thought of the impending newcomer. You could tell he was a gentleman from the letter. Oh, quite a different type from the pencil people. The paper itself was conclusive—thick cream white, with the name of one of the big New York hotels on it; and the writing, too—Phœbe-Ann knew something about a good hand from her teaching "pothooks and hangers" at Echo Valley schoolhouse—was gracefully virile in character. As for the composition, there wasn't anything in the Fifth Reader that was framed in more fluent easy English.

Oh, yes, a man of breeding, surely—this stranger who mentioned his doubtful health, his desire to recuperate in a sequestered spot, far from the madding crowd. So Phœbe-Ann got out duster and furniture polish and went the limit in alteration.

In her first frenzy she would have altered even the view if she could; which, as she knew in her heart, would have been a pity, comprising as it did such matters as a valley vista with a little silver river in it; a cleft across the valley where the sun set, and miles of billowing hilltops that marched westward into purple mist. But she felt she might have improved it a little.

She was so anxious it should be pleasing; it was hard to get anyone interested. You see, there was so little you could say for the farmhouse. Phœbe-Ann's modest advertisement inserted in a Sunday paper:

ECHO VALLEY FARMHOUSE: Magnificent scenery, pure mountain air, old-fashioned home comforts. Ten dollars.

faded to insipid nothingness beside its next-door neighbor:

SANS SOUCI: Up-to-date American farmhouse, private baths, four-course table, billiards, tennis, lake bathing, catboats, dance floor, jazz music. Write for pamphlet.

She had no pamphlet. There was nothing to put in it, anyway, but the scenery, and Noah Webster had no proper words for that.

So when Willard Le Bayne had written—a first letter of inquiry, and a second to clinch matters—the heart of Phœbe-Ann Allen gave forth almost audible pæans of thanksgiving.

II

I HAVE it on the personal assurance of Matty Brisbane—Matty has a little office on Forty-fourth Street now, where he books attractions for the Bilmore Circuit, but he used to be advance man for the La Salle-Kester Stock Company, and knew every lead and heavy on the hot-dog circuits—that a more subtle, beguiling and insidious Sir Francis Levison than Willard Le Bayne never leaned close to a misguided Lady Isobel's sea-shell ear and whispered in hoarse East Lynneish accents:

"Be avenged, Isobel! Leave the false hound, and come to happiness!"

He was, Matty intimated, irresistible. Of course Lady Isobel always went to happiness anyhow, because her lines compelled her to, but under Matty's implication it wouldn't have been worth her while to try to do anything else. The house—the female part of it—was solid for Sir Francis. Women wept tears of vicarious longing, sighed over him passionately, wrote him notes, sent him nosegays.

"Strong stuff. He was strong stuff"—old Matty puffed at his panetela thoughtfully—"and yet the subtle kind, too; the slim elegant-gentleman varmint! He had the figger. Nice little feller too. Good eyes; you couldn't help liking him. But when he put on the little flivver of a black mustache and the uniform of the Coldstream Guards he wore in Sir Francis, by gad, the fellow had a pull like fly paper! The women would almost mob him.

"I 'member how we got him, too, out of a small Pennsylvania town. Been more or less stage-struck hanging round when the Spooners played there, and Corse Payton and Thomas Shea. Got an idea he could act, too, and tried to hook up with us on a one-night stand at Altoona, Pennsylvania. The old man, Kester—I don't know what insanity struck him, but he took him on as understudy for Pierce Hammond, his leading man. Le Bayne was good-looking—regular little angel face, just a kid; regular sliver shape—had a waist as neat as a fiddle; and when he got on one of them fourteen-dollar blue serges that turn green in an August sun he looked like the fiddle going round in its felt bag.

"Well, anyhow, they were putting on that fresh-water pearl and peerless gem, Uncle Tom and his little Eva, one night at Clydesville, and Lester Lewis, who played Legree, got influenza, and this little fiddle-shaped rube offered himself, said he'd been studying the part. Gad, he put it through too! I never saw a skinny Simon Legree before, but his lack of weight didn't seem to faze the audience. It was what I call the power of suggestion, a feat of this psy—psychology, like they say. Say! Even when he beat up Tom and killed him! Val Howard played Tom—four times Willard's size; but when Le Bayne came stamping out in his old pants and torn shirt and killed Val with a black-snake whip and those two macaroni arms of his—well, you could ha' heard a shadow fall. He put it over, that's all! Nice boy, he was well raised, but he had a natural gift for Simon-pure hellishness, that's all. And he's been at it ever since."

It was true. Much water had flowed under London Bridge since Le Bayne as Legree had flung Cassy's restraining hand aside and concluded his diabolic deed, compound of fusel oil and original sin; since he had worn the frogs and epaulets of the Coldstream Guards and forsaken Lady Isobel to her inevitable fate.

During all these years he had clung to his inspired rôle. He was a villain, *sui generis*; a man born to uphold the best traditions of villainy known in the pasteboard world. Inevitably he played Iago, and Faust, with a macabre touch and finish that froze the small-town spine to a gelid icicle.

Behind a hedge of black whisker he presently lurked as Svengali, who with flexible flageolet led the soul and voice of "la divine Trilby" to her undoing.

These in the early years—what one might call the broader, more slapstick phases of villainy. It took no brains at all to discern the devil that lurked couchant in

these gentlemen. They were, as Le Bayne himself said, largely matters of make-up.

But put a villain into a frock coat and gardenia, into tennis flannels and racket—and you've a different sort of meat. It was the kind of meat Le Bayne hankered to try his teeth on, and toward which he worked persistently. And eventually he achieved a fair measure of success.

There were all the years he was with the Flora Adair Company, when he played Souls Aflame, The Hidden Way, The Unseen Lure, Mackenzie's Wife, The Other Man, and so on—the entire repertoire requiring only a dress suit, a morning suit and a Prince Albert with plum-colored trousers—a genuine *tour de force*.

He played these all over the Northern and Southern and Western circuits, and took his toll of the impressionable chocolate-eating miss and the street-car conductor's wife out for an afternoon with the plumber's fiancée; while he trod a stately and successful measure as gentleman lady-killer, home-breaker and heart-wrecker, and went invariably to his gentlemanly ruin.

These were Le Bayne's fattest years. He was very popular in the tank towns and making steady money. He could blow in on Broadway between seasons and use spats and a stick, and on one or two occasions a fur-lined overcoat; and he had his name in Green Room Talk once, and once in the Dramatic Mirror.

He was still slim and elegant of figure, with a touch of frost in his hair, a good nose and mouth, expressive eyes and a natural gift—accented through much reading—for sonorous and resonant phrase. And he had every reason to believe that he would achieve the Thespian Mecca, Broadway, by the time he was thirty, and see the name of Le Bayne blossom into Broadway jewels to crown night's dusky brow. He looked for it confidently. Never more than when Mr. Eislinger sent him out with a first road company to play The Devil. He played it magnificently, too, out of his soul, and he felt he was one of the near-arrived. And then ——

Well, then we got the movies. Ask any male thedabara of the good old ten, twent' and thirt's what they've done to him and see him throw up his hands. And so, too, with Le Bayne.

It was the end. The papers began to talk about movie stars' salaries, and up in Blodgettville, New York, and down in Fayette, Maryland, they closed the People's Popular Theater or the I. O. O. F. auditorium, where Le Bayne's company had showed, and papered the town with Mary Pickford at the new Five-Cent Crystal Symphony Picture House. Third and fourth rate companies all over the country closed, dwindled away, evaporated. In cheap lodging houses or grim hotel parlors the last sad obsequies were conducted over many a futile human hope, and a deadly clinch with the immemorial wolf was begun.

Old Eislinger called in his Devil, and Le Bayne booked up with another, cheaper company, doing milder stuff in the South. But he got pneumonia in Louisville and was left behind. And then came two or three years when the uncharted seas he sailed were full of many a rock and reef.

When he blew in on Broadway now he could still use a stick and he might manage spats, but he had eaten the fur-lined overcoat long ago, and the jeweled crown on night's dusky brow had been moved to Spain, the freehold of all baronial castles. Le Bayne was slenderer than ever, and had slight hollows in his cheeks—legacies of his pneumonia. That he had a too great pallor and pouches under his eyes also, few might notice, though one or two old friends were frank.

"You don't look well, Willard," Miss Maisette Marlowe told him one August morning on Broadway. "You look like you've been overdoing—withered off, sorta. Been workin' too hard?" Privately Miss Marlowe registered: "Hungry—I'll bet."

"Like the devil," he retorted. "McCabe's going to put me in on a big part this fall and I've been reading night and day." It was the usual big lie—the pathetic subterfuge of the would-be prosperous.

Le Bayne had worn through two sets of soles—and almost his human soul—visiting managers' offices, trying for something on the big time, the small time—any old time. He went home now to his cheap boarding house. There were two trunks there: One of male make-up and props; another, which he cached winters, nearly filled with the he-vampire literature he favored. It was a bad time for he-vamps.

We cannot go into detail on the next winter Le Bayne spent. It had its vicissitudes—and its successes. The last evidently, for he managed to come through with a little money. He needed it. He found himself on a day late in May facing a specialist with probing brown eyes and probing lean fingers. He found himself stethoscoped, thumped, hammered and weighed. And the verdict, delivered in dry crisp tones:

"A little of everything wrong. Heart action irregular; nerve cells depleted; liver inactive; and lungs—lungs—er—sensitive. A matter chiefly of rest, I think; of building up. Time, in short. And quiet. A high altitude would be best. Somewhere in the mountains."

Le Bayne had paid his fee and gone on his way. He went over to Forty-second Street and bought himself a cocktail, which had just been forbidden, and sat down in the lobby of one of the big caravansaries, where you have a free seat in Peacock Alley if you have the sartorial makin's, or a good imitation, and access to letter paper.

He bought a newspaper at the stand and perused the ad columns. Something high—and quiet—and cheap, preferably. His resources were meager and he might need money later to tide over a waiting spell until old Eislinger, whom he had met a few days earlier and who had held out hopes for a new stock company he was forming, might cause it to materialize. Something cheap, of course!

His eye fell on "Sans Souci," and the "lake bathing, catboats" and "four-course table" and "write for pamphlet." The pamphlet settled it! You had to pay for the printing bills, of course.

Then he saw "Echo Valley Farmhouse," and the words "ten dollars." He didn't know a thing about echoes or a farm, but he knew all about ten dollars.

He rose suddenly and turned to the writing room.

III

WHEN Willard Le Bayne in a soft cap and neat new ulster stepped off the train at Cobb's Point he saw a small unpainted flag station—like an old shoe on the edge of the wilderness—and a rickety giglike affair fastened to an old gray dobbin driven by a boy in farm clothing. The station obviously belonged to the railroad company, but the gig and dobbin, as the boy informed him, were temporarily his—the Echo Valley Farmhouse bus, which was to bear him up the mountain to his retreat.

I will not describe Le Bayne's sufferings in achieving his bourn. Anyone who has ever traveled skyward in a springless gig over a hill dugway—unworked since the year before last—will appreciate the torture. Vast bowlders and jutting rocks contributed a suitable syncopation to the method of travel, and what with keeping his teeth in their sockets and his tongue unbitten and sitting light when he saw a rock emerging from earth, Willard had a busy time. He had only the most passing opportunity to note that the writer of the Sunday-paper ad had not lied about scenery. There was a great deal lying round loose. Through lacing foliage he caught bits of scenic effect that equaled any gauze curtain of his remembrance.

He was worn and white and weary when, coming round an elbow of hemlock, the dugway suddenly threw him into the lap, so to speak, of an old log farmhouse, with rambler roses on the porch, and whitewashed cheese boxes of garden flowers standing about. A little old lady in gray print gave him welcome—drew him in friendly fashion up a close, dark little flight of stairs and into the fresh and speckless chamber that awaited him.

I'm afraid he didn't note the fine touches—the pin tray nor Custer's Last Stand.

He knew that the room was cool and sweet, that a heavenly perfume filled his nostrils, compound—though he did not realize it—of lavender from the sheets, heliotrope that was new-cut hay in the south meadow, and the rest just clean-sweet growing green stuff.

And he knew that he was sleepy—unmercifully. So when he had disposed of his possessions he took off his coat and shoes, and rolling himself in a clean old coverlet he lay down and dropped several fathoms deep into the cool silence. His watch cried the hour of three when he lay down, and the afternoon shadows waned and five o'clock sneaked up with stealthy feet, and still he trysted with Morpheus. He might for the first time in his life have played Rip Van Winkle but for a sharp little rat-tat on his door that roused him to a drowsy elbow.

"Come in!" he called; and a young woman—a girl—opened his door, a little tray in hand.

Le Bayne looked at her and she looked at Le Bayne.

What she saw was a long slim cocoon of coverlet with a rather thin, haggard young face at the top, a pair of wide, rather haggard eyes in it—a face that from her expression moved her to pity.

What Le Bayne saw was a slim, pretty girl with a sun-kissed brown-pink oval of face, a little splash of freckles on her nose, a mop of soft, silky, light-brown hair, coiled up awkwardly, and a pair of big, very soft, very wide open, frank hazel eyes.

"I—I've brought you some spearmint tea, Mr. Le Bayne. Grandma and I thought you might care for it."

"Spearmint tea!" he said a little feebly.

He had glanced at his watch. Five o'clock—the hour of the mountain cocktail evidently.

"Thank you. I don't believe ——" he began, trying to look dignified and speaking as usual resonantly and from the diaphragm.

"It's very nice," said the girl. "It strengthens so. I had Ferris get fresh leaves for you this morning." Then as she looked at his face again: "Don't try to get up for it. I'll pour it out for you."

And she came in and put the tray on the dresser and poured a cupful of liquid from a little pot on the tray.

And while she did it Le Bayne took another look at her. Young, pretty—rather sweet, yes. But wearing the most awful clothes he had ever seen! He recalled Maisette Marlowe as he had seen her a week before. Maisette had worn a purple jersey-silk sports costume—three inches below the knee—with a Bersaglieri sports hat to match, and a vanity case and coin purse—all the silver accouterments necessary to a morning of sport on Broadway.

And this young creature's skirt touched the ground—or almost; and was made of black cloth! And above it there was a white waist—with a high collar!—pinned at the back with a China bread-and-butter plate splashed with violets. Why, not even in Way Down East ——

She turned to him then, and Le Bayne was almost anæsthetized as a cup of pungent pale-green liquid was held under his nose.

"Drink it," she said gently.

He gulped half the contents—and returned the cup to her.

"It does—strengthen. Thank you," he murmured. His eyes were closed by the fume of the spearmint, and he lay, the very picture of desolate exhaustion.

"I'm—we're so sorry you're feeling so miserable, Mr. Le Bayne. We hope you'll get well and strong here. You're not to try to do anything but rest. Grandma and I'll be very glad to bring you a tray whenever you want it."

"You're very good, I'm sure."

He strove for elegance of effect, but it is not easy for a man in a cocoon to be elegant. He wished with secret irritation that she would go away and leave him.

But when the fading spearmint fume had waned and he opened his eyes he saw that such was not her intention—immediately. She had produced a small thin brown book.

"I was thinking"—she hesitated, flushing a little—"it gets so tiresome lying alone—and until you're stronger—I was wondering if you'd care to have me read to you."

"Read to you!"

Le Bayne in his surprise repeated the whole three words idiotically.

"Yes." She spoke without a trace of self-consciousness. "I have been trained."

"Trained!" he repeated again; and he wondered whether the echo for which the farm was named was affecting his reason. But—a country wench "reading" to

"You Don't Look Well, Willard," Miss Maisette Marlowe Told Him. "You Look Like You've Been Overdoing—Withered Off, Sorta"

Willard Le Bayne! Why, good heavens, even in a cocoon it should have been apparent ——

"I had elocution lessons down at Glen Point the year I took my teacher's course."

"Oh—you are a school-teacher!"

It was only forced interest. School-teachers—all Willard had ever known—belonged in one category, unspeakable bores. He longed to go on with his nap.

"I've taught the school at Echo Valley four winters; since I was eighteen," she told him.

Then, as she held her ground: "And you brought up a book to-day? How very good of you!" he said, swallowing a yawn.

"We haven't many books, Mr. Le Bayne, but you can use any of them if you like. I brought this one to-day." He read the title, Selections From Longfellow, and could have moaned. "Tell me not, in mournful numbers," was all he knew of Henry W.

"I thought poetry would be sedative."

"I think it will be," he agreed; and evidently accepting this for consent the young creature took the rocker and opening her book began to read.

Willard yielded his ears desperately. It was not a bad voice—a husky, rather sweet contralto, which the Glen Point elocutionist had not managed to spoil. Then he forgot the voice itself—caught the spoken phrase:

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

And this was Longfellow. Why, the stuff was pretty; and the pedagogical pest had taste.

"What's your name?" he asked suddenly.

The girl gave him her wide frank gaze.

"I'm the Miss Allen you wrote to. Phœbe-Ann," she added.

"And you look just like your name," he said suddenly; then wondered why he had said it—since he had never known a Phœbe-Ann in his life. He thanked her when she left, and he lay very still in a pleasant languor.

And, as sometimes happens thus, hidden voices spoke in him; a secret counselor rose out of his subconscious to reason with him. It was, I think, Sir Francis Levison—or one of his black brotherhood:

"Well, well, my dear fellow—my dear Willard! What have we here? Quite a situation, eh? Nice little thing, what? Unsophisticated as the deuce, eh? But charmin', rather!"

"Why, you fool," said Le Bayne drowsily, "a teacher—a schoolma'am—a smart Aleck in petticoats. I hate 'em. Nothing doing—noth-ing do-ing!"

"Oh, well, but they're human, you know. And she's a little bit of all right—to look at. Pretty, don't you think?"

"Oh, pretty enough, I suppose," Le Bayne agreed coldly.

He was dropping off again. Outside a bird had begun chirping in a near-by tree—a cool fluty little sound, rather like a water drop, he thought. Then he realized it was saying a word, over and over: "Pret-ty; pret-ty; pret-ty."

IV

FOR two days Willard Le Bayne, the devil's apprentice, lay flat upon his back feasting on mountain air and smells, and homely but ample fare from the trays his hosts sent him. It was on his third day that, feeling less washed out, he dressed and went for a stroll down the mountain.

He came back feeling more fit than he had felt in months, and as he approached the house he saw Miss Phœbe-Ann Allen sitting near one of the floral cheese boxes. She had on a simple blue cotton—a country frock—and was sitting up with a fine show of unconsciousness, her eyes glued to a newspaper.

But as Willard approached her with drooping grace, her color deepened frankly.

"I haven't seen you since yesterday, Miss Phœbe-Ann ——" he began politely.

She interrupted him abruptly.

"Oh, Mr. Le Bayne, I j-just found out! You're an actor, aren't you? And I—well, you must have thought me a c-conceited idiot to offer to read to you."

"I thought it was delightfully charming," began Willard, speaking from the diaphragm—then switched *au naturel* as he scanned her face. Why, the child was pink with embarrassment!

"You know you did take my breath for a minute—struck me a bit queer; but one looks for the motive always, and yours was beautiful, Miss Phœbe-Ann. And anyhow, you read very well. You have a pretty speaking voice. And if you like I can help you a lot while I'm here. Voice placing, that sort of thing."

"Oh, would you?" breathed Phœbe-Ann gratefully. "I need a lot of help. I—haven't had just—so very many advantages. Why, I never met an actor before in my life.

He Fell to Speaking of the Stage, of New York, Broadway. He Brought In the Lambs' Club and the Hotel Astor; and After the First Five Minutes He Almost Believed Himself

Oh, I know some of the faces—from the magazines, you know. And I have a glass paperweight on my desk at school with William Faversham in it. But—that's about all."

Then it was her turn to feel sympathy.

"Oh," she said, "you look so tired, Mr. Le Bayne. Not so white as your first day, but still I'm afraid you've been overdoing—going down the mountain."

"Not a bit of it," said Willard. "I'm as fine as a fiddle. I've enjoyed your mountain. Lovely place, lovely scenery. And such quantities of wild flowers. I brought some along home with me."

He proffered the fruits of his gathering to Phœbe-Ann—a bunch of bushy green foliage starred with tiny white flowers. He did it with Chesterfieldian grace. Just so would his subtlest villain have offered a cup of tea or a fallen *mouchoir* to his elected lady. It was a bit of sophistication that could not fail to impress a simple country maiden, he felt.

He was surprised to hear a little giggle from the country maiden, to see her cover her face with both hands.

"You do not care for wild flowers?" asked Willard with a touch of hauteur in his voice.

Phœbe-Ann looked up, her face flushed and troubled; her voice was not quite steady.

"I do love wild f-flowers, Mr. Le Bayne; and I thank you. It's only that —— Oh, well, a person who isn't used to country things. You see—they're—not exactly flowers."

"Not exactly!" Willard surveyed the green and white medley in surprise. "What are they, please?"

"Oh, it isn't your fault!" She spoke hastily. "If James Creel would only put a fence round his patch; he let's them run wild, so you see —— Mr. Le Bayne—they're p-potatoes! Oh, in flower of course, but still ——"

"I see," said Willard slowly, letting the green plume fall to the ground. Then he laughed a little ruefully, sheepishly.

It was true, he confessed. He knew nothing of the country. He could tell a shoe tree or a hat tree if he saw one, but a buttonwood or a hemlock had him floored. Not but what there were many things that he did understand, of course. Metropolitan things—mostly.

He led the conversation deftly from potatoes and other mundane things to these.

He fell to speaking of the stage, of the Thespian art generally, New York, of his Broadway, theater friendships he had formed with celebrities. He brought in the Lambs' Club and the Hotel Astor; the Plaza, William Collier, John Drew, the Barrymores; he flung in a critique on Beerbohm Tree; mentioned a friend who had a yacht; spoke of a summer at Bar Harbor, of a first night in Washington. Oh, he did himself very proud. Indeed after the first five minutes, like most hot-air artists, he almost believed himself.

And Phœbe-Ann sat by listening quietly but rapt, like an entranced child.

Once at a break in the conversational hedge Willard was building she mentioned herself.

She had never been anywhere, she said—that is —— Mention was made of the county seat and a three days' teachers' tour to Washington.

Willard gathered a bored impression of it. It required presumably a straw-matting suitcase, in which you put a toothbrush, a *robe de nuit* and your extra waist. And you wore raincoat and rubbers for fear it would rain—though the sun shone brilliantly throughout the three days. And a nasal guide with a tired face led two or three dozen of you round and sang:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Washington Monument, the highest work of masonry in the world. Its height is five hundred and fifty-five feet and five and one-half inches. The monument is an obelisk."

It was not, she confessed wistfully, an ideal way to travel. It was not Willard's idea either. At the earliest opportunity he patched the break in his hedge and continued to build.

It was impressive—he realized that himself; and just for a perfect conclusion he made a detour from the flesh-pots of this world, the good things he had tasted in life, and spoke with some feeling along artistic lines generally—the strides made in scenic art.

"And I have never," said Willard, "seen handsomer effects than the ones you have here. I fancy a storm in your cleft would make it a regular Brocken, very, very like the Tyrol," he added. He had heard the phrase used before; and it committed him to nothing.

"Europe!" breathed Phœbe-Ann reverently. Her young face grew tender.

You gathered she had dreamed a little over Europe; you gathered also that teachers' tours were the chief ambition in the life of a young mountain pedagogue; you gathered that only year before last a friend had achieved the Grand Cañon thus—business of matting suitcase, toothbrush and rubbers again.

Willard continued anent the scenery.

" . . . without fault or blemish," he concluded; "except of course your old barn and bull." He indicated an unpainted barn on the hillside, on which a charging bull was painted to exploit a cattle powder. "Not that he isn't a bully bull—quite like the ones in the Barcelona bullfights."

"Barcelona," echoed Phœbe-Ann. "The leading exports of Barcelona are wines, cereals, olive oil, cotton, soap, cigarette paper, furniture, barrels, boots, shoes, leather goods and machinery. It's in the geography," she explained bitterly; "and that's as near as I'll get to Barcelona."

"It's near enough, isn't it?" gasped Willard. But he was on dangerous territory. Suppose she got to pinning him down.

"Look here, what do you do with yourself evenings, Miss Phœbe-Ann. Don't suppose you ever play cards?"

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MERGERITIS—By Albert W. Atwood

NEVER before has the civilized world been so committed as now to a policy of giant mergers in industry, to concentration, combination and consolidation. For the war has accelerated, has indeed forced, a tendency that was already irresistible. We see it not only in this country but in England, Canada, Japan and Germany. Everywhere there are big units in industry—big business, if you will. Without it war on the present scale would be impossible.

It is curious how little we appreciate or are really interested in the extent to which this process has gone. Of course there are more important things to think about in these grave days, but the amalgamation process in industry, the continual forming of mergers, is not only a first-rate tool or instrument of war, it is the result of more or less blind economic forces that are sweeping us on, war or no war, to an unseen destiny. Nor does it lack a more immediate and human interest. Never is there any great upward movement in the stock market without mergers or rumors of mergers proving either an essential cause or effect of the speculative turmoil.

Business genius finds its expression largely in creating big units and big outputs. Of course it is not every banker or manufacturer whose ambition aspires to the high state of another J. Pierpont Morgan with his steel trust. But the careers of the most outstanding modern leaders of industry and finance in America, England and Germany are identified with the origination and management of vast business establishments. This is true not only of individuals but of families, groups, communities of interest or whatever form the leadership of capital and industry may take. We had or have Harriman, Hill, Morgan, the Rockefellers, Standard Oil, Du Ponts, Ford, Schwab and a host of others. The story of mergers is the story of the ever-changing panorama of personalities in the great struggle for business success, eminence and dominance.

Trust-Busting

IT WAS only a few years ago that this country was engaged in a tremendous, though now almost forgotten, process of trust-busting. It was felt by most people that the merger movement had gone too far and had developed many evils. So the United States Supreme Court dissolved the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company and the Du Pont Powder Company. Other "trusts" were sued and their alleged sins much exposed in the lower courts. Even the intangible money trust was flayed up and down the land and investigated without end. The more conspicuous railroad mergers, like those achieved by Hill, Harriman and Mellen, were torn apart. The whole country was engaged in a crusade against monopoly.

But now the entire scenery has changed. We have a complete new set. The attitude, the feeling, the atmosphere have become different to the point of revolution. It has been due partly to the immediate needs of war, partly to a boundless growth in wealth and prosperity. To begin with, the trusts that were busted into many parts do not seem to have suffered at all, for each part has grown almost as big as the original trust. Stranger yet, numbers of previously small independents have grown so enormously that they now almost resemble the original trusts.

Instead of punishing companies for acting in concert the Government is now in some cases forcing them to unite, the most recent instance being the express companies. Only a few years ago the Government was busily breaking up single systems of railroads into their early component parts. Now it has put all the railroads in the country under one supreme control. The antitrust suits against the United States Steel Corporation and the American Sugar Refining Company have been quietly dropped, or at least suspended for the duration of the war, and the Supreme Court has just refused to dissolve the so-called shoe-machinery trust, declaring that the magnitude of the company was at once the cause and effect of efficiency.

Congress has just passed a law that makes it expressly legal for manufacturers to combine for export trade. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, it is true, still stands upon the books and forbids domestic trusts. But every day the Government is actually compelling manufacturers to get together for the purpose of agreeing on prices, which was the specific crime most often punished under the Sherman Law of a few years ago. Hoover, the Food Administrator, urges milk distributors to combine in the interests of economy, though it seems but yesterday that the milk trust was anathema.

After seeking in vain for an independent organization capable of handling such a mammoth undertaking the Government was compelled to ask the United States Steel Corporation, the largest private industrial unit on earth, to construct and operate the new ordnance plant near Pittsburgh. Charles M. Schwab, head of a steel company big enough to be considered a trust by the standards of ten years ago, and John D. Ryan, head of the world's largest copper combination and perhaps the country's most ardent advocate and tireless worker in the interests of corporate coöperation, have been summoned by the Government to take charge of the manufacture of shipping and aircraft respectively.

But it must not be supposed that the trust-busting of a few years ago was a wholly futile and misdirected effort. The surgery was performed by a blunt, ill-chosen tool, but it was performed all the same. No longer do you find the captains of finance advocating and defending the old-fashioned trust that absorbed an entire industry. They recognize it is one thing for the Government to control the railroads as a wartime measure or to encourage the coöperation of an entire industry, such as steel, copper or oil, as a wartime unit, and quite another story for all the railroads or steel mills or copper mines or oil wells to be directed by a single private head for private profit in times of peace.

Big business has learned that some competition is desirable. It is more than reconciled to the abandonment of the old trust idea, such as the complete control of the oil industry by John D. Rockefeller and the railroads by E. H. Harriman. It is actually afraid of any attempt to restore these former imperial ambitions. But it does want large units, very large units, in industry.

For one thing the immensely increased cost of labor and materials requires larger capital. A small insurance company might have provided insurance for a large consignment of cotton at ten cents a pound, but it becomes difficult for a concern with small resources to insure much cotton at thirty cents a pound. Then too if the expected competition with Europe after the war materializes, no industry will be able to stand the pace unless it is made up of large, strong working units. But big business has learned from the sad school of experience that there is a point beyond which combination ceases to be efficient.

"I see no reason why the Midvale and Baldwin companies should merge," said one of the country's leading capitalists a few weeks ago in discussing the rumor then prevalent that a deal between these two great concerns was imminent. "There is nothing physically or legally impractical about such a merger," he continued; "but why should they merge? Each is so large now and has so much business that it cannot handle what it has. No man is able to handle a unit larger than each of these has now become."

Getting Stronger

Big Units Best

THE head of a large banking and brokerage house, himself a director in nearly forty corporations and the agent and confidant of several capitalists of conspicuous wealth, expressed himself as a firm believer in large industrial units, an enthusiastic believer, in fact. But he emphasized his conviction in what now seems to be the generally accepted opinion of financial leaders, that there is no longer any desire to force still larger combinations against both public opinion and the limits of practical efficiency. He said that to have in a trade one huge concern or fifty small weak ones is in either case undesirable.

"A dozen or half dozen is far better than one or fifty. But of course where great units exist it is foolish to break them down. We don't want to destroy what has been built up. As the Supreme Court said in the United Shoe Machinery case: 'The idea is repellent that so complete an instrumentality should be dismantled and its concentration and efficiency lost.'

"I have never believed in carrying bigness so far as some have done. I used to argue vainly with Mr. Harriman when he was trying to merge the Union Pacific, New York Central and Chicago and Northwestern into one transcontinental line. I said that properties like the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Union Pacific-Southern Pacific, and Atchison had become big enough. They were as much as any one man or group of men could handle.

"Not only was the man power unequal to the task of continuing the process but there is another practical consideration which does not occur to everyone. Investment institutions like insurance companies and savings banks will take say a million dollars in bonds from each of the New York Central, Northwestern and Union Pacific but they would not take three million from a combination of the three."

Perhaps the head of one of the largest investment-banking institutions summed up most adequately the opinions of the financial world: "I believe the tendency of smaller companies to merge and grow into larger companies is bound to continue, but I never expect to see a merger into one concern of the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company."

There is an excellent reason, in no way connected with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or the limits of human

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AN AMAZING RIVER

War Difficulties on the Tigris

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A Vast Alluvial Plain, Though it Doesn't Look It

ONE hears a great deal about the peculiarities and difficulties of the Mesopotamian campaigns, but it is not possible to understand what such peculiarities and difficulties amount to in the sum total without a definite conception of the peculiarities of the River Tigris.

The Tigris is a mighty river mightily needed; a river essential to the successful prosecution of the war, yet a river devoid of almost every admirable attribute. It apparently conforms to no law of Nature: it is a profligate, abandoned and depraved; a winder and a wanderer in devious ways; a waster and a slacker; in other words—the abominable pro-German among the allied rivers of the earth.

One gets personal with regard to the Tigris. It cannot be helped. Even the matter-of-fact British engineers, steamboat captains and pilots who have to deal with its idiosyncrasies maintain toward it a curiously un-matter-of-fact and personal attitude. It is as though they thought of it as possessing a kind of human intelligence along with a disposition to go wrong on the slightest provocation. Wherefore a tacit understanding that it is not to be provoked. Any briefest interruption of its career of present usefulness would be an unimaginable calamity; so they take no chances by assuming toward it a too great degree of authority.

They coax and cajole it; they go to the greatest pains to humor its innumerable moods; and it is only with the utmost caution that they undertake any measure of interference with its waywardness, or—as they would rather say—its general cussedness.

It is the most extraordinary river on earth. Of course it is very old in the service of mankind, and its habits have been fastened upon it through ages of human neglect and abuse; so one really loves it rather, and feels inclined to apologize for it. But the problem of its reformation is yet to be solved in the minds of the engineers.

Tributaries and Distributaries

IT IS navigable for a full four hundred and fifty miles—or from a point a short distance above Bagdad to its junction with the Euphrates at Kurna—yet its narrowest and at the same time its shallowest stretch is within thirty miles of its mouth. This is against all natural law, but as I say it conforms to no natural law, and in The Narrows is written the full story of it; in The Narrows is revealed the true character of the unique and historic stream in all its abandoned abnormality.

Of course there is plentiful explanation, and all this is the merest nonsense. The explanation lies in the fact that in its navigable length it has but one tributary—the Diala, which joins it about nineteen miles below Bagdad—while it has innumerable distributaries, streams large and small which flow out of it, emptying it of its waters without let or hindrance, with an utter disregard of the consequences to its navigability, and—since they are uncontrolled—to no purpose but to create great swamps in the desert. These swamps have been a fearful menace always to the armies in operation, and have habits of undependableness and instability no less extraordinary than the habits of the river that creates them.

The principal distributary is the Shat-el-Hai, supposed to be the ancient Tigris itself, which flows out just below Kut-el-Amara and, stretching across the great interland between the two rivers, joins the Euphrates at Nasrieh. Most of the distributaries are man-made—water cuts and canals that were at one time a part of a great system of irrigation; but the Shat-el-Hai evidently is not; and it is thought also that the Tigris cut for itself the worst water thief of them all, the Jahalah, which branches off directly above Amara and, with a bed six feet below the bed of the Tigris, carries a tremendous volume of water out across the desert to the eastward and deposits it in a spreading, bubbling, unsightly, fever-breeding marsh.

After which the river, being tapped at intervals all the way down, begins to decrease in volume until it runs spindling into The Narrows; a once splendid stream reduced to less than two hundred feet in width and with a depth at its normal best of not more than six feet. Below The Narrows it begins to "come home from the marshes" in many small trickling creeks and in a curious seepage which makes miles upon miles of country along the east bank exceedingly dangerous if not quite impassable except in the driest of seasons. In addition to all of which the bottom of the river is formed of shifting sands that are played upon and tumbled about by the current, with the result that no steamboat's prow is ever sure of an unobstructed course. Yet for nearly three years the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force had to depend on the River Tigris as its only avenue of transport and communication while it pursued the enemy to the northward with unprecedented rapidity and with victory that was uninterrupted through nearly thirteen wonderful months.

Abdul-Hamid's Houses, Now Hospitals, and the MacMunn Bridge at Amara. Above—One of the Tigris Monitors

Coaxed With Kind Words

THERE is a railroad now all the way from Bagdad down to the gulf, and the attitude of strained anxiety and respectful cajolery on the part of the engineers and pilots could be relaxed if it had not become a habit. But it is a habit; and besides, the river is still of sufficient importance to occupy first place in the general scheme of things, though it may no longer be in a position where it easily could wreck every British plan. The measures taken to control its strange inclinations or to conform to its general cussedness have been few, but they are exceedingly important.

At Amara, where the Jahalah rolls out in such a gleefully destructive volume, it was decided that some kind of gently suggestive obstacle across the distributary channel would be necessary if the river below was to be kept continuously navigable for the kind of boats the supply and transport service had to use. So the river engineers sank an old steamboat in such a position that it would serve to deflect the current by the merest fraction. That was as much as they dared to do. It added something to the volume of the Tigris without disturbing its usual habit and causing it to seek an outlet somewhere else, as it invariably threatens to do if it is even harshly spoken to.

Then a river patrol was established and intrusted with the task of keeping up with the changes in the main channel and keeping that channel buoyed for the benefit of traffic, while a small barrage here and there was constructed for the purpose of coaxing the more active sandbars

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The Adventures of a Man Hunter

A Killing—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"I Came Here to Protect Myself. I Will Go Out to Protect the Others You've Gotten Into This Thing Through Me!"

DID you get a good look at him?" he asked me—back again.

"Yes."

The lean gray man at the hotel desk turned, threw one wolfish glance round the lobby and walked on to the elevator.

"We're kids beside him," my man remarked, watching him disappear.

"What was it that you called him?" I asked.

"Christian George. From the class of trade he sells to," he went on, explaining.

We sat for a moment staring out from the white-lighted lobby into the indigo dusk outside the plate-glass window. My man hunter moved.

"You've noticed," he said, "maybe, how many folks you know get stuck with some stock or other that's sold them through the church they're going to?"

"Maybe," I said. "I haven't thought of it."

"You don't suppose that's done by accident?" he said, regarding me.

"Why is it done? Why should it be?"

"Why do they sell the lodges, and school-teachers, and the railroaders?"

I didn't know.

"To start a chain."

"Start a chain?"

"How else can you work to get out something big? What other way could you make a killing?"

"Like a chain letter," I said, seeing it.

"Exactly," he told me. "From one to another!" And he stared awhile again into the blue dusk.

"I was going to tell you about this man," he said—"the killing he made when I was with him."

I was out in Terre Haute when I got this wire from Al Carson from Hartford:

"Come on. It's here."

And I got out of Terre Haute the next day, and into Hartford the morning after.

"What is this," I said, walking in on him when they first opened up the office—"a museum?"

They were in a big, old-time, high-ceilinged suite of rooms on the main street—with wide, old open fireplaces and big, old heavy mirrors over them.

"It used to be an insurance office once," he said. "They like it solid and conservative here."

"What is it you're selling them?" I said, getting up and looking at the maps on the walls. "Is this it," I said, reading—"'La Montana de Oro'?"

"That's it," said Al, watching me. "The Mountain of Gold!"

"What is this, anyhow?" I said, looking over at him.

"Low-grade ore."

"Low-grade ore, huh?" I said, waking up a little. "Who are you selling it to?"

"Churches."

"Churches!" I said. Judas, I was sore. "And you brought me out here from Terre Haute to sell that crowd. This is a sweet note, I must say!"

"Ah hah," said Al. "Well, wait till you hear who's running it!"

"Who is?" I said. And he told me.

"Yes he is!" said I.

"That's what I said!"

"What does he call himself here?" I asked him.

"G. Overton Milbank."

"Well, where do you fit in on it?" I said.

"I got myself in as private secretary," said Al. "I thought I'd see him work—near by. You and I can learn from this fellow," he said, glancing round over his shoulder.

And I didn't say anything.

"More than that, there's a good big piece of money for you, Ben, when you get out selling them."

"Selling the Christians!" I said, letting it out finally. "You make me sick. You know I never sold that class of trade in my life."

"This is different," said Al, lying back in his chair.

"How different?"

"He's got it all fixed up for you. You don't have to sell them. All you've got to do is to carry it round to them, and they take it away from you."

"'You don't have to sell them!'" I said. "What's this?"

"No; you've got the first minister in the state selling it for you."

To show you how little I knew about that church game then, I didn't even get what he was telling me—till he went on and explained it to me.

"There's always one leading church in the state, isn't there—and one minister?" he said. "Just the same as there's one leading bank and its president?"

"I suppose there is," I said, "when you look at it."

"Well, that's the one we've got. If you can get started there—you can work out through the state anywhere."

"Who is this man—this minister?" said I.

"John Wilberforce Graham," said Al.

And I looked at him.

"You never heard of him before, I suppose, you poor boob," said Al. And he went on and told me about him.

"One of the big guns here," he said. "One of these pulpit orators. Into politics and reforms. Quite a man too."

"From what you say," I told him, "they must pray to him every morning."

"They do," said Al; "especially those fat old dames with the crape on them, in the limousines."

"Does he know how much you're using him?"

"He does not!" said Al.

"How'd you get him in the first place?"

"George laid for him," said Al, "when he was going out through New Mexico—getting up stuff for a lecture on the West. Our Western Empire, he called it. He's giving it all over New England now. The old man got him out there, and got him to go round and see the layout with experts.

"It's there too," said Al, going on.

"What is?"

"There is a regular mountain of low-grade ore out there he's got; I believe it."

"Yes; quite low," I said. "One pennyweight to the ton. You don't believe," I said, "there's anything good there?"

"I don't know what to believe," said Al, "to tell you the truth. They got reports on it, I know that. And he's satisfied them. And he got up this company in this state. Something safe and conservative."

"What is this game, anyhow?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said, "anything about it, any more than if I wasn't here. He never opens up—to anybody. He's still as an old snake under a stone. All I know is it's going big all over the state."

"I'll know," I said, "if I stay here! What's it capitalized for anyway?"

"A million. But he's only putting out half of it. A new scheme he's got, cutting down the stock sales to the limit."

"Cutting them down!" I said.

"Listen!" said Al. "Here he is now!"

And then the door opened and I was introduced to the man for the first time.

He had a face—you saw it—kind of gray, skin and hair and all. He's had chronic Bright's for years. A long gray face, still as if it was fastened on the bones of his head like a fish's.

"I watch him daytimes," said Al, telling me about it, "and sit up nights and think it over. But I never know what the next move is. Only this—it's something new and strange. And he puts it over, always. He can do what he wants to do with you. You'll see."

He could too. He got me right off, telling me about that new idea—smoother than cold oil.

"We've got something here that will appeal to you to sell," he said to me in that still way he's got. "Because it's a proposition you've never seen before—for one thing. Good people generally have got gouged and swindled so much in mines that they're hard to sell—even low-grade mines like this. No bonanza, you understand! Just a pure manufacturing concern—the best business proposition in the world if it's run right," he said. "So I got up this plan. It may have been tried before, but I never saw it. I'm getting up a mining company here that won't have the risk of buying a mine at all."

"No mine?" I said, watching him.

"The idea is simple enough," he said, watching back out of those little gray eyes. "These people that own this property think they've got something that's big. So we put it up to them to prove it. And they've got to, to develop it. They give us a lease on a royalty basis—a nominal rental for five years. At the end of that time, unless a thirty-three and a third per cent profit is shown on our capital every year, we can continue this present arrangement if we want to. Or, on the other hand, at any time we choose we can buy the property for five hundred thousand dollars; which should be, if our calculations are right, not over a third of what it's worth."

"What do you do," I asked him—"the company in this thing?"

"We furnish the plant and machinery—that's all. The mine's there—or we think it is; and the plant will be there. You can't take all the risk out of mining, that's sure," he said. "But we believe we've gone a good ways toward it. And we're certainly cutting down the first investment in it to bottom figures.

"We're keeping our investment down," he said. "There's not so much to sell as in some companies. It's a very conservative proposition. At the same time," he said, holding his eye right there on mine, "you won't make any mistake coming into it. It sells at par—without discounts of any kind—to good people with money. A great many church people. One of our largest stockholders," he said, still looking at me, "is the leading minister of this state, John Wilberforce Graham!"

And then he went along, giving me plain hints without opening up too much, about how I could use this minister's name selling them—if I didn't go too far. Not a motion on his face all the time; he knew I was wise by looking at me.

"Is he good?" said Al when I came away. "Did you ever see anything like him? Did you notice that still piece of tobacco he had in back in his mouth? All the time he's talking to them—from John Wilberforce down to the lady Sunday-school primary teacher—he's got that secret

chew in, without their knowing it any more than they know what else he's got in his head.

"You'll stay with him if you're wise," said Al, "if for nothing else but to see him work. We can go to school to this man."

"What is this thing now?" I said to him. "A gold mine without a mine? A scheme for cutting down the stock you've got to sell them?"

"Don't ask me," said Al. "But ain't it good enough, at that? Five hundred thousand to sell at par. Twenty per cent commission in it for him. And J. Wilberforce Graham's name selling it for you!"

"How's he got him hitched onto this thing—this minister?"

"He sold him a lot of stock," said Al. "On notes. The old thing. They'll all fall for it."

I was all over the state after that and up into Massachusetts selling the Christians—old men and women mostly—on the strength of this minister's name and the men George had got in with him in the management. What I sold them was a shame.

"It's having a great effect on you; I can see that," said Al. He was a comical duck—especially when he was a little stewed. "I never heard you use such moral language since I knew you. It's been a great change for you. It'll lead you up to higher things."

"You go to hell!" I said to him. "What you'd like to do is to get out from the office and get a little piece of this money I'm making for yourself."

"Yeh?" he said. "Proud of yourself, huh? Well, you'll look like a piker—you and your ten per cent commission to me after I've got through watching George."

"What's he up to now?" I asked him.

"I don't know. But something on the mining machinery," said Al. He brought it up two or three nights after. We roomed at the hotel together when I was in town.

"There's something doing. He's got a conference on to-morrow night."

"With who?"

"John Wilberforce Graham," said Al.

"What over?"

"That's what we're going to find out," said Al. "You know that little room," he said, "off the other end of the anteroom, that's always kept locked?"

"Yeh."

"Well, what have I got all the keys for?"

"You and me?" I asked him.

"At eight o'clock! We'll see just what the old bird's at."

When they came in together we were right there, listening through the door to those two voices in the main room—one slow and level and deliberate, and the other stopping and going on, chasing up and down.

"Talks like an actor, don't he?" I said to Al, whispering.

"That's him," said Al. "Very dramatic!"

It was funny. I'd been selling them for a month on that minister's name, and I'd never yet set my eyes on him.

"Thinks well of himself, don't he?" I whispered to Al.

"He's quite a fellow, at that," said Al. "A great preacher, but a kind of a crazy, excitable duck outside." And we both shut up, listening.

We had to listen hard. It was a noisy corner there, with the trolleys bumping on the switches.

"That's it!" said Al.

"What?"

"George has started selling them the plant."

"It's now August," George was telling the other man. "It's time we got going if we're going to get anything started before snow flies."

"But have we sufficient money yet?" said the other man's voice.

"All we're ever going to have," said George.

"What!" said J. Wilberforce Graham, surprised.

"Four hundred thousand dollars," said Christian George.

"The damned old liar!" Al whispered over to me.

"You sold it all, then?" said the minister. "All the five hundred thousand dollars capital stock?"

"No," said George.

"How is it, then, that you have four hundred thousand dollars?" the minister wanted to know. "I thought your commission was twenty per cent?"

"It is," said George. "But all I've sold is four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars of stock. That gives me twenty-five thousand dollars myself toward my selling expenses."

"Huh!" said Al to himself.

"And the other seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"I'm going to keep myself—for investment. I'll stand then," he said after a second, "as the company's largest stockholder, with a holding of seventy-five thousand dollars.

"You'll come next with your ten thousand dollars."

"Get that one!" said Al, poking me.

"That's fine," said J. Wilberforce, starting lecturing. "Most encouraging; a remarkable showing. But there's one thing," he said, "I don't quite understand."

"What's that?"

"In cases of promises-to-pay; notes, like mine—are these counted in as cash capital in that four hundred thousand dollars of cash?"

"In your case it is," said Christian George.

And Al gave me a poke in the dark.

"How?"

"I advanced it myself."

And Al jabbed me again.

"You advanced it!" said the other man's voice after him. "Oh, I can't allow that."

"Why not?" asked George.

"I haven't the ready money to pay for it. You knew that when it was sold to me."

"What difference does that make?" George wanted to know.

"It makes this difference: I cannot have you finance me personally," said J. Wilberforce; "for my personal advantage."

"Oh, that's it!" said old George in that dull gray voice of his. "Now let me tell you something, Mr. Graham. It's one of two things with me about that stock in your name—that ten thousand dollars' worth. I'm getting all the stock in my hands that I can swing. I'll either hold this myself or I'll carry it for you. So it's no extra risk for me one way or the other."

"I see," said the minister.

"But of the two," said George, "it's for my own advantage to keep it just the way it is now. It will be better for the company and better for my stock than to have you dropping out now just after the company's started."

"I see," said J. Wilberforce.

"So get it out of your head that I'm doing this for your benefit—or anybody else's. I'm doing it for my own—strictly.

"It's pure business with me."

"That's the only way I would consider it," said the other man.

"You poor sucker!" said Al, whispering.

"That's what you've got then," said George. "And more than that—I'll tell you. You're near a telephone, aren't you? Yes. Well—so am I. Now any time you see any reason you think you ought to get out of this and give me the stock you call me up and tell me so; and I'll have the stock, and you'll have your note on the next mail.

"That fixes it, don't it?" said the old devil. "Now what about the plant—before winter starts? Do you agree with me about starting now?"

"There's nothing else to be done," said the minister's voice. "Everyone will see that."

"What do you think of him now? Is he good?" said Al, when they'd turned out the lights and gone. "You get it—do you? It's just what I told you. He's starting selling them the machinery. Putting them up against the right people to buy from!"

"Do you know that?" I asked him.

"Do I know it? What do you think? It's ten per cent for him anyhow—out of the three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar plant. Thirty-five thousand dollars for him easy."

"Yes," I said. "But where do we come out—if he's sold all but seventy-five thousand dollars, like he said?"

"Don't fret about that," said Al.

"Why not?"

"What do you think he's carrying that minister for, personally—unless he's going to sell more stock with him."

"After this five hundred thousand?"

"You haven't had any notice of stopping yet, have you?" said Al.

"Churches!" I said. "And You Brought Me Out Here From Terre Haute to Sell That Crowd. This Is a Sweet Note, I Must Say!"

We didn't miss a step. We marched right along selling them the stock—that same church crowd all over the state—using that John Wilberforce Graham's name. The only difference was we worked it still quieter now, so it wouldn't get back to him personally.

"Talk about your clean-ups!" said Al.

"It must be about all sold now," I said. "That whole seventy-five thousand dollars that was left. He must be out from under practically."

"Pretty near," said Al.

"Judas," I said, "what a killing he's making here! All good, clean money; no expenses hardly. All from having this minister's name to start them with!"

"What did I tell you about that church crowd?" said Al. "When you know how to handle them."

"There'll be sixty thousand dollars out of that seventy-five thousand, all velvet," said I.

"Easy. To say nothing of that rake-off on the plant."

"Did you see the letters?" I said.

"I saw enough," said Al. "Up to date the least he's cleaned up is one hundred thousand dollars. Oh, he's bad!"

"Yes," I said. "And pretty quick we'll go out after another job."

"No," said Al.

"Why not?"

"There's something on again," said Al. "I don't know what. But something wicked. You can see it in the old

(Continued on Page 47)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Settle Down and Save Up

THE men who make a living by manufacturing grievances for others would have to pay a heartbreaking excess-profits tax this year if they were incorporated. Their industry is so prosperous that they are now delivering grievances by automobile instead of on foot. They are the foremost of our profiteers. They are the J. Rufus Wallingfords of economics, selling get-rich-quick theories of how to live without work and to take away the money of those who do work.

We have always had with us the fellows who complain that Shakspere came along first and used up all the ideas, leaving nothing to write about; that the last generation settled down like a swarm of locusts on all the free land, leaving nothing to farm; and that big business has hogged all the loose dollars, leaving no spare change for the late comers. Now we have the man who says that in the future we must have no leisure class except the laboring class, and that the capital accumulated during the past hundred years must be given them to blow in.

Shakspere used old stuff. He was a success because he added himself to it. When we say that a man "has got it in him" we mean that he has put it in. The Socialist is right when he argues that all raw material is valueless except for the labor that is added to it—if he means human raw material.

To-day there is a chance to put more of yourself into your work than ever before—and to take more out of the investment. More money is being made in a year out of two-hundred-dollar-an-acre land than the pioneer saw in a lifetime. The big business of 1900 is mere piking beside the big business of to-day and the bigger business that is coming to-morrow. The most successful farmers in the West were immigrants and hired hands twenty or thirty years ago; the most successful business men were laborers, clerks and salesmen; and practically all the writers whose names loom large in print were fifteen or twenty dollar a week reporters.

Every man his own boss is the demand of the I. W. W. Every man is his own boss, but he must realize that until he can handle the one man over whom he has absolute authority he is unfit for larger responsibility. One must work or rot; one must save or want. Simple copy-book rules, but imperative—they cannot be suspended or beaten. They are all rules for the individual, but society is the individual. That is why every man must be his own boss and do a good firm job of bossing.

Any Coal-Oil-Johnny proposition to burn up the world's accumulated capital in a pleasant orgy of spending sounds fine to those who have had no hand in saving it. But where do we go from there? To hell and back to breakfast and beginning all over again. Russia is on her way.

For the man with skilled or merely willing hands there are to-day more jobs, better jobs with higher pay and a wider margin for saving, with possibilities of quicker advancement, than at any time in the past hundred years. This is the era of big opportunity for the little fellow. If you have the will to work and the grit to save you are on the way up. A few hundred, a thousand, five thousand dollars laid by in War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds may mean a fortune later. It will certainly mean a step up.

Every time you stick a stamp in the War Savings book you are sending money to yourself—to be delivered on that day in the future when opportunity will stand ready to furnish the chance if you can find the cash. Every man who speeds up on production and slows down on spending is helping the country in its hour of need and making sure provision for his own. And if he has, or fancies he has, a grievance he will find that it grows smaller as his bank account grows larger.

No more soothing plaster for an incipient grievance has ever been devised than Doctor Vanderlip's good green stamps for grouches.

Settle down and save up.

Crooked Business

GERMANY'S relations with other nations were thoroughly picaresque. The bright lexicon of her diplomacy contained no such words as honor and friendship. Her agents went to foreign capitals to bribe, spy and conspire. When they sat down to the table as official guests they might talk amiably, but they always had a wary eye on the family silverware. We know what they did in the United States while still professedly our friends.

Recently the Federal Trade Commission addressed Congress on the subject of commercial bribery—that is, the practice of bribing employees in various ways in order to gain a trade advantage over their employers. Toward the end of the communication appears this paragraph:

It should also be noted that the practice appears to have been most general on the part of concerns in introducing the goods and wares of German firms. Among such concerns the evidence is that the practice is regarded as a legitimate method of competition.

They need a liberal education in the meaning and value of actual goodwill. A salesman may get your orders by honestly persuading you that your interest lies in trading with him, by pleasing you and winning your confidence. That makes goodwill. Or he may get your orders for a time by lying to you and bribing your clerk. That finally makes trouble. The war is the result of a national policy in which goodwill had no part—a policy of "anything to land this order."

State Rights

THE Supreme Court decision annulling the Child Labor Act calls up the ghost of state rights, and the dissenting opinion by Justice Holmes suggests how few and limited are the rights that a state can rationally claim nowadays.

There were thirteen sovereign commonwealths, and in the simple economy of the eighteenth century each of them was comparatively self-sufficient and self-sustaining. Until the industrial revolution developed, and except for strictly political complications, each of them might have existed quite independently of its neighbors. That was their situation when they united under the Constitution.

But nowadays it is exceedingly difficult for a nation to exist independently. Even the United States, with all its natural resources, depends for necessary supplies upon its relationships with other nations. For any state to exist independently would be fairly out of the question. Kansas is as dependent on Massachusetts as Massachusetts is on Kansas. Mississippi eats Minnesota wheat and Minnesota wears Mississippi cotton.

As Justice Holmes points out, a state's rights end at its own borders. It can trade with its neighbors only with their consent and by agreement with them. If there were no Union every state would stand paralyzed and helpless until it could reach agreements with its neighbors by which they would consent to receive its goods and ship their goods. The means of livelihood of a great majority of the citizens of every state run across state lines. No state could subsist its population by merely exerting its own sovereignty, which stops at its own borders. Under modern economic conditions each state lives, moves and has its being as a member of the Union. It is very significant that state rights are usually invoked for a reactionary and anti-social purpose. They hark back to a dead era.

Wheat and Cotton

LAST April spot cotton sold at thirty-six cents a pound in New York. Enthusiasts predicted fifty-cent cotton. But it now seems that exports in the current crop year will amount to only about four million bales against nearly nine millions in 1913–14. Reserve stocks have accumulated and the price has fallen abruptly. Meantime a new crop is coming on in fair condition on a large acreage. The cotton grower, in short, faces an uncertainty, while the wheat grower has the Government's guaranty of a good price for the coming year.

Price fixing has not been unfair to the producer. When he figures that in a free field the market factors might turn in his favor and give him a higher price, he must also figure that they might turn against him and give him a lower.

Essential and Nonessential

EXPERTS at Washington have been working a year to get an accurate, comprehensive survey of the nation's industries with reference to war work, and they are still a good deal at sea. Even as to one of the most basic and best-organized industries, iron and steel—an industry that has long been more adequately treated statistically than almost any other—there is still uncertainty at various points as to just what output may be expected and what portion of it the Government will require. You hear a statement that eighty per cent of the clothing industry is working for government account, and ninety per cent of the boiler-making capacity. But they are really only better or worse guesses.

Yet the nation's industry is shaping to war needs in the right way. Instead of an impossible attempt to assess it all in advance and classify it arbitrarily as essential and nonessential, the Government has gone ahead making its demands upon industry as its needs developed. It has stood before the whole body of American industry saying in concrete terms: "I want so many tons here, so many yards there. I want that factory, not because it is nonessential but because I can make fuses in it."

The Government's demands are imperative. The process of meeting them will automatically foreclose less essential demands. We shall have fewer automobiles and various other things because the Government is actually using the materials and mill capacity for war work. The Government will take what it needs out of industry. The most necessary demands for subsistence will come next. Finally a good many things will be restricted or even pinched off altogether, but the adjustment will work itself out as we go along.

Loafers

MANY states have passed laws against habitual idlers—which is a late start in attacking the vice of laziness; for it is just as much a vice as drunkenness or opium eating. It destroys the manhood in a man and the integrity of his character. We have known our share of drunkards and dope fiends. We have seen those who seemed fairly hopeless shake off their vice and emerge useful, honorworthy men. According to our observation, however, a man once really sunk in the vice of laziness seldom gets out—but remains the nearest to absolute zero in human character.

Laziness has not been attacked as other vices have. There have been few warnings, reprobations, inhibitions. The young man hangs round pool rooms—or round club grills if he has money. He engages in imitation work—petty, incidental jobs; or golf if he can afford it. He is not girding himself; he is not attacking the problem of his life; he is loafing. But if he does not indulge in the recognized vices nobody says decisively "This will not do!"

Youth is just as prone to the vice of laziness as to any other vice. But there are no danger signals on that road. There ought to be. We believe society has a right and a duty to say to every able-bodied young man "Work or you shall not eat"; for we believe that laziness is the most curable of vices if taken in time—and about the least curable when it has become chronic.

THE FIRE FLINGERS

XIX

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"THEY call it delusion, when a man sees crooked," said the chief of police to the little secretary. "And when he imagines things, they call it hallucination. The best plan in such cases is to humor the patient's whims."

"Yes, sir. That's what I've been trying to do."

Richard Hatton saw Winifred Olwell's flushed cheeks, saw her wave her hand, watched her drive off down the street. Then he remembered the despicable thing he had done. By the time he returned to the office he was again depressed and nervous.

"Well, Dick! We've managed to whitewash you."

"Whitewash!"

His reply was almost a snarl. He began pacing the floor.

"I wired Sacramento for finger prints of this man Hatton, and of course I took finger prints of the dead man."

This man Hatton stopped in his tracks. Finger prints!

"I ought to get a letter this evening," continued Burly. "As soon as it comes I'll identify him positively, and that will be the end."

Richard again began pacing to and fro.

"Where did you pick up that step?" asked Burly. "Do you know what you were doing just then? That was the prison step. Marriage is a prison, you know."

Richard turned upon him savagely. "That's all from you! I don't know why you're staying, and I don't care, but you've got to leave Mrs. Olwell out of it!"

"Don't mind me, Dick; I was only joking."

"What do you want of me?"

"Nothing, Dick! Nothing at all!"

"Then why are you still here?"

"No reason."

"Good-by!" said Richard.

Burly looked hurt; but he remembered that Richard was injured and should be humored.

"Oh, if that's how you feel about it ——" He did not try to make peace; it was no time. If his presence irritated Richard the best thing for him to do was to go.

"I'll see you later, Dick," he said. "I hope you'll have your bandage off before long."

As the door closed upon the chief of police, Stoll gave a sigh of relief.

"You haven't been able to remember anything about that money, sir?" he asked.

"No."

"Of course since your house shelters only persons of honesty ——"

The kindly meant nagging brought down an emotional avalanche.

"Honesty! Honesty! As if life were made up of honesty! I'm a fire flinger, Stoll. Did you ever hear of anything happening to a fire flinger? You never did! The innocent people are the ones to suffer the burns. Why? Why? Can you explain why? Can anyone explain anything, Stoll? With the exception of ——"

As Richard looked wildly round the room in search of an illustration, his eye fell upon the satchel.

"With the exception of mouseholes?"

He stood regarding the satchel thoughtfully. A mousehole is gnawed by a mouse. A mouse gnaws a mousehole for one of two reasons—either to get in or to get out. The satchel contained a bread sandwich. If the mouse knew the sandwich was there, undoubtedly he would have gnawed a hole through the leather to reach it. But how could he know?

The satchel must have been left slightly open, perhaps by Chris in his room at the hotel Monday night. The mouse, attracted by the bread sandwich, found his way inside through the opening. Then along came an outside force over which he had no control and closed the satchel Chris had then carried mouse and satchel, bread sandwich, toothbrushes, dyspepsia cure and the rest of it to the office and set down the satchel on the floor. Thereupon the mouse had gnawed his way out.

As Richard stood there meditating upon mouseholes in satchels Stoll shook his head sadly and crept out, closing the door behind him without noise. The master had had too much excitement for a man in his weakened condition. Better now to leave him alone for a while He needed rest.

Richard stood looking at the satchel. Newton was thinking of an apple when the law of gravitation opened itself to his mind. It might just as well have been a mouse.

The bread sandwich!

He ran to the satchel and nervously jerked it open, forgetting that he had discarded the sandwich along with the dyspepsia cure. But when he could not find it in the satchel he remembered. The next instant he was burrowing in the wastebasket.

He found the money package, opened it, examined it. There they were! Two packets of folded ten-thousand-dollar bills lying between pieces of dry bread.

"Two hundred thousand dollars!"

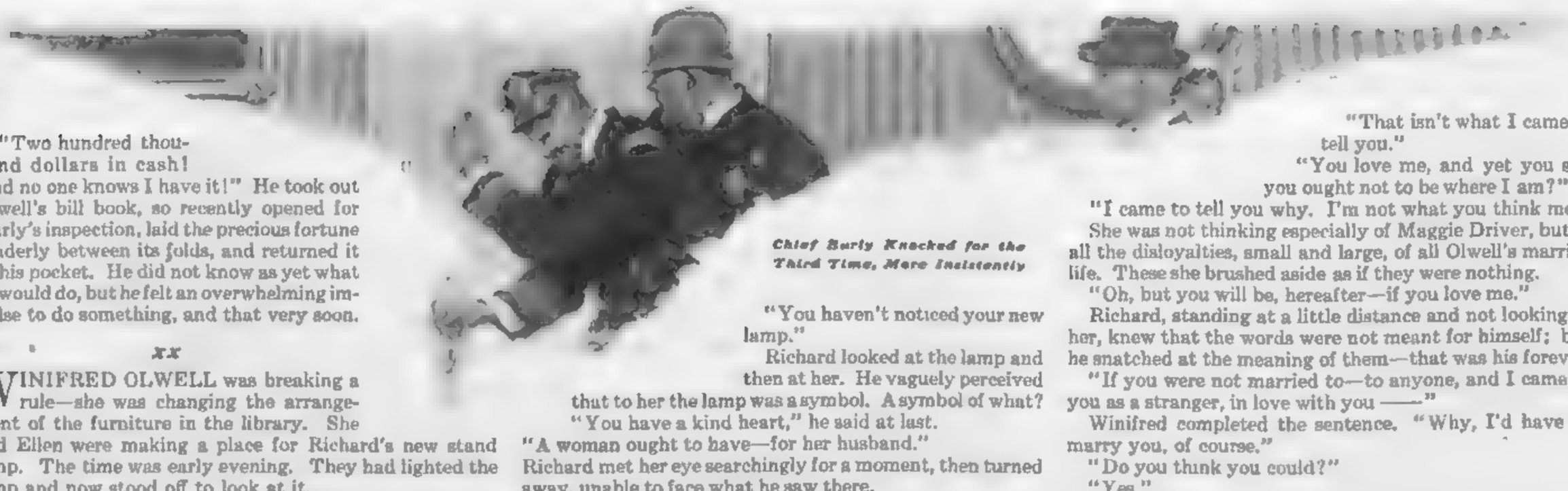
But he did not stop to count the money. The moment he saw the first bill he clapped the package into the grip. Then he slipped over to the door opening upon the hall and noiselessly turned the key. He did the same for the other door. He even listened to make sure that no one was outside. As if anyone could tell by the sound that an ex-convict was counting money!

Not until then did he return to the satchel and remove the costly sandwich. He lifted it carefully to the desk, removed the bills, shook them free of crumbs. The pieces of bread and the newspaper wrapper he returned to the wastebasket.

Then he sat down to count the bills.

There were twenty bills, of the denomination of ten thousand dollars. Stoll's information had been correct. The amount was two hundred thousand dollars.

"What Other Secret Could Possibly Matter? You Needn't Tell Me Unless You Want To"



Chief Burly Knocked for the Third Time, More Insistently

"Two hundred thousand dollars in cash! And no one knows I have it!" He took out Olwell's bill book, so recently opened for Burly's inspection, laid the precious fortune tenderly between its folds, and returned it to his pocket. He did not know as yet what he would do, but he felt an overwhelming impulse to do something, and that very soon.

XX

WINIFRED OLWELL was breaking a rule—she was changing the arrangement of the furniture in the library. She and Ellen were making a place for Richard's new stand lamp. The time was early evening. They had lighted the lamp and now stood off to look at it.

"It gives a good reading light," said Winifred.

"All the years I've been here he's never taken a book off the shelf until this week."

"He has never been kept in the house so much."

Ellen stepped forward to adjust the shade upon the lamp. The light, falling upon her uplifted left hand, was reflected from a new gold ring on the third finger.

"You're wearing a new ring, Ellen."

"Yes'm," replied Ellen, dropping her hand to her side in an instinctive effort to hide the ring.

Mrs. Olwell failed to understand the significance of the ring; she supposed that Ellen was merely wearing it because it happened to be in her possession.

"Whose is it?"

"It's my ring, ma'am."

"Do you know that that's a wedding ring?"

"Yes'm."

"Ellen!" cried Winifred, startled. "Do you mean to tell me you've married somebody?"

"I didn't tell you, ma'am. You guessed it."

"When were you married?"

"Late this afternoon, ma'am."

"Why, I saw Mr. Powers only a few hours ago on duty. He didn't look as if he were about to be married."

"It wasn't Mr. Powers, ma'am. It was Mr. Ellery."

"Who is Mr. Ellery?"

"He's a foreman for Mr. Olwell at the Olwell Press."

"How long have you known Mr. Ellery?"

"We've known each other ever since Tuesday night, when he called to see Mr. Olwell. My husband expects to leave town to-night on a business trip."

"Does Mr. Olwell know of it?"

"Chris is going to tell him."

Winifred shook her head sadly. "Ellen! Ellen!" And then: "You're not going away to-night yourself?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! He'll send for me."

Winifred's eyes grew misty.

"I hope you'll be very happy with your fine new husband," she said. "I hope you will!"

"I'm that already, ma'am."

"Let me know when Mr. Olwell comes in."

"Yes'm."

Winifred went to her own rooms, where she busied herself upon her cousin's finger-print files. He had classified them alphabetically, according to the names of the criminals they were intended to identify.

Winifred was learning the scientific classification used in Paris, in which the grouping is by dominant characteristics.

As she bent over her desk the light from a drop fixture fell upon her dark hair and was reflected upon her face from the paper. Had a photographer been present he must have seized upon the moment for a portrait. Face, arms and hands of translucent delicacy and tender tinting, hair weaving itself into the rays of light until it was radiant, clean penciled brows above gray eyes opened wide, small mouth that was both tender and firm, piquant nose and chin—Winifred would have taken a good picture in the eyes of the world. But there was no photographer present to see. She was alone.

She was alone, but an observer would have said that she was either expecting company or had come from entertaining company. She was carefully dressed, a black lace gown accentuating the dainty frailness of her. She might have been thought a demure girl graduate not long out of college and with the habit of study still upon her.

Richard entered the library before Ellen had completed her dusting.

"Will you ask Mrs. Olwell if I can see her on a matter of great urgency?"

When Winifred found him Richard was savagely pacing the floor. He apologized for sending for her.

"I wouldn't disturb you, but it's necessary."

"You're not disturbing me, Dick."

She regarded him anxiously; he was plainly overwrought and nervous.

"You haven't noticed your new lamp."

Richard looked at the lamp and then at her. He vaguely perceived that to her the lamp was a symbol. A symbol of what?

"You have a kind heart," he said at last. "A woman ought to have—for her husband."

Richard met her eye searchingly for a moment, then turned away, unable to face what he saw there.

"Widows are excused," he remarked with an attempt at cynicism.

"You didn't come home so early as I had hoped."

"Home!"

Again he allowed his eyes to meet hers—and could not conceal the bitterness in them.

"I was detained. I was asked to act as judge in a debate between a man's inclinations and his conscience."

"Which won?"

"His inclinations—poor fool!"

"I don't understand—unless you mean something uncomplimentary."

"Uncomplimentary to the poor fool."

"Richard!" cried Winifred, distressed at she did not know what.

Richard suddenly walked over and confronted her. She noticed that his eyes were smoky, and that he seemed to be speaking under stress.

"Do you believe in the Unpardonable Sin?" he asked.

"I don't know which sin in the world that would be."

"The Unpardonable Sin is the sin of self-deception. It is the sin one commits when he persuades himself that right is wrong and bad is good. How can even God pardon goodness that a man believes is badness, or badness that he believes is goodness? When a man brings his bloody crimes before the High Judgment expecting praise, and his good deeds with a prayer for their pardon, what can God do? You see there can be an Unpardonable Sin."

"The sin of ignorance."

"Knowledge! Knowledge!" He turned away. "I deceived myself into thinking I ought to see you in order to say something to you, though in my heart I know that I ought not to see you."

"That's no Unpardonable Sin," said Winifred. "I can pardon that sin myself!"

"Now that I am here, I've forgotten what I came to say."

"What does it matter?"

"Not why I came! I haven't forgotten that!"

"I wonder if you guess how happy I am that you should want to talk to me."

"I ought not to be here," continued Richard in strained tones.

"Why not? Where ought you to be?"

"As far away as it is possible for man to flee."

Winifred walked over toward him.

"Why?" she asked.

The action was not a large one, was not especially significant. The question consisted of but the one word, and had been asked before. Winifred was no more beautiful than before. But with that action and that one word of question the endurable became the unendurable. The human soul has its moment.

Richard wheeled and confronted the truth.

"Because—because I love you!"

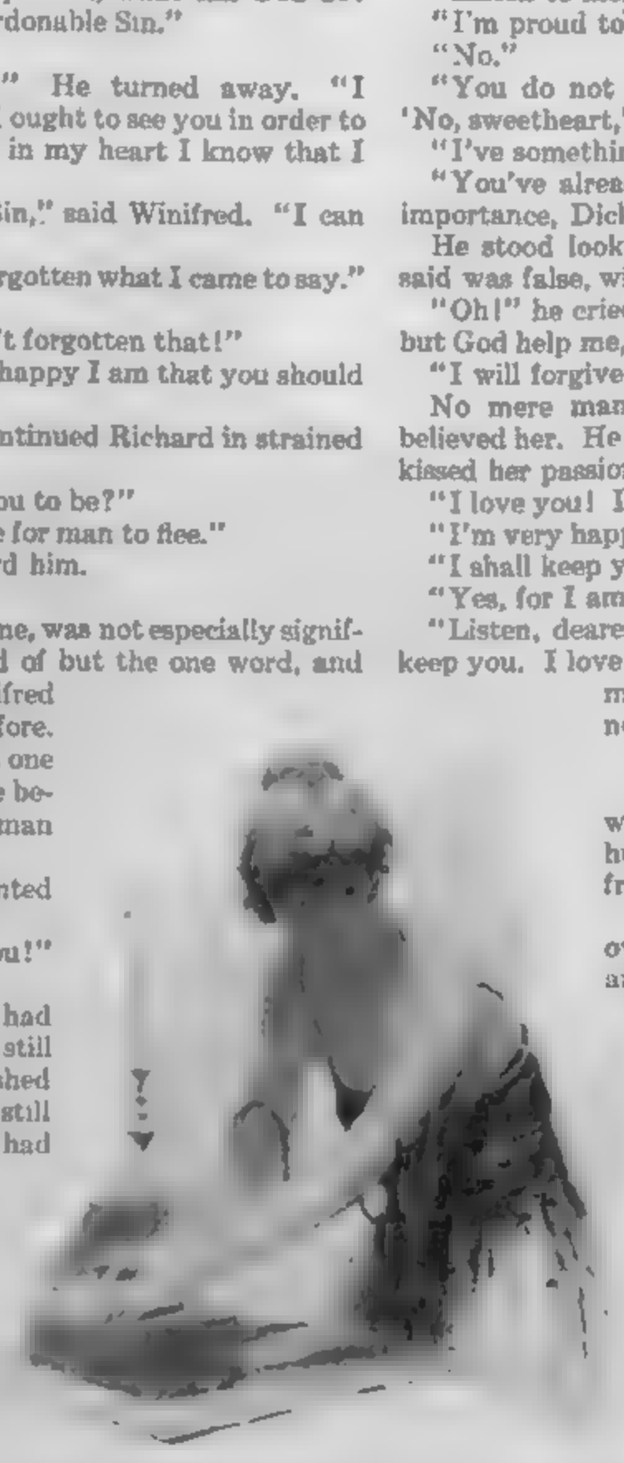
"Do you, Dick—really?"

His will had broken, and he had told her; but as a broken tree still clings to its roots by the crushed fibers that remain, so his will still retained union with that which had caused it to be his will. He still forced himself to hold back from what could only be a great unhappiness.

"I love you, and I haven't the right."

"I am your wife," said Winifred simply.

Richard turned away from her; she saw the misery in his face and her heart went out to him wholly.



Attached to an Ordinary Filing Card Was a Slip of Paper Bearing the Finger Prints

"That isn't what I came to tell you."

"You love me, and yet you say you ought not to be where I am?"

"I came to tell you why. I'm not what you think me."

She was not thinking especially of Maggie Driver, but of all the disloyalties, small and large, of all Olwell's married life. These she brushed aside as if they were nothing.

"Oh, but you will be, hereafter—if you love me."

Richard, standing at a little distance and not looking at her, knew that the words were not meant for himself; but he snatched at the meaning of them—that was his forever.

"If you were not married to—to anyone, and I came to you as a stranger, in love with you ——"

Winifred completed the sentence. "Why, I'd have to marry you, of course."

"Do you think you could?"

"Yes."

He had no reply.

"We're engaged all over again, aren't we!" And then: "But you haven't—kissed me yet, Dick."

"Oh!"

"You aren't—afraid?"

"You are too beautiful!"

"Kiss me!" she commanded.

But even now he did not draw her to himself.

"I'll win you and have you and keep you!" he cried.

"You are afraid."

Then Richard kissed her. He first kissed her hair, reverently, and then her brow. Then he drew back in dismay, with the consciousness surging over him of what he had done. "I believe you do love me," said Winifred.

"Forgive me!"

"I believe you love me reverently—as I used to try to love you."

"I didn't say what I intended," said Richard. "I intended to talk to you about legal matters."

"Dick!"

"I insist you must not dismiss your action."

"For divorce?"

"For divorce."

"Nothing shall prevent me now!"

"Yes."

"You love me!"

"Listen to me."

"I'm proud to be your wife."

"No."

"You do not express yourself well. You should say, 'No, sweetheart,' and 'Yes, sweetheart.'"

"I've something to tell you."

"You've already told me everything that was of any importance, Dick."

He stood looking at her, knowing that what she had said was false, wishing that it were true.

"Oh!" he cried. "I love you, and I almost have you, but God help me, I love you too well to harm you!"

"I will forgive you everything. Everything!"

No mere man could have done otherwise then. He believed her. He believed her, and drew her to himself, and kissed her passionately.

"I love you! I love you!"

"I'm very happy," said Winifred.

"I shall keep you always—sweetheart—sweetheart!"

"Yes, for I am your wife."

"Listen, dearest. I love you, and I'm going to try to keep you. I love you so much that I want you to be truly my wife, without reservation, withholding no secrets from me."

"No secrets of any kind."

"But if you are sometime to be my wife, withholding no secrets from me, and I your husband, I must not withhold any secrets from you."

"What is past is past. We will begin all over again, as if no differences had ever arisen between us."

"First of all ——" began Richard.

"Don't tell me about—anyone else."

"There never was any other woman."

"Dick!"

"You are the only woman who has ever entered my life."

Winifred's face became radiant with happiness. She did not doubt his word, because she did not wish to do so.

"What other secret could possibly matter? What other secrets?"

"I haven't the courage."

"You needn't tell me unless you want to. My love will understand you—and I am your wife."

(Continued on Page 24)

The question of the hour—

War-times economy

And above all, *food* economy. If you are like most American housewives this is the hardest question you have to meet.

How to provide three appetizing and nourishing meals *every day* at a really moderate expense—this is what puzzles you. It would puzzle the cleverest manager alive.

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Order a dozen or more at a time and save extra deliveries and delay.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

He forced himself to continue, forced himself to tell her. She must know the truth. Anything short of the truth, even by so much as a hair's breadth, would fail of its purpose. Then if her love could understand him ——

"Dearest," he managed to say, "dearest, I am not your husband."

"Not my husband?"

"You are not my wife"

"How am I not your wife?"

"I am not Richard Olwell."

"Sweetheart, you're just plain out of your head."

Richard suddenly became almost stern in his manner. Indicating a chair beside the little table near the lamp he told her to sit down, and she obeyed him. Then he began again upon his task.

"I want you to listen very closely to all I say," he told her.

She nodded her head in assent without replying.

"This was a long time ago. Two men once arrived penniless in a strange city. They had been fellow convicts in a penitentiary in a distant state. Both were expert workmen. They secured work, but the police had somehow learned of their history and notified their employer, who discharged them on the spot.

"They went hungry that day. In the evening they applied at a house for something to eat; but, instead of having a crust and a bone given to them, they were invited into the dining room by the mistress of that house, and seated at the table, and served with a hot supper like human beings. I do not need to say they worshiped the memory of that sweet woman, and will all their lives."

He thought she was beginning to understand, though she made no sign.

"I was one of those men," he added.

"You were once—a convict?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that makes any difference to me—now?"

"My name is not Olwell."

"Of course you changed your name. You might have told me long ago. What is your own name?"

"Richard Hatton."

"Then I'm Mrs. Hatton! As if I cared what name I was known by!"

He saw that she had not understood him. She supposed he was explaining that Richard Olwell had been a prison convict before he married her.

"I haven't finished. The owner of the house happened to be the man who had discharged the two workmen, and when he came home he found them in his house. He had been drinking, maybe. Anyhow, he seized a knife and attacked the older of them. The younger in turn attacked him. There was a scuffle and a fall, in which the owner struck his head against the base of the table. When we came to look, he was dead."

"Was it you—who attacked him?"

"No; I was the older one. But I was present. We were both former convicts, and in another man's house, and presumably equally guilty of murder under the law, and the police knew us."

"And you escaped! Oh, I'm interested! And you never told me! What did you do?"

"I'm coming to that. We took the only means of escape that offered. I exchanged clothing and papers with the dead man, so as to gain a few hours' start."

"You looked like him?"

"Not closely. I had been an actor and made up to resemble him."

"And you were not recognized?"

"The matter of a beard was involved."

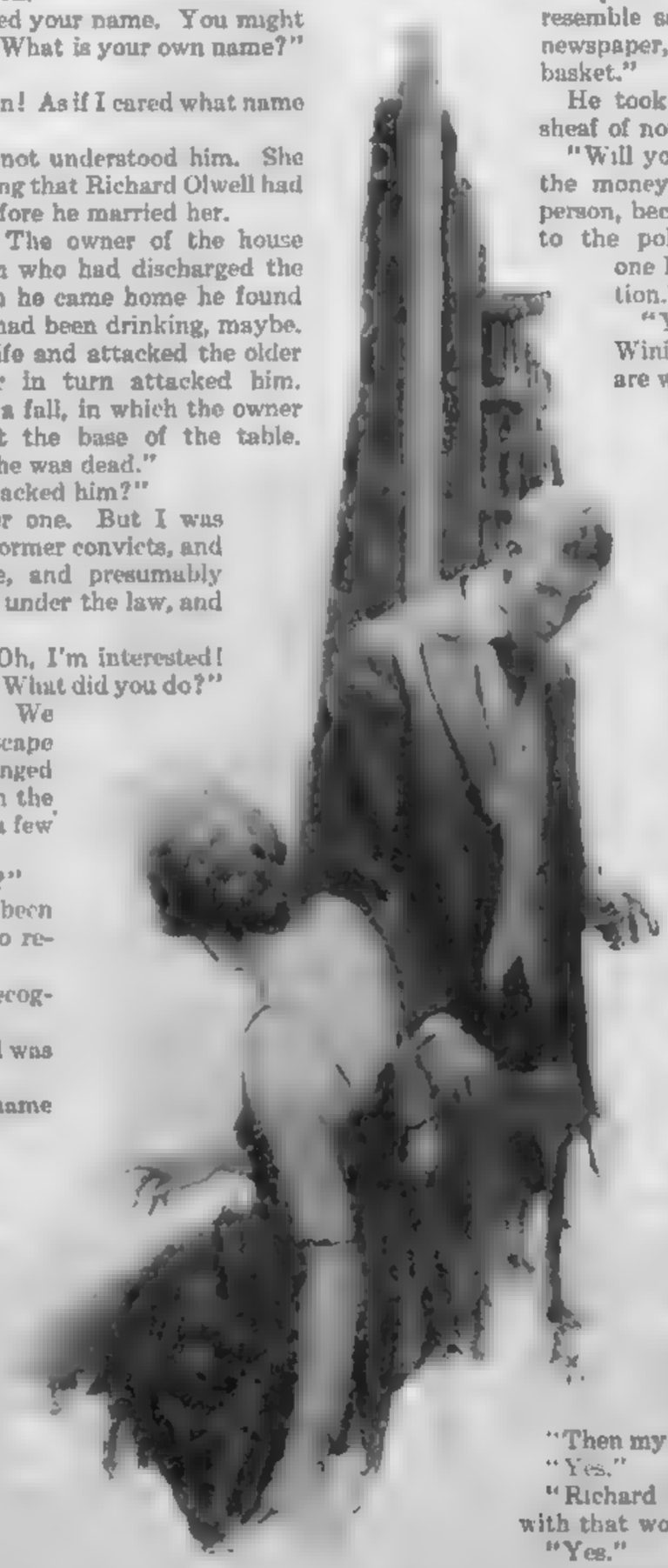
"Was the dead man's name Olwell?"

"Yes. I assumed his name."

"You never told me all these years!"

"Look at me!" commanded Richard sternly. "Don't you understand? This happened within three days."

Winifred looked at him, comprehension gradually dawning. He saw her face suffuse with color and her eyes grow big with horror. She rose from her chair and faced him.



He Saw Her Face Suffuse With Color and Her Eyes Grow Big With Horror

"You are not—my husband?"

"No."

She drew away from him. "Richard Olwell is—dead?"

"Yes."

Then she screamed.

XXI

RICHARD had not moved from the position in which he stood, but Winifred had retreated to the farthest corner of the room and sunk upon the davenport. They were stationed thus when Ellen entered the room.

"The police!" cried Winifred. "Be quick!"

Ellen did not stop to make inquiries. Running swiftly downstairs to the telephone she called up Chief Burly. Then she stood at the front window, waiting.

"Don't worry," said Richard as Ellen closed the door. "I shall not attempt to escape."

Winifred made no reply, but her eyes did not leave his face.

"I found to-day an old will of your husband's leaving all his property to you. It will simplify matters for you to have it. I am leaving it upon the table."

He held up the will before her, and then when she did not look at it laid it down.

"I think you ought to know that your business affairs are in bad shape. Your husband before his death withdrew practically all his money from the bank, and Saturday is pay day.

"I have asked Stoll to call a little later this evening to advise with you and guard your interests."

Still she did not reply.

"I'd take care of this will if I were you."

Winifred by now was beginning to be frightened at what she had done. She rose and returned to the table, her eyes still on Richard. She saw only him; she paid no attention to the will.

"Your cousin, the chief of police, was right when he spoke of money in your husband's possession. I found these bank notes by the sheerest accident. Your husband had placed them between slices of bread to resemble sandwiches and wrapped them in a newspaper, and they had gone into the wastebasket."

He took out his pocketbook, removed the sheaf of notes and laid them on the table.

"Will you kindly go over them? I brought the money with me to turn over to you in person, because there's too much of it to trust to the police. I believe I'd not tell anyone I had it. Money is a great temptation."

"Your eyes are the same in color," said Winifred. "But I can see now that they are warmer."

"Yes. I wish you would attend to this money."

"Your mouth is almost the same, but kinder. Much kinder."

"I wish you would look after this money."

"That must be the package you thought I had found."

"It is. Please count the money. There should be twenty bills in the package, each of ten thousand dollars, making an even two hundred thousand dollars in all."

"Two hundred thousand dollars—in money?"

"Count it."

Winifred looked at the money, and at him. Then she swiftly crossed to the door. After locking it she came back to the table but did not take up the money.

"Did you find—the ticket to Los Angeles?"

Richard again took out his pocketbook and removed from it the coupon ticket.

"I had intended saying nothing about it to you. I had intended mailing it to Stoll for you. The company will refund the money paid for it."

Winifred laid the ticket beside the money.

"Richard Olwell had all that—money—with him, when he died? And that railroad ticket?"

"Yes."

"Then my cousin was right."

"Yes."

"Richard Olwell was about to leave the city with that woman?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred thousand dollars! Why did you come here to-night and return me this money? Why did you tell me what you told me about yourself? I should not have known. You didn't have to do it."

"The money is yours."

"I never should have known of its existence. That's no reason."

"It's a good reason. I will not say the money was not a temptation. If you wish a better reason—I loved you."

"You've acted—acted like the friend I thought I had discovered in Richard Olwell."

"Don't!" said Richard.

"While I've acted like a village servant girl."

She turned away to hide the tears in her eyes.

"I never loved Richard Olwell—I loved my idea of him. Ever since I married him I've known what he was. We separated ages ago. In another month I should no longer have been his wife even in name. Then you came, and the world began to glow with a wonderful light for me."

She looked at him sorrowfully.

"And then I sent for the police! Oh!"

"I never intended the deception to last like this. It was a foolhardy deed. I'm very sorry."

"What have I done? My poor friend!"

"You have done nothing but kindness without measure. Don't think otherwise. I knew what I had to do when I came here to-night, and I shall do it. You could not have stopped me. It was inevitable."

"I'm beginning to know. I'm glad I can say that to you."

"Yes."

"No, no! Oh! You don't understand me, Richard—Richard Hatton! Did you think I meant glad because I had found something out, outside of me? I meant glad because I had found myself out! Don't you see?"

She stood facing him.

"Look at me, Richard Hatton! But don't touch me."

She stood thus until he looked into her eyes.

"Haven't I said something to you?"

"Yes," replied Richard humbly.

"You do understand me now, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then that's settled! Now for the next question. What shall we say to the police?"

"Nothing but the truth."

"You're not going to throw yourself away—Richard Hatton?"

"The truth."

"You don't know what you're saying!"

"The truth. For your sake and for mine."

"Not for my sake!"

"I'm not your husband."

"You are—before the world."

"There wouldn't be a minute in the day that you would not remember, from now until you die."

"I'd love to remember!" said Winifred. "I'd remember that you took up Richard Olwell's life where he laid it down! He was on the point of deserting his ship when he died. I'd remember that you brought his ship to port! Who else will do it if you do not?"

"I love you too well for that mockery. The truth!"

"But why? You could go away without telling. Why not, Richard Hatton? No one would be harmed. That would give you a chance. Then maybe later ——"

"You would be harmed."

"You could go away into safety and write back the truth."

"What would be gained?"

"There's the second man to consider."

"I told my partner this afternoon what I intended doing. By this time he's far away. He isn't pretending to be anybody's husband. He's safe. They've given him the wrong tag. And besides, they haven't sent for his finger prints. Only for mine."

The reference to finger prints drew a swift question from Winifred.

"Did Cousin Benjamin really send for your finger prints, Richard Hatton?"

"Yes. He wired that night. He expects them to arrive to-day."

"And did he take the finger prints of—of Richard Olwell, to compare them with?"

"Yes"

"I'd like to compare them myself," she said. "Will you do something for me, without asking any questions?"

"I'm done with pretending."

"Then come with me to your inkwell and give me your finger prints."

Richard made no difficulty, but spread his finger tips with ink at her suggestion and impressed them upon a sheet of paper.

"Now lock the door and scrub that ink off your fingers as much as you can until I return. I'll call to you so you'll know me."

Winifred ran down to the door and through the hall to her own study. When she reached her room she switched on the light and crossed to her desk. Chief Burly's array of finger prints was still in alphabetical order—she had only to turn to the right letter to find the card bearing the finger prints of the supposed Richard Hatton.

(Continued on Page 26)

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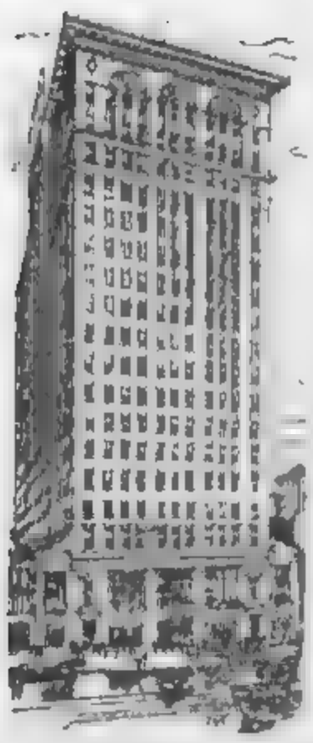

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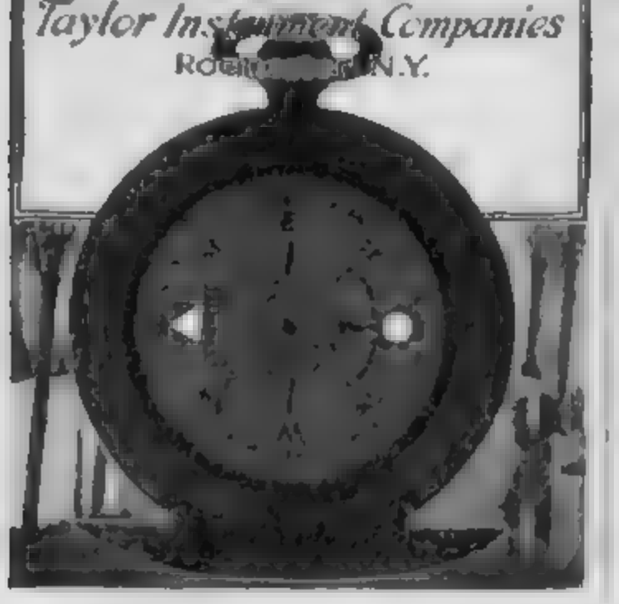

(Continued from Page 24)

The card was an ordinary filing card with attached upon it a slip of paper bearing the finger prints of the dead man.

"They're as different as they could possibly be," she decided, upon comparing the file print with Richard's.

After a little she returned to the library.

"Richard!" she called.

Richard opened the door and admitted her, locking it again as before.

"Are they different?"

"Very different," she said. "Very different."

XXII

A MAN'S intentions have a certain momentum that drives them forward even after the circumstances that inspired them have changed. It was so with Richard's. He had come to the house with the intention of making a complete confession. His mind was still keyed to that purpose.

"No more lies! I shall tell the exact truth."

Winifred agreed with him—for she had thought of a plan.

"That will be best. You never would be happy otherwise. You showed that when you came here to-night. And I knew it in other ways. Even if you could deceive Cousin Benjamin you'd always suspect that I was unhappy."

"You would be—living a lie!"

"You must restore Richard Olwell's name to him."

"Nothing less than that."

"And assume your own. You must tell the police what you've told me. Even if you're imprisoned for a deed you did not commit you must do this. You must do it even if you're persecuted for the rest of your life."

"Or hanged."

"That would be too dreadful."

"At least it would be a solution."

"Even then!" said Winifred.

They knew that the police were coming; but when Chief Burly finally knocked upon the library door they were startled. People are like that in their solemn affairs. They know that Death is coming, and yet when Death knocks at their door they are always startled.

The reverberation of the summons through the room brought Richard to his senses.

"Get that money out of sight!" he cried.

The knocking was repeated. Winifred came down to the table, gathered up the money, looked round, and then tried to thrust it into the table drawer.

"Not there!"

She took the money again. The knocking was repeated, and then for the third time, more insistently.

"Behind the books!"

She hastily crossed to the bookcase, removed the first book at hand, thrust the money into the opening; then she replaced the book.

"These too!"

Running to the table, Richard seized the will and railroad ticket and handed them to her. Chief Burly outside began pounding violently upon the door. After Winifred had likewise concealed the will and the Los Angeles ticket behind books she went to the door and unlocked it.

Chief of Police Burly was accompanied by Sergeant Powers. These entered first. Behind them were Ellen, who had sent for them, and Stoll, present by appointment with Richard to consult with Mrs. Olwell.

"What is wrong? What's the matter?" asked Burly.

Winifred's reply was overwhelming. Walking up beside Richard, she placed her arm round him.

"Why, nothing!" she said.

"Ellen told us you were screaming for the police."

Winifred looked at Richard as if in astonishment. She could not, however, get him to meet her eye.

"Screaming?" she asked.

"You were screaming, ma'am," said Ellen.

"Was I, Dick?"

"And you called for the police."

"Why was the door locked?" asked Burly. "Why didn't you open it when we knocked?"

"Whose door is it, anyhow?"

With the touch of Winifred's arm tingling through his body and the sound of her voice in his ears as she defended him, Richard knew that unless he acted at once he would not act at all. He disengaged her arm, took Olwell's keys from his pocket, and walked to the table.

"I'm through!" he cried. "I made her scream. I told her the truth. I told her who I am."

Winifred had expected the outburst. She had expected that the touch of her arm would cause it, or something like it. She wished him to make it. But when he had made it she acted toward it as if he were utterly irresponsible. That was part of her plan. She glanced at Burly and smiled. Stoll saw the smile and thought he understood it. Chief Burly thought he understood it. Powers also. The others did not matter.

"Mr. Olwell has had a hard day, ma'am," said Stoll apologetically.

"My name is not Olwell!"

Burly glanced knowingly at Stoll.

"You can't faze me, Dick! I know all about it. You're Napoleon Bonaparte if you say so."

"Dick has something on his mind he thinks he ought to tell you," explained Winifred, addressing her cousin.

"Why, certainly!"

"And I think so too." She turned to Richard. "Tell him, Dick. Tell him what you told me. Tell him everything."

It is a characteristic of the emotional moment that strong emotion tends to become incoherent. Winifred was counting upon this fact when she asked Richard to explain who he was to the chief.

"I'm pretending to be Richard Olwell! I'm not! I'm Richard Hatton! Richard Olwell is dead!"

Stoll exchanged glances with Burly:

Burly, who had received the Hatton finger prints that afternoon, and who had them at that moment in his pocket, was not thinking of Richard's words but of his excited state of mind.

It did not occur to him to test the truth of the statement.

"We know he's dead, Dick," he said.

"I took Olwell's name and passed myself off for him. But I'm not Olwell. I'm only wearing his clothes."

"Dick really wants everyone to know that he's Richard Hatton, an ex-convict. And he wants me to marry him. Don't you, Dick?"

The plan was guiding her; she had only to follow it.

"I know you're Richard Hatton," remarked Burly. "Couldn't be mistaken! Never slip up on a criminal! I congratulate you, Dick. You, too, Winnie. A wedding in the family is better than ten divorces."

"I tell you, I'm not Richard Olwell!"

"Wouldn't the morning be better, sir?" suggested Stoll.

"We understand you. I do. Don't you, Powers?"

"Certainly!"

"You're Richard Hatton," continued Burly soothingly. Then to Winifred: "Why don't you marry him, Winnie, if he wants you to? What's the harm?"

It would be hard to say whether his patronizing disbelief or his silky hypocrisy infuriated Richard the more.

"I tell you I'm Richard Hatton! Richard Hatton, the ex-convict, six months out of San Quentin!"

"Sure! I know."

"We all know you're Richard Hatton, sir," said Stoll placatingly.

"That makes it necessary for Winnie to marry you again."

"Again!" Richard made a gesture of impatient contempt. "A fixed idea in a small mind is like a pin in a cork!"

The chief of police under the jibe forgot his attitude of benevolent tolerance and flared up into wrath.

"You ought to be thankful to God I have a small mind! Some departments would have clapped you into a cell for claiming to be an ex-convict!"

"Aren't you forgetting, sir, what I told you about Mr. Hatton?" asked Stoll.

"That's right. Don't mind me, Dick. I remember."

"You still have me tagged as Olwell! You don't believe me!"

Under the guidance of the plan Winifred added her voice to the voices ranged against him.

"If people won't believe you, you can't make them, Dick."

"Oh! You too!"

"Not I, Dick. I believe you."

"Don't get excited, Dick," began Burly, once more entirely calm. "We know who you are."

Richard now began striking out wildly with his unaccepted confessions. By this time he was very clearly not himself, so that every syllable he spoke became like confirmation strong as Holy Writ of his irresponsibility.

"I'm Richard Hatton! I've served time in prison! But I'm not on the slag heap! I'm a drop of water flowing to the sea! I'm a puff of smoke dissolving in the blue sky! I'm a grain of wheat on the way to the mill! I'm a lump of iron ore glowing on the coals of the furnace! But I'm no policeman! Thank God, I'm no policeman!"

"I believe you're a grain of wheat," said Burly.

Stoll, meaning well, added his soothing acceptance: "We know you're Richard Hatton, sir, and no policeman."

"Policeman? Why, I'm a prophet! I preach the gospel of truth to unbelievers!"

"We can see you're a prophet," admitted Powers.

"You mustn't get excited, sir," said Stoll.

"Wisdom may come to some of you some day, by some miracle!"

"If it does we'll say you told us. I will. Won't you, Powers?"

"Certainly," replied Powers.

"You're a drop of water. You're a grain of wheat. You're a puff of smoke. You're a prophet. We know."

Chief of Police Burly and his little army of policemen and civilians had left the door of the library open when they entered. And they had left the front door unguarded. The consequence was that when Chris Cotteril, known better in Borealis by the name of Ellery, tried to call upon Richard Hatton, called Olwell, his bell went unanswered. He had, however, been in the house before. He saw that the library was lighted and that a number of people were in the room. He knew that Richard was contemplating a foolish act. As he himself was contemplating another just as foolish, he opened the door, went upstairs to the library door and entered.

Richard was the first to see him; and his emotional exaltation fell away like foam on clear water. He had not quite realized what the effect of complete honesty would be upon Chris.

"Maybe your foreman knows who you are?" suggested Burly humorously. "Who is this man, foreman?"

Chris, who was not thinking of their first arrangement but of Richard's latest intention to give himself up, looked at Richard questioningly.

"Have you? Shall I?"

"Tell them!"

"He's Richard Hatton," he replied.

"I'm Richard Olwell, of the Olwell Press," asserted Richard, in accordance with the original arrangement.

"I meant Richard Olwell."

"Richard Hatton is dead."

"Maybe he was right, chief," laughed Powers. "Maybe he is Richard Hatton. He does act rather odd."

"So I'm thinking."

Burly began looking through the letters in his pocket.

"First you're Richard Olwell. Then you're Richard Hatton. Then you're Richard Olwell again. Now I don't know who you are. Winifred, where is that Hatton card—the one with the finger prints? I wanted to be sure, so I wired for Hatton's finger prints. I think I'll compare them."

Richard gasped. He had forgotten about the Sacramento finger prints.

"I'll get you the card," said Winifred calmly.

"Get the box containing the letter H."

Winifred was gone for the briefest moment; the box was produced; the card upon which Olwell's finger prints had been pasted was found; the California photograph was laid beside it; comparisons were made. The finger prints were found to be identical.

Winifred knew that they would be; she had substituted Richard's record for Olwell's not twenty minutes earlier.

"Just as I thought," said the chief, returning the card to her.

For the second time Richard could but gasp.

Had Chief Burly asked for his finger prints—for the third set—the outcome would have been sad. But the chief still had him tagged. The police still believed that he was Olwell.

Now that all possibility of their arrest for murder seemed eliminated, Richard found himself painfully lighthearted. He had been dishonest and had not changed. He had confessed; his confession was not believed. He was still living a lie. Yet his spirits were soaring heavenward.

(Concluded on Page 28)

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Woven smooth, true and endless of tough, long fibre cotton, they eliminate the jump—slip—jerk; and the chattering vibration that destroys the bearings and accuracy of any high-speed machine tool.

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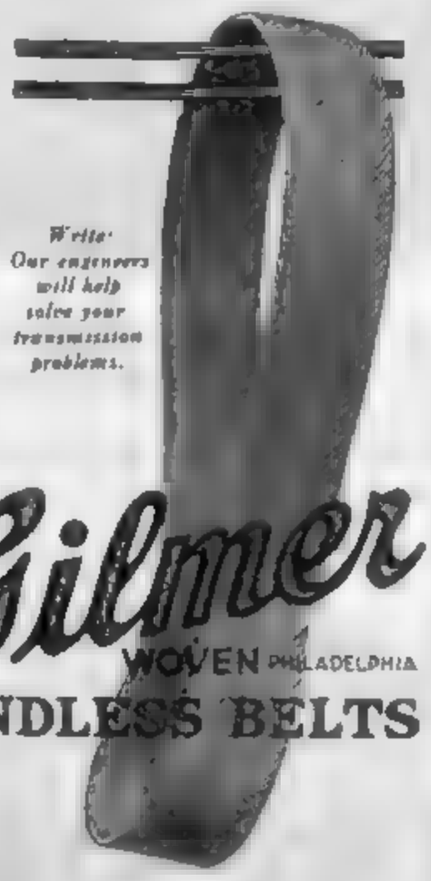

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(Concluded from Page 26)

A cynic might have suggested that Winifred's action in altering the police records was the real cause of his elation; that his substitution for Olwell was no longer the issue, ceasing to have moral importance when it resulted in the righting of a great wrong to an unhappy woman; that Richard had been a criminal; that the gulf of a criminal record is a difficult one to bridge; and that in changing cards Winifred had been herself a lawbreaker, thus bridging the chasm. There may have been such a cause, but if so it was purely subconscious. Richard never once thought of her as a law-breaker any more than did Winifred herself. The real cause was less complex. He still associated his soaring spirits with his confession.

Very well—he could now confess, and no harm to anyone.

"I'm Richard Hatton!" he cried, knowing that he would not be believed.

But with what a change in the tones of his voice!

"You're Richard Hatton. Sure. The finger prints prove it."

Winifred saw the change in him, and understood; for she had been waiting for it.

"It's just as Dick says. Richard Olwell is dead. That makes me a widow. Dick is Richard Hatton, and he wishes to be called Richard Hatton hereafter by everyone. I'm going to marry him and become Mrs. Hatton, and I shall wish everyone hereafter to call me Mrs. Hatton."

"When is the wedding?" asked Burly.

"The first thing to-morrow morning."

Richard laughed happily.

"Have you at last accepted your fate?" she asked him.

"I feel like a man who has just tried to tell the paying teller he has been paid twenty dollars too much."

"That wouldn't be likely," observed Burly.

Richard laughed at him. "I have the twenty dollars!" And then, becoming serious, he continued: "No! I feel like a man rising from a bad dream who goes to sit by the window and sees the morning break in the east—the wonder of new light, and the promise of the sun!"

"All through the day!" added Winifred.

"Why not marry me now? Why not? Why not?"

"That would be very beautiful!" she replied softly.

Chief Burly started for the door.

"You'll need a license, Dick. I'll find the county clerk if you'll find the minister."

"Stoll, here, will find a minister."

"Couldn't you make it two licenses, Chief, while you're about it?" asked Powers.

Burly was interested, and paused.

"Who's the lady, Powers?"

"Miss Ellen Mason."

Ellen indignantly drew away from him.

"Hadn't you better ask Ellen first?" suggested Winifred.

"I think, ma'am, he'd better ask my husband." Ellen took her position beside Chris. "Mr. Ellery and I were married at five o'clock this afternoon."

"Did you marry that girl, Chris?" asked Richard. "After I left you?"

Chris admitted that he had indeed done so. "I'm a kind of fire flinger myself," he explained.

"If that's the kind of man you like ——" began Powers.

Ellen flared up into resentment.

"He's a foreman in Mr. Olwell's—Mr. Hatton's ——"

"Mrs. Olwell's," said Richard, correcting her.

"Mrs. Hatton's," said Winifred.

Chief Burly turned on his heel.

"You're all crazy! One license!" And he stalked out through the door.

"Why didn't you tell me, Chris?" asked Richard.

"We didn't know," said Chris.

Ellen followed with a fuller explanation: "We've been going to the movies, but Mr. Olwell—Mr. Hatton—it was Mr. Olwell then, ma'am—told Chris not to come to the house, so he didn't."

Powers, who had been trying to catch Ellen's eye in order to take his departure, now started for the door.

"I wish you a good evening, madam."

"You gave me the wrong tag," said Ellen stiffly. "It had to happen, Mr. Powers."

Winifred, who had not asked about Richard's companion, now began to see.

"So you are the second man! I thought I recognized your voice this morning in the office. Are you claiming your own name too?"

Chris grinned and shook his head.

"No, thanks! Nobody would believe me."

"The human mind is a wonderful thing!" said Richard.

Winifred turned to Ellen.

"You and Mr. Ellery might see that my sitting room is in order. I think we will be married there."

Chris and Ellen needed no second invitation to be alone. Stoll, however, tarried, as if he had something on his mind.

"What is it, Stoll?" asked Richard.

"About that money, sir? You haven't remembered anything?"

"I know where the money is, Mr. Stoll," said Winifred.

"I'm greatly relieved!"

"It's in this house."

"We want you to arrange for two special watchmen, Stoll, just for to-night. Now that there is no danger from ex-convicts we mustn't take any chances."

Stoll did not understand the reference to the ex-convicts. But Winifred did, and laughed.

"What minister do you want?"

"The Reverend Doctor Clayton," replied Winifred.

"I'll get him at once."

As Stoll went out, Winifred and Richard, hand clasping hand, crossed to the bookshelves, where Winifred removed the money she had concealed behind the books. Then hand in hand they returned to the table. Here Winifred released herself.

"Dearest, may I give one of these bank notes to your Chris and my Ellen as a wedding present?"

"You are very kind and good."

She selected one of the crisp notes, found an envelope in the table drawer, inclosed the note, sealed the envelope and addressed it. Then she handed the remaining amount to Richard.

"You'd better put this money back in your pocket, Richard. We'll feel easier to have it in the same room with the minister."

Richard placed the money in his bill book and returned it to his pocket, as she had requested.

"Until to-morrow," he said.

"Until to-morrow!"

They stood and gazed into each other's eyes.

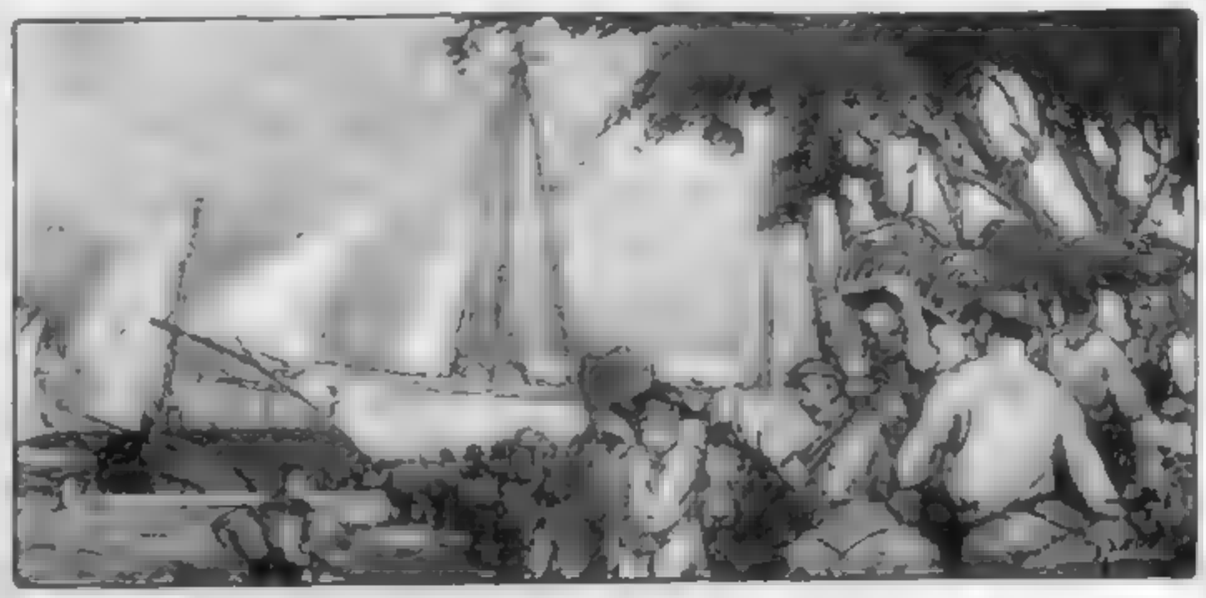
"All the yesterdays are dead!"

"So soon to be my husband!" breathed Winifred.

And Richard, drawing her to himself, kissed her tenderly.

"Sweetheart! How I love you!"

(THE END)



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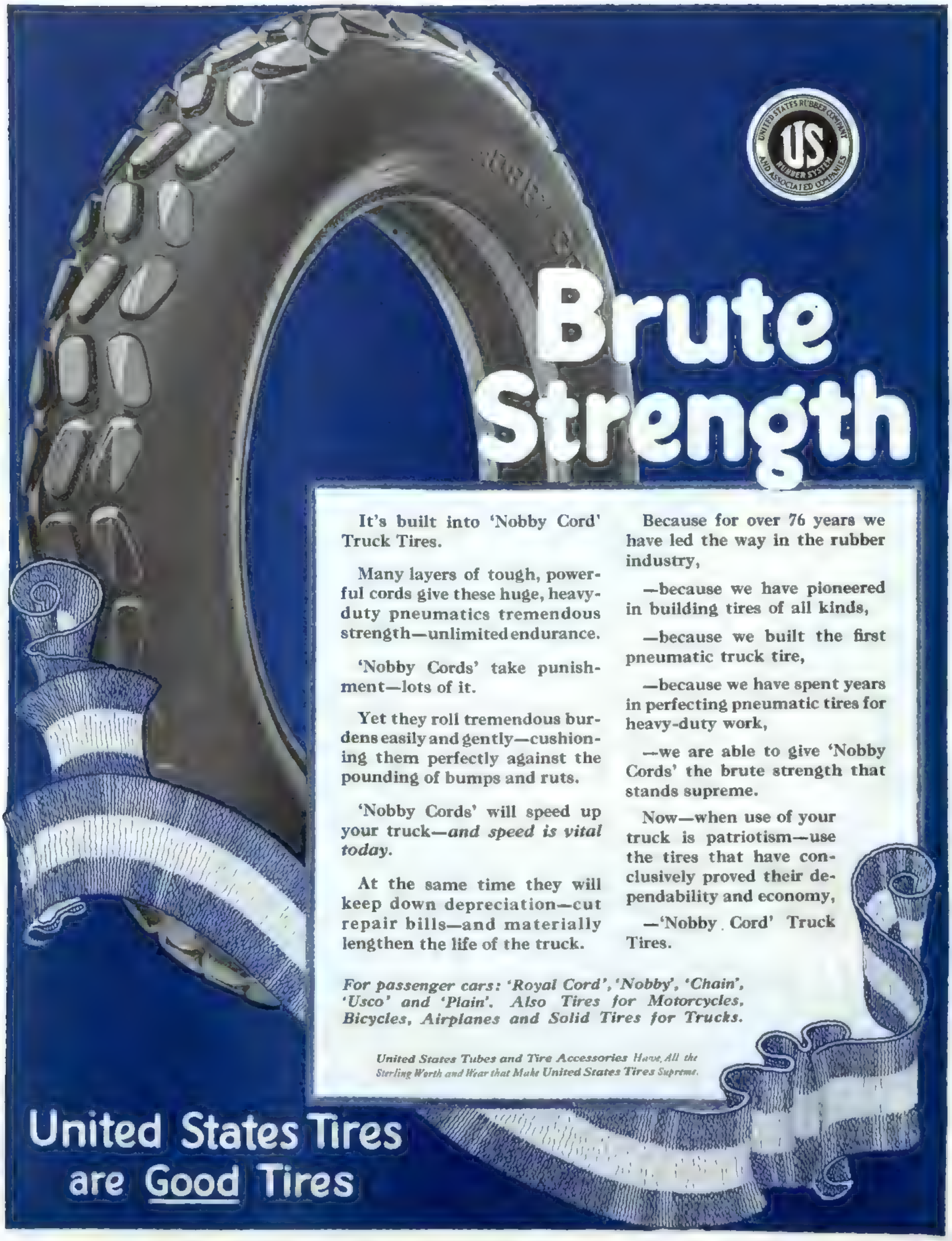
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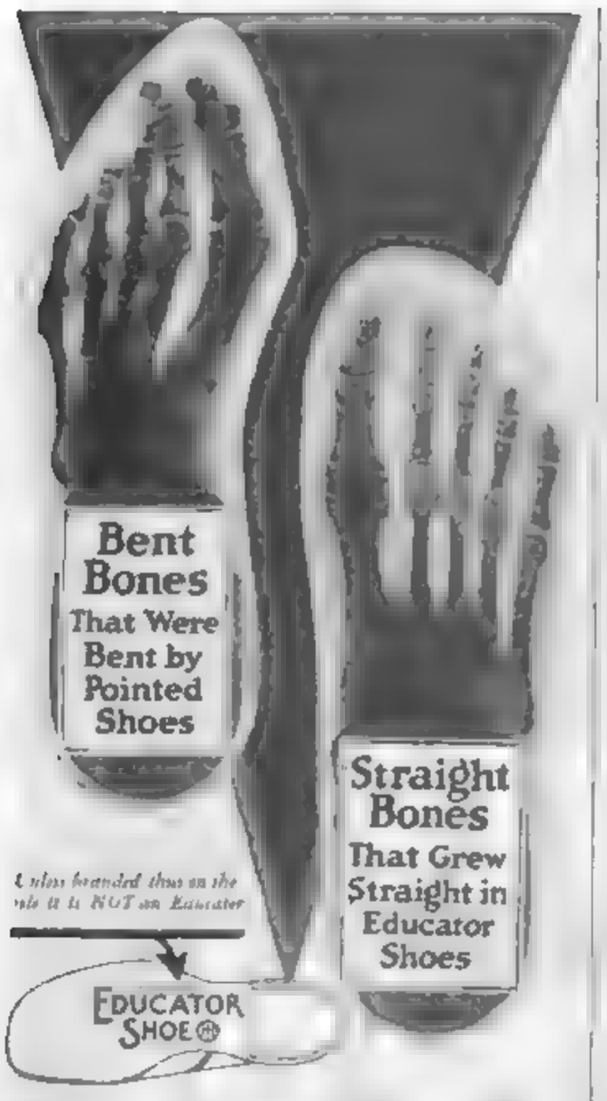
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REMINISCENCES OF UNCLE JOE CANNON

(Continued from Page 12)

"The sheriff dropped his official duties in the court room and ran into the street, where, witnesses testified, he took command of the insurgents. Doctor York, the surgeon of the regiment, was also in the court room and was shot in the back as he passed out of that room, expiring almost instantly. Five other soldiers and three citizens were killed, and the colonel, four soldiers and seven citizens were wounded.

"It was a short but bloody battle. When the insurgents had emptied their revolvers they rushed to their wagons, where shotguns were concealed in the straw; and with these they continued to shoot at every man in a soldier's uniform on the street. More than one hundred shots were fired and only five of the soldiers escaped. Colonel Mitchell, though severely wounded, telegraphed to Mattoon, and a special train carrying the major part of the regiment was rushed to Charleston. The sheriff of Coles County and his brother, the sheriff of Edgar County, placed themselves at the head of the insurgents and marched out of town to a grove, where they held a parley, and learning that troops were coming from Mattoon they scattered through the country, every man seeking safety in his own way.

"The soldiers scoured the country, captured about thirty of the insurgents and brought them back to Charleston, but released half of them. Fifteen of the men were held and later taken to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, where they were held as military prisoners. The leaders of the assault, including the sheriffs of Coles and Edgar Counties, escaped to Canada, where they remained until long after the war was ended and all proceedings against them had been abandoned.

"Troops were kept in Charleston for some time, and the military authorities made a thorough investigation. Colonel Mitchell in his report told the story in detail, and showed that the attack on the soldiers was a preconceived plot and that it was the purpose of the insurgents to kill all the men of that little company. You will find in the official records of the War of the Rebellion the whole story told in detail, and the final disposition of the case by Lincoln."

Oglesby's Blasting Speech

"The Judge-Advocate-General insisted that the men should be tried by a military commission, and General Heintzelman, in transmitting the report to General Halleck, chief of staff, indorsed that recommendation. President Lincoln, however, decided against the military authorities, and seven months after the occurrence issued this order:

"'Let these prisoners be sent back to Coles County, Illinois, those indicted be surrendered to the sheriff of the said county and the others discharged. A. LINCOLN.'

"So, there ended the official history of the Charleston riot. The men who had been arrested were mere dupes of the leaders who had escaped to Canada, and though they had been indicted they were not placed on trial. They had spent seven months in a military prison and that was considered punishment enough for their misguided adherence to the real conspirators. They were dismissed.

"The excitement and bitterness in that part of Illinois continued through the presidential campaign for the reëlection of Lincoln. In that year General Richard Oglesby was the Union candidate for governor, and he made a brilliant campaign. He directed his committee to arrange for a meeting at Charleston. His friends tried to dissuade him, as they feared further trouble and that he might be assassinated. Threats of that character were made, but Dick Oglesby feared neither man nor devil, and he insisted on going to Charleston. Many soldiers home on furlough went with him to protect him from assault. The disloyal element also went to the meeting, and we feared another bloody riot in the little village.

"Oglesby directed that the stand from which he was to speak should be in the courthouse yard, just where the attack on the soldiers had been made. It was a dramatic setting for a dramatic scene. The public square was crowded with people of rival factions and conflicting political sentiments. There were preachers and professional men, farmers, soldiers home on furlough, and all elements of the population present; and they were all in dead earnest. Many were armed. General Oglesby was one of the most eloquent speakers in the state, had been severely wounded in the war, and was a popular hero to the loyal people of Illinois. He never made a more telling speech than there at Charleston. He stepped upon the little stand, where he stood alone, threw back his head, dilated his nostrils, inhaling the air, and then began: 'I smell blood! I smell the blood of Union soldiers, here foully murdered by disloyal citizens, your neighbors and mine, shot in the back by as damnable cowards as ever wore the forms of human beings!'

"Then lifting his hands as though in supplication and speaking in solemn and reverent tones he continued: 'May Almighty God damn the souls of those cowardly murderers who committed this hellish crime; and may God in his infinite wisdom damn every man who does not damn them!' This invocation or curse was so startling that it inspired like sentiments, and old Methodist and Baptist preachers shouted 'Amen! Amen!' while others gave vent to their emotions with expressions similar to those of the General."

An Illinois Verdict

"The opponents of the Government were completely cowed, and General Oglesby proceeded to the most scathing arraignment of disloyalty I ever heard anywhere. He spoke for two hours and held the large audience spellbound by his eloquence, which in cold type would appear like profanity, but in the living, breathing words as they poured out over the crowd was accepted as an invocation for patriotism. He spoke not at all of his own candidacy but for Lincoln and patriotism. He was elected by a big majority.

"We had another battle between the loyal and pacifist factions in Danville. After the election in 1862, when the Democrats on a peace platform carried Illinois by a considerable majority and elected a majority of the legislature, the opponents of the Administration arranged for a mass meeting in Danville. That meeting was opposed by the loyal people of the county and a pitched battle between the two forces developed, in which several people were killed. Colonel Guynnip, who commanded an Illinois regiment, was home on furlough and he was one of the leaders of the loyalists. He was a brave soldier and a courageous man, who had no fear of rebels at the Front or pacifists at home, and he was as ready to fight the one as the other.

"As the leader of the loyalists Colonel Guynnip used his revolver freely, and he was indicted for murder by the grand jury. It was my duty to try him. The trial was sensational and the verdict might be considered sensational in the piping times of peace. The jury had not been out very long before it sent for the judge, to inquire if a recommendation would be in order in connection with the verdict. Those twelve men had decided that Colonel Guynnip was not guilty of murder, and they proposed to recommend that Congress vote a section of public land to him as a recognition of his patriotic services.

"That was not a function of the jury, and the recommendation was not made a part of the verdict, but it showed the temper of the times. That jury, composed entirely of loyal men, wanted to put in the strongest possible light their condemnation of seditious demonstrations and their commendation of Colonel Guynnip for killing men who opposed the Government in time of war. The colonel was personally popular in Danville and in Vermilion County, and the evidence that he had acted in self-defense was generally credited.

"One of the men killed by Colonel Guynnip was notorious as an opponent of the Government, openly defending the Confederates, and doing everything he could to annoy, insult and injure the soldiers and loyal citizens; but a son of that man was in the Union Army, made a fine record, was a prisoner at Andersonville and acted as the

(Continued on Page 33)

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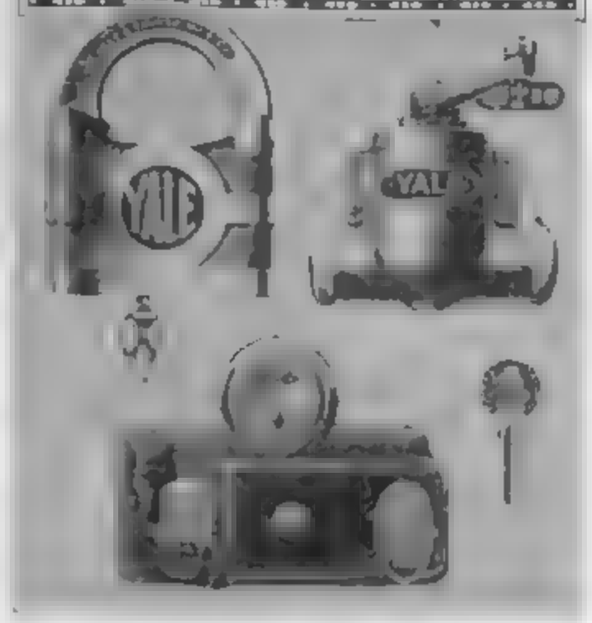

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Use it in the same way you always use shortening, only when you use it in place of butter, use about a quarter less (Snowdrift is all shortening) and add a little salt (Snowdrift contains no salt). In deep frying use it over and over. It does not retain the odor and taste—not even of fish or onions.

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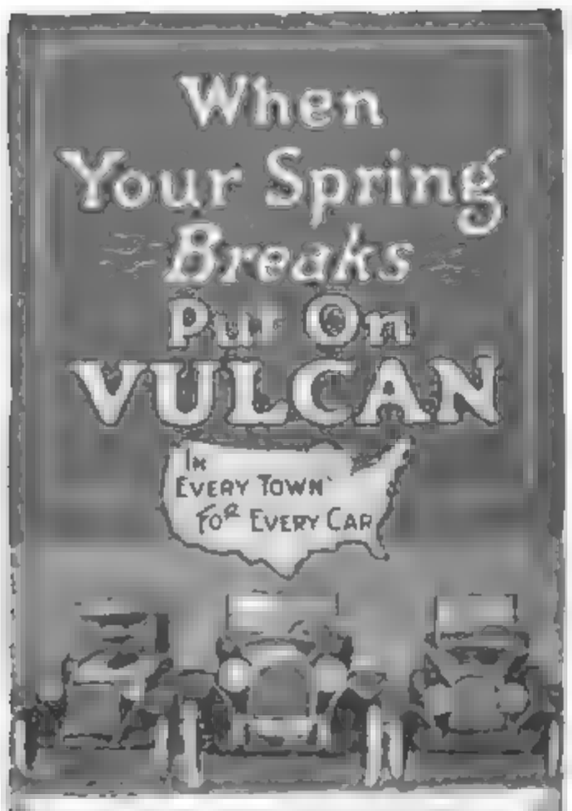

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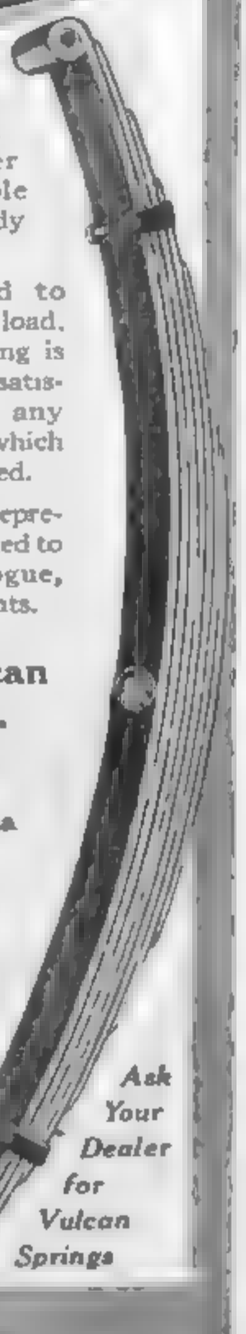

Ask Your Dealer for Vulcan Springs

(Continued from Page 30)

hangman when the prisoners organized their own military court and tried their fellows who were found robbing the sick. While the son was fighting for his country the father was doing everything he could to oppose the Union. There were a good many such cases, where the young men went into the Army notwithstanding the opposition of their fathers to the war.

"But the battles at Charleston and at Danville have passed into ancient history, and very few people now living even know that there were such incidents in Illinois in the days of the Civil War. After the war the men who had led the insurgents at Charleston and escaped to Canada returned and resumed their places in the business, society and politics of Coles and Edgar counties. Their descendants now live there, and some of them have received political honors from those constituencies. There is no place in the world where the people claim a larger part of the fame of Lincoln than there, and the sons of some of the conspirators who sought to murder 'Lincoln's hirelings' share in this honest reverence for the memory of the Martyr President. The sins of the fathers are not visited upon the children in this country.

"I had another murder case there in Danville growing out of a like disturbance during the Civil War. A man named Clem had killed a soldier in one of these so-called riots. They always managed to develop a riot so that the responsibility for murder could not be fixed upon individuals. But I did manage to fix responsibility for the death of one man on Clem and proved that he had threatened that man's life. The jury, however, disagreed.

"The next morning I was sitting in front of the old Randolph Hotel, down on the public square, with my feet on the hitching rail, when Clem came along. I had been chatting with a man named Smith, who did not have a reputation for being one of the most conservative citizens. Smith's principal trouble was matrimonial, but he had pretty good nerve notwithstanding his domestic disturbances. Clem stopped beside me, began to swear and said he had me just where he wanted me. He added that I deserved to be killed for the trouble I had been stirring up in that neighborhood, and he had a mind to perform a duty to the community by completing that job.

"He was a big, brawny man, six feet three, and had he been so minded could have picked me up, used me for a mop to clean the gutter, and left me a very disconsolate district attorney. But it was apparent from his manner that he did not intend to administer corporal punishment. He wanted to provoke a fight and kill me. That was the opinion of Smith and other bystanders, as he had his right hand thrust into the opening of his coat and there was evidence of a gun in his left breast pocket."

Bluffed by Sheer Nerve

"I did not think, however, that the man had the moral courage to commit murder openly in that public manner, as it was not his way to face the men he killed. I concluded to meet bluff with bluff. I did not change my position, but turning my head so as to face him said I had no doubt he would kill me if he could only get the chance to shoot me in the back, as he had the man for whose murder he had been tried; but, said I with some emphasis: 'Clem, you are too much of a coward to look me in the eye and shoot. You don't dare stand in front of any man when you kill him.'

"I said other things in this spirit of bluff, and they had their effect. It also may be that the attitude of Smith had more effect on Clem, for just as one of the latter's friends took him by the arm and led him away Smith pulled his right hand from his hip pocket and brought with it a big navy revolver, cocked and ready.

"He would have killed Clem instantly on the attempt of that man to draw his pistol, and I think he was quicker than my would-be assailant.

"You can see from this incident that the relations between prosecuting attorney and defendant in those days were not marked by that restraining courtesy which the law requires and which is found almost everywhere in the country to-day. The tenseness of feeling over the war put us back into the manners and the methods of frontier days, when justice often rested with the strong arm of the majority regardless of the technicalities of the law.

"The late Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, was counsel for Clem in that case, and Voorhees was one of the most successful advocates before juries in the West, especially in criminal cases. He had a record for securing an acquittal or a disagreement from juries in a number of murder trials where the evidence, as he sometimes admitted himself, would have justified a verdict of guilty. Voorhees was like other early advocates in the West and made his plea to the jury without giving much attention to the law or evidence. In this case he did not hesitate to defend Clem for his expression of sentiments hostile to the Government, and there were several jurors who looked upon Lincoln as something of a despot making an unjust and oppressive war on the South. So Clem went free by a disagreement of the jury, regardless of the evidence against him.

"But such cases were common at that time. Men who considered Lincoln an abolitionist and held abolitionists responsible for the war voiced their opposition to the Government as they would to an individual and created a hostile and disloyal sentiment. And when you teach men to look upon soldiers as hired assassins it is not difficult to find men who will kill soldiers, and others who will justify the killing, even in the jury box. President Lincoln, in his letter to Erastus Corning, said truly that a jury too frequently had at least one member more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor. That was the principal embarrassment in trying to handle these cases in the civil courts. We had our share of hung juries in these cases."

Lovejoy's Sensational Speech

"Don't get the impression that I am placing the whole responsibility for the political troubles in Illinois on the Democrats. The virile leaders of both political parties were in the Army, and those who assumed the leadership gave too much consideration to expediency and had too much fear of what appeared to be public sentiment. This was true of the Republicans as well as of the Democrats when they prepared political declarations. The Republicans did not always keep abreast of President Lincoln. They were sometimes ahead of him in demanding the impossible, and sometimes lagged behind him when he was compelled by the course of events to make decided moves. This was true of the Republicans in Illinois regarding the Emancipation Proclamation, which the President issued in September, 1862. A good many radical Republicans had been demanding some such action, but when the President issued that proclamation they were not united in indorsing his action. The Republican state convention was held in Springfield shortly after the President issued that proclamation, and the delegates were very timid about indorsing or discussing it. Burton C. Cook, of Chicago, was elected chairman of the convention and made the keynote speech, and he touched very gently on the Emancipation Proclamation. The committee on resolutions did not mention the proclamation, and the resolutions were about to be adopted by a *viva-voce* vote when Representative Owen Lovejoy, from Princeton, threw the convention into a fit of hysterics. Mr. Lovejoy had been a Congregational preacher and was a brother of Elijah Lovejoy, who had been killed by a mob at Alton, in 1837, because he persisted in publishing an antislavery paper after repeated warnings. Owen Lovejoy had the same kind of stubborn courage that had sent his brother to a martyr's grave.

"The resolutions had been read without comment from other leaders. Lovejoy, sitting well back in the body of delegates, rose and shouted 'Mister Chairman!' He had a strong, clear voice, and it rang through the hall. He was generally recognized, and trouble was anticipated from the 'old abolitionist.' Instantly there came cries of 'Sit down, sit down!' from all parts of the hall, but Lovejoy met these protests with defiance.

"He jumped up on a chair, faced the protesting delegates and shouted: 'I will not sit down! I am a Republican and in a Republican convention. I represent a part of the Republicans of Illinois, and I propose to speak my sentiments and those of the Republicans I represent regarding the action of this convention. We have an Illinois Republican in the President's chair, and that Illinois Republican, speaking for the nation, has issued a proclamation in which he gives notice to the rebels that all

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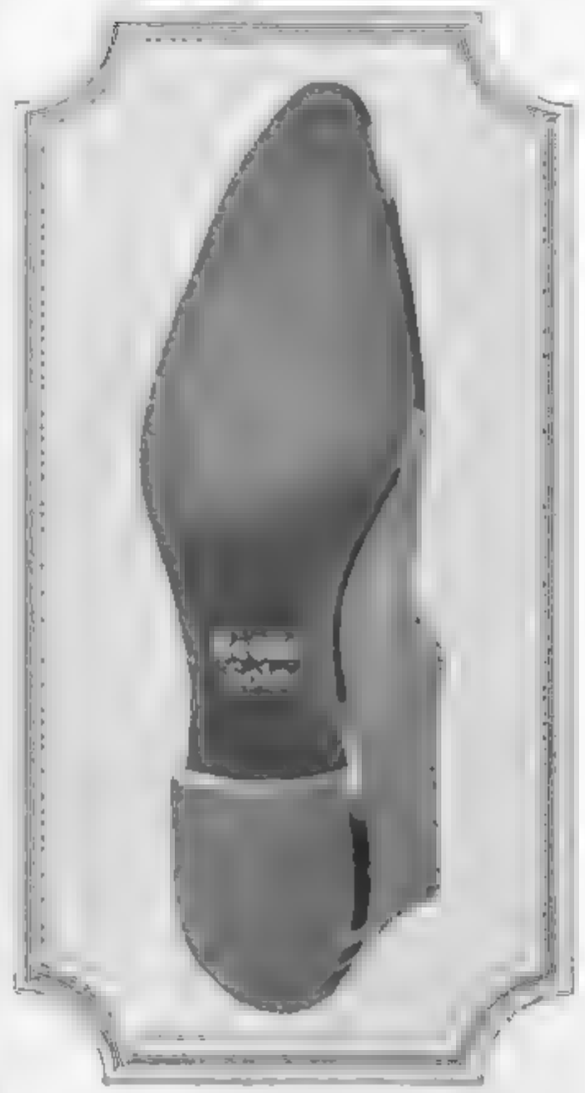

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slaves shall be free on January first, in all states and parts of states where the people are then in rebellion against the Government. These resolutions, which profess to express the political convictions of the Republicans of Illinois, do not even mention that proclamation of the President of the United States. I therefore offer the following amendment to the report of the committee'; and he read a strong indorsement of the Emancipation Proclamation.

"No man in the convention dared oppose the amendment, and it was adopted, but without enthusiasm. Those resolutions of the Illinois Republicans in 1862 are now a heritage of loyalty to Lincoln, but they were adopted because Owen Lovejoy had the courage to demand the action, and brought conviction to timid men who were considering expediency rather than principle in the face of a tremendous issue. We lost the state in the election that year, but it is probable that the timidity of the Republican leaders contributed as much to that defeat as did the opposition to the Emancipation Proclamation.

"Owen Lovejoy was a great campaigner and preferred to speak to his opponents rather than to his followers. In the great campaign of 1860, when slavery was the predominating issue, he spoke in all parts of Illinois regardless of threats to kill him if he visited the southern part of the state, known as Egypt. He was given notice, both private and public—through the Democratic newspapers—that he would not be permitted to speak in Egypt, where there was a large population that had come from the South, and that he would forfeit his life if he attempted to address public meetings in that section of the state. These threats only confirmed Lovejoy's determination to campaign in Egypt. His first meeting there was at Greenup, in Cumberland County, which was considered almost entirely Democratic. I attended that meeting expecting to see trouble. There was a large crowd in the little town, and it was a hostile crowd. I did not hear a favorable comment on Lovejoy, but the hostility did not disturb him half so much as it did the few Republicans present, who did not want to see another Lovejoy murdered.

"There were mutterings when Lovejoy walked through the crowd and took his place on the stand alone, but he surprised everybody by assuming a judicial air and proceeding to organize a court and impanel a jury. He requested that the jury should be composed of twelve uncompromising Democrats who were opponents of Lincoln. He waited until twelve old mossback Democrats had been chosen and had taken their places in front of the platform."

A Dramatic Verdict

"He looked down on this jury as solemnly as a judge on the bench, and then began: 'Hold up your right hands. Gentlemen, do you solemnly swear to hear the evidence that will be presented in the case at the bar and render a true and lawful verdict, as God is witness to your actions?' Those old men, farmers and immigrants from Kentucky and Virginia, took the oath just as though they were in court and compelled to do so.

"Lovejoy, still following the judicial form, began his address to the jury and not to the crowd: 'Gentlemen of the jury, this is the case of a runaway slave, and I shall present the evidence without passion or prejudice, relying on you to render a true and lawful verdict as you have sworn to do. The slave at the bar of this court is a woman, an octoroon, with one-eighth negro blood, but fair as any of your daughters. Her father was a prominent Virginia planter but her mother a slave, and she, therefore, a slave under the law of Virginia. Her father had intended to manumit this slave and provide for her as a father's heart inclines him to provide for his own flesh and blood; but he died, and all his property was sold to settle his estate. The slave at the bar was sold and carried down the river to a sugar plantation in Louisiana, where she attracted the attention of a brutal overseer, who determined to make her his personal property for the gratification of his lustful passions. She ran away from that plantation to escape that man, not to escape the work of a slave. She hid in the swamps along the river, and other slaves fed her. They had heard that there was a station of the underground railway at Cairo, and that any slave who could reach that station might also reach freedom. The slaves on that sugar plantation raked and scraped, perhaps they pilfered from the master, to secure enough money to pay her fare on the steamboat, and after long waiting and much suffering this slave slipped out of the swamps and secured a place on a northbound boat.

"'The agent of the underground railway at Cairo received her and sent her to the next station, and the agent there sent her forward. So she was carried in the night from one station to another until one night she was brought to my home in Princeton. She was fairer than my own daughters and I took her into my home. She was hungry and I fed her. She was in rags and I clothed her. She had run away from her legal owner to escape something worse than slavery, and I helped her to Canada, where she is now free from both those evils.'

"Lovejoy told this story as he would in court with the defendant at the bar. Then addressing his remarks to the old man who sat at the head of the jury he thundered, 'As God is your judge, what would you have done in my place? Let the jury decide.'

"The situation was dramatic, and the old man, who was recognized as foreman of the jury, contributed to the dramatics by springing to his feet and, with tobacco juice trickling from his mouth, exclaiming, 'By God, I'd 'a' done just what you did. Damn me if I wouldn't!'"

Mr. Lincoln's Patience

"Without a moment's hesitation and still assuming the judicial rôle Lovejoy said 'Gentlemen of the jury, is this your verdict?' and they all rose and unanimously indorsed the verdict as given by their foreman.

"I never saw a lawyer in court or an orator on the stump win a verdict under such dramatic conditions. Lovejoy disarmed that hostile crowd of Egyptians by organizing a court and presenting his case in judicial form. He made his speech without interruption, and in 1861 Egypt filled her quotas for the Union Army, with such Democrats as Logan and McClernand leading them and becoming heroic figures in the Volunteer Army which saved the Union. Courage is a magnet which draws men, whatever their prejudices.

"Dick Oglesby and Owen Lovejoy had that kind of courage.

"They had the same kind of disloyal organizations over in Indiana. Governor Morton had been a Democrat but was elected lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket in 1860, and became governor when Governor Lane was elected to the Senate early in 1861. Morton became one of the most energetic state executives in supporting Lincoln. He was known as the great war governor of Indiana, and he had more trying experiences with disloyal societies than had Governor Yates. He, too, had a disloyal legislature, which went so far as to refuse the regular appropriations for the state government; and he borrowed the necessary funds from New York financiers on his own personal credit. The so-called knights in Indiana conspired to murder the governor and there were several attempts to kill him.

"The conspiracies in Indiana developed the famous Milligan case. Milligan and other conspirators were tried by military courts and condemned to be hanged. It was in the last days of the war, and after much legal effort the case reached the Supreme Court, where it was decided that, the civil courts of Indiana being open, there was no justification for the military tribunal. But it is pretty generally believed that the military sentence against the Indiana conspirators would have been carried out if Governor Morton had not appealed to President Johnson and protested against the execution of that sentence. The governor was a big, courageous man, who fought treason with every resource he could command but showed mercy to the conspirators when they had been defeated and were about to pay the penalty with their lives.

"President Lincoln was more patient with some of the generals than were many of the people, and more patient with many of the people than were some of the generals. The President refused to get excited over the reports of sedition and conspiracy, and refused to sanction many verdicts of military tribunals or accept the reports of military officers as to the extent of the conspiracies in the West. He sent Vallandigham

(Concluded on Page 37)

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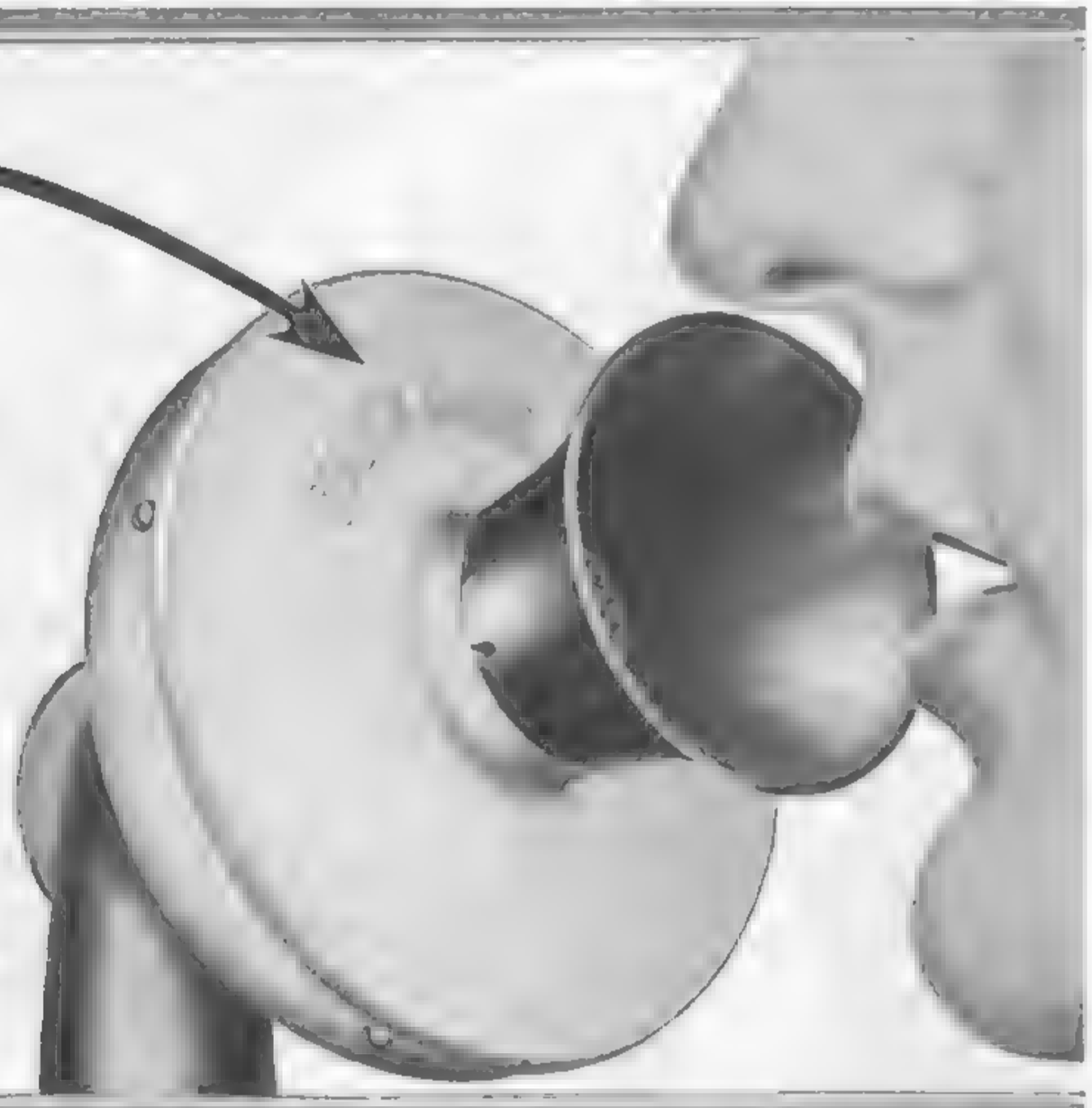

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(Concluded from Page 34)

across the lines to the Confederate Army instead of to a military dungeon; and he sent the men who were arrested at Charleston back to the sheriff of Coles County to be tried by the civil courts. He had great confidence in Governors Morton and Yates, but he preferred to leave to them the various orders of knights that had developed in their states, rather than have them handled by the Federal authorities. He had been in the thick of political contention for years, knew the people in the borderland between freedom and slavery better than did any of his advisers, and he kept just as far as possible from the suggestion that they were to be controlled by military authority from Washington.

"Lincoln had to exercise great authority conferred on him by Congress while he was President, and some thought he did not have constitutional warrant for some of the authority he exercised; but it is now generally conceded that he did not magnify his office more than was absolutely necessary to put down the rebellion and save the Union. He did not attempt to abridge free speech except where it was necessary to prevent the embarrassment of his armies by influence from the rear. So, many men all over the North, in Congress and out of Congress, continued to abuse and criticize the Administration's efforts to put down the rebellion, and to denounce the war as a failure, without molestation of the government authorities."

Abuse of Mr. Lincoln

"There were many pages of the Congressional Record filled with not only violent criticism but vulgar abuse of the President of the United States. One senator declared that Lincoln was an imbecile; another harked back to the language of the campaign in 1860 and pronounced him a vulgar boor unfit for the great office he held or the association of intellectual and honest men; while others denounced him as a bloody tyrant to be classed with Cæsar and Napoleon. 'Irresponsible despot' and 'moral treason' were among the mildest epithets hurled at President Lincoln by prominent senators and representatives in the halls of Congress, and their utterances were published by the newspapers, supplemented with radical if not rabid editorial comment, to be read by the people all over the North. Through it all Lincoln continued patiently to work out the problem before him.

"If we had had the Espionage and Sabotage Acts of the Sixty-fifth Congress and the Chamberlain Bill enacted into law then or if Lincoln had exercised all the power conferred upon him by Congress at that time as well as by the Constitution the biographical history of the last fifty years might have been differently written. The famous Milligan case would probably never have reached the Supreme Court, to bring down an opinion that has been doing duty in congressional debates and other court opinions ever since; for Milligan would have been hanged by order of the military tribunal that tried the Indiana conspirators. There would be many pages of biography in the Congressional Directory and Who's Who missing from those interesting biographical volumes, because some of our brilliant lights as statesmen and editors would have lost their opportunity to magnify themselves as leaders of public opinion if military tribunals had been allowed to handle the cases that could have been made against them. They would have been hanged or shot or sent to prison for life for their disloyal utterances, the information they gave to the enemy, and their determined exercise of the right of free speech under the Constitution at all times and under all conditions.

"It is probably just as well for the country that Lincoln refused to take as seriously as some others, including myself, the conspiracies in the West and the acts of sedition of his time. Who knows? There were many men who opposed Lincoln's conduct of the war in the beginning and became stanch supporters before the war was ended, and men in Illinois, who were members of the constitutional convention and the legislature that did everything possible to embarrass the President, later became conservative and loyal leaders in the state and nation. Time and experience cured many follies of that day.

"Lincoln came to the presidency with one-third of the states in rebellion as the culmination of the contest over an issue that was older than the Constitution. To-day Lincoln's name is a synonym for human freedom in all corners of the world, and the South vies with the North in paying tribute to the wisest and most humane commander in chief that ever conducted a great war. The country has trebled in population since the Civil War, and with this great increase there has been a greater growth toward solidarity. This population has spread out over the plains and mountains to the Pacific and beyond, conquering new territory from wild Nature, has built up great manufacturing centers, and at the same time has produced a more composite nation, whose resources and industries supply all its own needs in peace and feed and supply munitions to its Allies in war. The sacrifices and sufferings of the Civil War brought the United States out of the old conflict of ideas over states' rights and developed a nation such as the fathers did not dream of as possible—a nation whose acts are recorded in the singular and not in the plural, and that in this war knows no state lines and no divisions among the people, where labor and capital are united in sacrifice to maintain their common rights on the world's highways of the sea.

"I have seen some of the conflicts that have raged over our own nationality, and I have seen the union of the American people into a composite body to meet a foreign foe. I have lived to see the South enroll black men as soldiers clothed in the uniform of the nation's defenders, and I have read of France and England bestowing medals of honor on these descendants of American slaves in recognition of their courage and fidelity in fighting for the cause of freedom for white men in Europe. No, the millennium has not come, but the transformations on the American stage in the last sixty years show more progress toward that old prophecy than toward the destruction of the world at Armageddon."

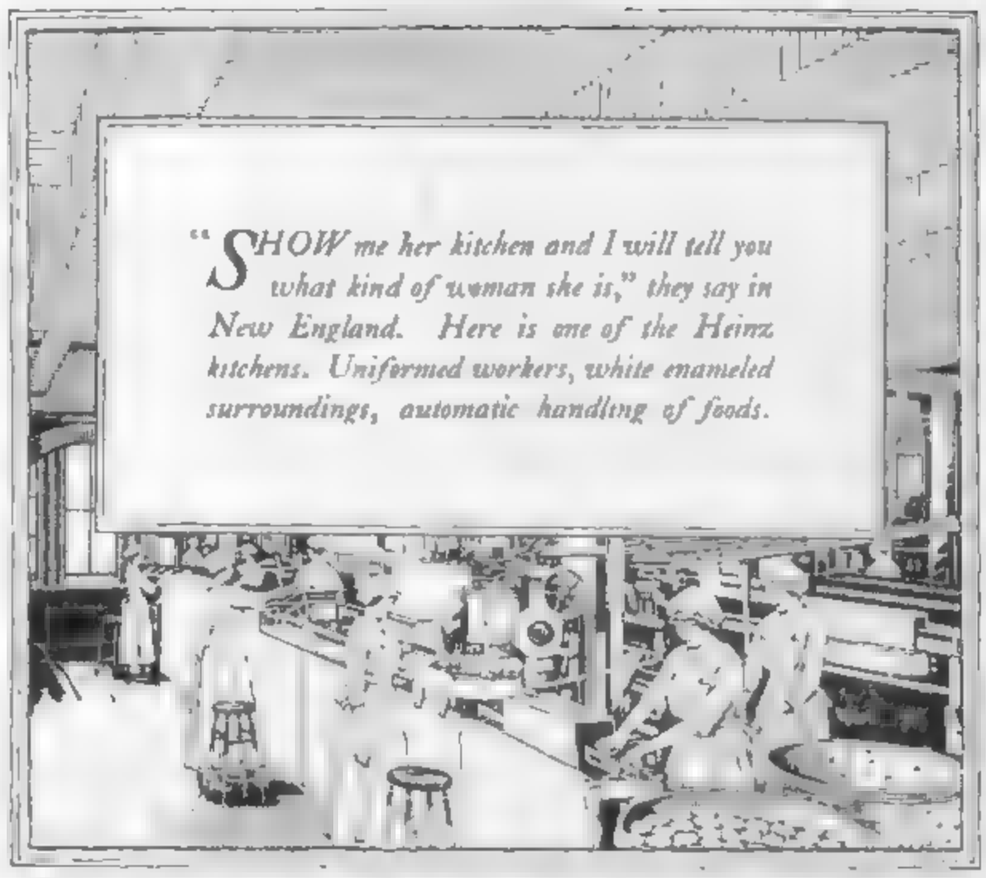
Human Nature Unchanged

"There is a lot of human nature in complaints against spies and charges of treason. Sometimes these are simply due to prejudices or are the results of neighborhood feuds. Each faction of a community is ready to believe any evil of the other faction, and in the time of the Civil War most communities in the West had two or more factions made up of people of different immigrations. Sometimes a man's natural affection for his old home and the folks back there would lead to expressions that became suspicious to the native born who had never had any other home ties than those of his rooftree and who could not understand why an immigrant from Virginia should continue to have any love or consideration for the old home. We can't make human nature over all at once, and our great melting pot cannot extract all the love of old home ties, the land of birth and the old folks who still live there, however loyal be our citizenship.

"So, as we in the West had to distinguish between those who continued to love their old homes in the South while they loyally supported the Union, and those who were disloyal to the Government regardless of their place of birth—and not infrequently men of Southern birth were more loyal than native sons—we of this generation shall have to exercise patience and discretion in dealing with these suspicions of disloyalty and spies. We cannot suspect all German born or all who are of German extraction of being disloyal to the United States, nor can we consider nativity as a sure guaranty of that loyalty that will sacrifice comforts and life itself to support the Government in this war. We shall have to judge men by their deeds and not by their names or the places of their birth.

"I have friends and constituents who have parents and brothers in Germany from whom they have had no word since this war began, nearly four years ago, and I would stake all I have on the loyalty of those people to this Government, for some of them are now in France fighting in the ranks of the American Army side by side with the English and French against the Germans, and it is barely possible that they may meet brothers in arms against them, as was often the case in our Civil War.

"My suggestion is that, while we are watchful to guard against disloyal interference with the earnest support of the Army in every way, we exercise a little of the patience of Lincoln and not get too much excited over every rumor of treason. Rumors are not evidence."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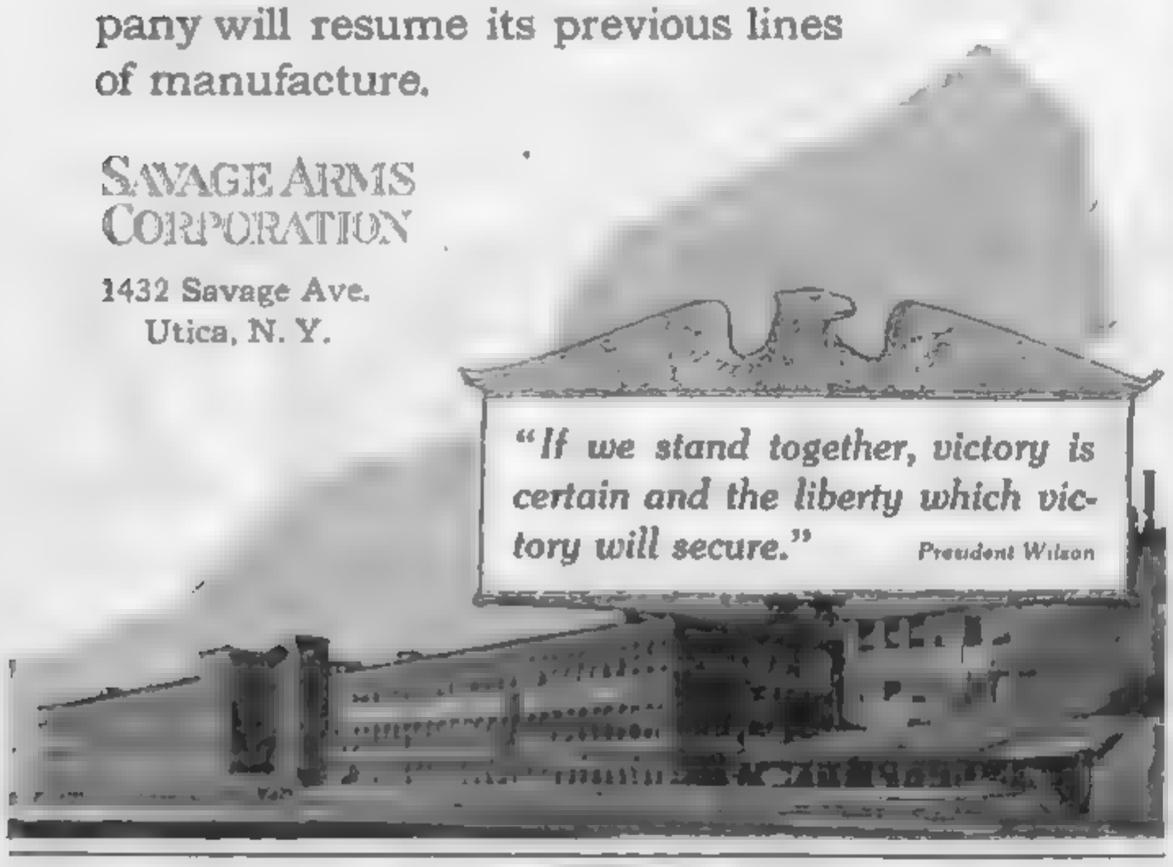

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MERGERITIS

(Continued from Page 16)

efficiency, why such a titanic merger will not immediately occur. It likewise applies to any possible effort to bring together the four or five dominant groups of copper producers or the Standard Oil Companies and the dozen or so biggest independents in oil. Profits in steel, oil and copper are now so large that any good sized concern can make all the money it wants without wasting time on consolidations.

Huge, all-embracing mergers do not take place when there is an underproduction of steel and copper, but only when there is an overproduction. The United States Steel Corporation was the inevitable result of cutthroat competition, overproduction, low prices and no profits. No force on earth can prevent mergers when corporations are starving.

But there is no soil so rich for many small and moderate sized mergers and for even more numerous and exciting rumors than a wild bull stock market coupled with widespread prosperity. When stock prices are high, promoters and bankers are able to go to the owners of plants and offer them fabulous sums for their properties, because at such times the promoters and syndicate managers can sell out to the public at a profit. Thus except in 1900 and 1901 there was never such a crop of mergers and merger rumors as in 1916, when war orders and war brides were so suddenly enriching American industry and market operators.

Unless one has been in close contact with the stock market it is impossible to conceive of the boiling, seething commotion that pervades Wall Street when a number of mergers, deals, refinancings and readjustments are on. They are even more of a stimulus than increased dividends and melons. From day to day the news and rumor vary and fluctuate. Now the deal is on, and now, alas, it is off. As the actual negotiations pass through many stages, sentiment toward the stocks in question blows hot and cold. Sometimes the same old merger rumor may do service for years, trotted out every time the market goes up and quickly removed to apparent oblivion when the market declines.

Of course one who studies the relation of stock markets to the expansion of industry may grow cynical if he likes. There have been scores, perhaps hundreds, of rumors of great mergers in the last dozen years or so which never made good. One may talk glibly of merger bunk and the gullibility of thousands of speculators who have lost many millions of dollars, mere puppets in the hands of the shrewd manipulator. But it is a singular truth that most of the rumors have had some basis in fact. Almost always negotiations are going on in the realms of high finance looking toward one or more consolidations. Always there are eager and ambitious promoters quick on the scent to make a killing here or there. For the professionals of the big financial game are as swift and keen on the trigger as any hunters in the world. To-day they no doubt appear sad and mournful.

Tales From Fairyland

"Alas," they tearfully explain, "Wall Street is dead. What with Liberty Loans and taxes there is no chance down here. Besides, the Capital Issues Committee won't let anybody sell any securities unless it directly helps the war."

But let conditions change for but an instant, and like a flash the professionals have put through a deal, sold millions of dollars of securities, cleaned up, and are ready for the next change in conditions. To-day mergers may appear impossible. To-morrow they will have been put through complete. I do not mean of course that a deal of this sort is carried through from beginning to end suddenly and at once. But negotiations which hang fire for months or even years because of unfavorable conditions are often suddenly consummated when conditions change for the better.

It is easy to find the record, even in the last few years, of strange, impossible, fantastic negotiations, which read to-day like tales out of fairyland. But the striking fact is that there is almost always a tangible sequel to every deal; yes, even to every rumor. The great copper merger did not come off, but there was a series of copper deals. The steel merger, nursed for so many long years, never came true, but instead we now have two or three great new steel groups each of which is almost as large as the late lamented merger was expected to be. The automobile merger that was to turn forty-five million dollars in cash over to one man never came through, but instead both this man and the rival who was to buy him out have gradually built up vast combinations of motor interests whose size leaves nothing to be desired.

The evolution of American industry toward large and powerful units cannot be traced so much as a whole as along separate lines. Steel and copper may have some features in common, but they have more that are different. To the manufacturer, banker, promoter, capitalist, investor and speculator each industry presents a wholly different set of conditions and problems. Each has its own troubles, its own peculiar opportunities and its own personalities. But nowhere has the tendency toward concentration and consolidation been so marked as in the steel industry.

The Gates Interests

Modern warfare requires an incredibly large amount of steel for munitions, railroads and ships. More and more it becomes evident that no nation can be really great unless it ranks high as an iron ore and steel producer. So Germany fights to the last gasp to retain the ore lands that it has wrested from France. Early in 1915 it became evident that an unheard-of prosperity was about to descend upon the steel industry of this country, and at once the eager promoters—and I use the word in its broader sense as meaning enterprisers and large-scale organizers—began to look about for steel companies to buy up, refinance, float upon the public, and merge.

When J. P. Morgan founded the United States Steel Corporation the field for a time was swept bare. The steel corporation controlled so large a proportion of the then developed ore reserves that independents had to go lean and hungry. Besides, the big company covered by far the larger part of the actual production of steel itself. It overshadowed and glowered down threateningly upon the weak independents. But gradually as the country grew and as sentiment crystallized against any further relative enlargement of the steel monster the independents took heart and slowly expanded.

Back in 1906 and the early part of 1907, when business was on the boom, a group of wealthy men who controlled the Republic Iron and Steel Company bought heavily into the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. They were an ambitious, energetic crowd and included John W. Gates, who had helped form several steel mergers, among them the crowning achievement of United States Steel. But he had been crowded out of that concern by the master organizer, Morgan, who did not approve of Gates. Naturally Gates, who was a tremendous speculator, promoter and enterpriser, yearned for revenge and saw the opportunity for both retaliation and profit by setting up a real rival to the steel trust.

But Gates, or at least some of his associates, had gotten into various stock-market pools and bank and trust company affiliations which were vulnerable when the panic of October, 1907, broke upon them. They were obliged to let go their hold upon the valuable Tennessee Coal and Iron in the all-impelling necessity of saving their own pecuniary skins; and the steel trust promptly gobbled it overnight. Now the Tennessee company was only one of several units which Gates had planned to put into a new combination, but it was by far the most essential, and for a few years there was no more talk of steel mergers.

By 1909, however, the hens were again sitting upon a new steel combine, and continued efforts were made to patch it together. But again the plans fell through, and did not bob up again at all seriously until well along in 1915, when a remarkable combination of circumstances threw the steel industry into a frenzy of prosperity and made anything possible.

The steel trust had had two young presidents during its career, Charles M. Schwab and William E. Corey, whose resignations had never, in the cynical opinion of Wall Street, been wholly desired by themselves or wholly unconnected with the high-handed will of Morgan. Both had made

(Continued on Page 40

GOBLIN SOAP "Works Wonders" in quickly removing all forms of grease and stains. Its soft, creamy lather readily dissolves even the most stubborn dirt. It leaves the skin in a clean, healthy condition.

It is great in the kitchen, office, workshop or factory, for children's play-stained hands and faces, and for general toilet and bath purposes.

Use it for taking off garden grime.

Exceptionally good in hard or cold water, in which it lathers readily and freely.

CUDAHY, 111 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO

For Toilet or Bath

Large Cake 5¢

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied

Goblin SOAP Works Wonders

PARIS GARTERS
are made for you

Men of America:

"With The Colors"

Hundreds of thousands of former PARIS GARTER wearers are with the colors—and soldiers don't wear garters. Still the sales of PARIS GARTERS are increasing steadily!

Probably because the War has changed us from a nation of careless spenders into one of careful buyers. Many men have learned the true economy of buying the best. PARIS GARTERS in the better grades at 35c or more are particularly popular.

A. STEIN & CO.
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York

This is the PARIS trade mark

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

It's your guarantee of garter quality

XII I II III IV V VI

Get more power
Save gasoline
Save oil
Save plugs fouling
Stop engine smoking

30 minutes after you install

—compression losses, with their attendant wastes, will be forever ended. Engine troubles that seemed incurable will permanently disappear.

The secret of this super-efficiency is perfect and lasting FIT. Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings FIT when you install them—and they continue to FIT.

Put Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings in your engine. Give them a fair trial. If they do not fulfill all our promises—if they do not do ALL you expect them to do—take them back to the dealer from whom you bought them, and he will return the full purchase price.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

MUNGER
"Always Tight"
Piston Rings

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great fortunes, both were men of striking force and ability who had risen in the steel business from humble beginnings, and both were far too young to retire permanently. Corey went into copper, but was evidently only biding his time; Schwab bought a small steel company, the Bethlehem, and quietly and gradually developed it into an important concern.

Wiser than Gates, he attempted no great mergers with accompanying stock-market coups, which if they had gone wrong would have laid him open to a deadly swat from the powers of the money world, in which Morgan was dominant. Schwab built up his company both from within and by the steady purchase of small concerns, a process which did not disturb Morgan because it did not rock the financial boat as a huge merger would have done or hold out any immediate threat to the steel trust.

Corey had not been asleep. When the wave of prosperity rolled over the country in 1915 he turned up in control of the Midvale Steel Company, which had been a leading manufacturer of armor plate. Corey was backed by a powerful financial syndicate, a group which though not connected directly with the steel trust was yet in no way inimical to it. He promptly bought up other companies and soon had a great new steel entity, not so large as the steel corporation but large enough to stand unafraid on its own feet.

For a long time the Pennsylvania Railroad had wanted to get rid of two large steel companies which it owned, the Pennsylvania and the Cambria. Now was its chance. Prices were high. Capitalists were rushing into steel because of the enormous profits in sight, and here were two splendid plants for sale. Schwab promptly gobbled up the Pennsylvania Steel, which gave him a large plant for the production of general lines in addition to armor plate, rails and ordnance, which he already had. It added valuable ore deposits and a plant at seaboard for export purposes. Schwab now had a second Krupps, soon to become greater than Krupps.

Mr. Replogle's Deal

Meanwhile a young man, still in his thirties, unknown to the public, J. Leonard Replogle, began to play his part in the great romance of steel. He had begun as a messenger boy in the Cambria plant, had risen to vice president and had just gone to another steel company as vice president. He hustled about among Philadelphia and Pittsburgh capitalists and raised enough money to get an option on Cambria from the Pennsylvania Railroad. Then he laid his plans before a group of New York bankers, suggesting a merger of Cambria and two other companies which in recent years had grown steadily to large proportions: the Lackawanna Steel Company at Buffalo, New York, and the Youngstown (Ohio) Sheet and Tube Company. The three companies would have formed by far the most powerful rival of the steel trust, with a capacity about one-third that of the trust.

The merger would have involved between two and three hundred million dollars, and the bankers consulted were the most powerful next to Morgan. But one of the companies demanded more favorable treatment than the other parties to the deal would consent to, and suddenly the deal fell through. Replogle's option on the Cambria from the Pennsylvania Railroad lasted only a few hours longer, and just before it expired he visited President Corey of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company and sold the Cambria to the Midvale.

When Replogle and Corey came to terms they killed the last chance of the great independent steel merger which had been simmering for years. For now both the Bethlehem and Midvale had themselves become such commanding units that no possible combination of remaining companies could overshadow or probably even equal them. Of course when conditions again become favorable there may be further mergers of smaller companies. Replogle himself had previously secured control of the American Vanadium Company, and shortly after his deal in Cambria he bought up the Wharton Steel Company; but he was soon called to Washington to buy steel for the Government, and his days of merger making are over until after the war.

But though there no longer seems any good reason for a giant merger of steel companies, the stock market in its more rosy and confident moods will not wholly give up the idea, even if for good measure it is obliged to add concerns which strictly are not in the steel business. Early in the war the Midvale had made an arrangement with the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which had taken on big rifle contracts in addition to its regular locomotive business, for the leasing and operation of the rifle end of Baldwin's business. The two companies elected three directors in common, and it became mutually advantageous for the Baldwin works to buy its raw material from Midvale.

It is inevitable that a concern like Midvale should steadily grow, new and flushed as it is with war orders and with a president anxious to duplicate the success of the steel trust. But whether it could swallow such a large bite as the Baldwin works at one gulp is another story.

In its more enthusiastic moods the stock market even adds rumors from time to time that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the Crucible Steel Company and the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company also might be included. Such a combination would be a monstrosity indeed, and its conception is typical of stock-market exaggerations. But even the wildest market yarn is rarely wholly false. It nearly always has a scintilla of truth, a gleam of fire where there is much smoke.

Names to Conjure With

But what makes the speculative caldron boil even more than a straight out-and-out merger yarn is the rumor that some particularly famous millionaire or group of millionaires is buying stock. "Powerful new interests are buying into Baldwin" is a phrase to conjure with. It is real market magic. Ten or fifteen years ago it was the Standard Oil crowd or Harriman that awed the market place. At another time it was Henry C. Frick. To-day it is largely the Du Ponts of Delaware, and Wall Street makes a great ado of mystery about them, though there is nothing especially obscure or inscrutable about this old family of powder makers.

Of course there is no denying that financial and capitalistic dynasties rise and fall and have their day of power. But Wall Street makes too much of a single name. Powerful as was the Standard Oil group of capitalists, the stock market always overrated its influence, just as to-day it exaggerates that of the Du Ponts. There are always other groups just as rich, powerful and influential in the destinies of corporate affairs as those which Wall Street at once idolizes and fears. But it is always the fortune, good or bad according to the point of view, for one name to be blazoned forth and for others to remain quiet and unmentioned in the background. Thus I do not fear any serious contradiction to the statement that the Mellons of Pittsburgh and the Whitneys of New York, who are newer and stranger to the general reading public than even the Du Ponts, are in reality just as much to be reckoned with in as many great corporations.

Fifteen years ago it was the affectation of Wall Street to have Standard Oil buy everything, and it was considered bad taste to inquire whether the resources of these capitalists had any limits. A few years earlier, when Mr. Morgan entered the steel industry, Wall Street jumped to the conclusion that he would likewise enter every other great industry, merging them one after the other as he went along. So, too, Wall Street after its manner will no doubt exaggerate the influence of the Du Ponts. But on the other hand there must be some channel for the capital and energy of the great Du Pont organization after the war. The dividends paid to the chief stockholders in this company rival those of Standard Oil. Certainly if this group has capital, organization and ambition to spare it can find a sufficient outlet in the motor industry, which has undoubted possibilities of growth both during and after the war, and which offers so many further opportunities for the talents and energies of those who believe in large combinations of manufacturing enterprises.

Just as in steel and automobiles, the tendency in the copper industry has been to build up a few large units, though repeated efforts were long made to create one all-comprehensive merger. Gradually two dominant groups have emerged, Anaconda, backed by the Standard Oil crowd, and Kennecott-Utah, a Morgan-Guggenheim combination. So huge have these two

(Continued on Page 43)

A Vital War Measure

Make Use of Our Highways, Conserve Steel, and Relieve Transportation Facilities in a Big and Practical Way

TO BUILD 50,000 steel freight cars and 1250 locomotives, takes approximately 1,437,000 tons of steel.

It takes only 300,000 tons of steel to build 200,000 motor trucks with equal ton mile freight-carrying capacity. This is a saving of over 1,100,000 tons of steel.

By using the highways, in addition to relieving railways of a portion of their freight, tremendous terminal expenses and congestion are saved, as well as the cost of transferring to and from terminals. Motor trucks over highways carry merchandise direct from shipper to consignee.

Greater use of our highways is imperative.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY
Ardmore, Pa.
ESTABLISHED 1897

A Vital War Measure

—*and here is the data*

SINCE publishing the above advertisement we have been flooded with inquiries as to the data on which our figures are based.

The steel for freight cars is figured at twenty-five tons per car—for locomotives, with tender, 150 tons.

The steel for motor trucks is figured, according to Autocar practice, 1½ tons per two-ton truck.

The freight car ton-mileage is figured on 40 tons average load and 20 miles per day (official railroad figures and admittedly high).

The motor truck ton-mileage is figured on a two-ton load and 100 miles per day—easily managed in intercity work.

On this basis four two-ton trucks will do the work of one freight car. And more—for they carry their freight with one handling direct from shipper to consignee. They save steel by the million tons.

Again we say: Greater use of our highways is imperative.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, ARDMORE, PA.
ESTABLISHED 1897

Men who demand the best, drive cars equipped with Auto-Lite

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

Its Bigness is Due To Its Goodness

Everyone, at least in the automobile industry, knows Auto-Lite is the largest Company in the world—

Devoted exclusively to manufacturing electric starting, lighting and ignition systems for motor cars.

The *bigness* of Auto-Lite's output is of vital significance to every purchaser of a car, because—

It eloquently tells of the superior intrinsic *goodness* of the Auto-Lite system that creates the tremendous demand for it.

Manufacturers and car owners dare not risk mediocrity for the vital functions it must perform.

For this reason the Auto-Lite is the largest in the world—1800 a day!

It was original with the six-volt separate unit principle now accepted as the standard.

And it is backed by a nation-wide chain of service stations without an equal in the world.

Yet not one-half of one per cent of the hundreds of thousands of Auto-Lite systems have ever required service attention.

See that the next car you buy is equipped with the Auto-Lite system.

Head Office and Factory
Toledo, Ohio

Electric Auto-Lite Corporation

Detroit Sales Office
1507 Kresge Bldg.

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assemblages of companies become that any possibility of a complete merger is very remote, unless the Sherman Anti-Trust Law should be entirely repealed.

It is curious that the reason for combining copper interests has changed entirely in the last ten or fifteen years. Henry H. Rogers, in many respects the most aggressive of the Standard Oil captains, was the real pioneer in the field of copper mergers. During the many lean years when the world suffered from an overproduction of copper Rogers and his young lieutenant, John D. Ryan, now in charge of aircraft production for the Government, tried in many ways to bring the copper producers together. In cut-throat competition lay ruin. At one time they had a Copper Producers' Association; at another time they talked "community of interest." Then again young Mr. Ryan leaned strongly toward the syndicate, or cartel, idea so characteristic of Continental and especially German industry. On still other occasions efforts were made actually to merge all the big producers, bringing under the one roof, so it was said, even the leading consumers like General Electric and Westinghouse Electric.

But every attempt to merge always met with failure, perhaps because the powerful copper companies in the upper peninsula of Michigan could never be brought in. The largest of these mines were and are controlled by the Calumet and Hecla Company, owned and directed entirely by Bostonians. This was a distinct, separate, conservative entity, with little sympathy in its Back Bay heart for the ambitious financial interests of New York. Calumet and Hecla, old and fabulously rich, always stood coldly aloof from merger schemes, occupying an enviable position like that of Mr. Carnegie before the steel trust was formed.

The Copper Giants

To make matters even worse, about the time that copper was so low in price that profits were most difficult to extract from any mine huge new deposits of ore, "porphyries," were found. These could be produced at a low cost, and many of the older companies were seriously threatened. As a result of all these stimulants to action the larger units, especially the Amalgamated, later absorbed into the Anaconda, and the Kennecott-Utah, began to expand, and have grown steadily ever since by the purchase of stock in other companies, especially in the low-cost, low-grade ore producers.

To trace the growth of the Anaconda and the Kennecott groups would be wearisome. To-day they easily dominate the industry, one backed by Rockefeller and the other by Morgan capital. Their peculiarity has been the fact that for the most part no actual mergers have taken place. Great blocks of stock in various companies have been bought. But managements have not been consolidated because the mines are in widely separated localities and require different types of operation. One of these concerns owns stock in mines as far apart as Alaska and South America. The idea has been to perpetuate the life of great capital investments by securing varying types of ore deposits under common ownership, but not necessarily under the same management or corporate entity. So there are many separate companies, but the ultimate control of a remarkably large proportion of the copper production of the Western Hemisphere can be traced finally to the two dominant corporations, Anaconda and Kennecott.

The limits, somewhat intangible but none the less real, to the process of concentration and consolidation seem to be psychological rather than economic and physical. A merger of the American and Baldwin Locomotive companies or of the General Electric and Westinghouse Electric companies would not only come into abrupt contact with the Sherman Law but would defy public opinion—that is, where two separate companies already so completely dominate an industry the merger of these two is an imposaibility, unless under direct government control.

The Western Union and the Postal Telegraph will never dare get together as a strictly private enterprise, but if the Government should take over telegraph companies as a war measure its first step would be to merge these two.

Many industries have so long been crystallized into so-called trusts that relatively little change is likely to take place. This is true of the packing industry, where four or five great corporations have long been supreme; and of the tobacco, sugar and oil businesses. In sugar and oil, however, the war has laid such a strain upon production that what were once small companies have grown to large proportions. The American Sugar Refining Company is as big as ever, but in addition there is now room for the two or three large recent mergers of Cuban plantations.

The Standard Oil companies are as tremendous as ever, but the war, together with the world revolution in motive power from steam to oil, has made room for at least ten big independents. Fifteen years ago these were either of puny proportions as compared with the Standard or else were kept out of the running altogether by the Rockefellers. To-day they have about all the business they can do, and are approaching many of the Standard companies in size. Nothing could be more logical in course of time than a merger of several of these so-called independents.

For the ambitious captain of industry looking for new worlds to conquer there are many inviting fields lying open, where business on a large scale seems to be for the benefit of the public and where there is no fear of running counter to the Anti-Trust Law. Only recently the consolidation tendency, or at least the chain tendency, has struck the hotel business, working through many men, of whom Statler, Bowman and T. Coleman Du Pont are perhaps the best-known examples.

Business After the War

Nor does there seem to be any limit to the development of the chain-store and the five-and-ten-cent-store idea. Woolworth, Liggett, Butler and Kresge are only a few of the many who are changing retail trade into big business. Provided efficiency can keep pace with growth, the sky seems to be the only limit in the chain-store field.

The same tendency in still another direction is perhaps only temporarily halted by high costs. I refer to public utilities, such as electric light and traction companies, many of which have gradually been gathered into a few great groups of holding companies. If these concerns are permitted to raise their rates and remain in private hands there will be an opportunity to carry the concentration process much further, because there are so many thousands of such companies that it will be years yet before enough can be gathered into a few hands to raise the cry of trust.

It is perfectly obvious that any trade that has to meet directly German competition after the war will need both size and financial strength. Even before the war Germany had about four hundred cartels, or combinations of manufacturers, in various lines. It is the dye industry which perhaps most fears German competition. But America has already taken a long step forward to meet the much feared foreign competition. Not only has the Du Pont Powder Company entered this field, but another group, consisting of five important concerns, has formed a twenty-five million-dollar corporation, the National Aniline and Chemical Company, to manufacture dyes. Already not only have the two largest dye makers in the country been included but the leading manufacturers of heavy chemicals, benzol and coal-tar products, such as pitch, tar, naphthalene, and so on, have each contributed liberally to the venture.

Industrial units were much more concentrated and relatively far more powerful in Germany before the war than here; partly, however, because the government worked with rather than against big concerns. In Canada the process was proceeding so rapidly just before the war that it was known as mergeritis. Just how Germany is handling the problem now we do not know, but in Japan and England concentration is proceeding apace, especially in England as regards shipping and banks.

A high official of one of the largest and most rapidly growing corporations in the country was asked what form he thought American industry would take after the war. His concern is engaged in several lines most essential to the war, including shipbuilding, and it also includes numerous other activities, which will be just as necessary after the war as now. He said:

"Labor standards have always been lower in European countries than here and will continue relatively lower after the war.

(Concluded on Page 45)

The Secret of
Paint "Service"

UPON the quality of the ingredients used in the manufacture of mixed paint depends in a large measure the paint service it gives—service in durability, weather resistance, and fine appearance. No matter how skillfully applied, poor paint, made of inferior materials, will not give maximum service.

One of the most important ingredients in a really good and serviceable mixed paint, for exterior or interior use, is

Pure Gum Turpentine

Concerning the dangers of substitutes for pure turpentine in mixed paints, Mr. John Dewar, master painter and recognized national authority, said in an address to master painters:

"The substitutes for Pure Spirits of Turpentine are many and their selling advocates eloquent. Remember when you are purchasing a something to take its place, you are getting an imitation, which may be costly at any price."

Dependable paint made with Pure Gum Turpentine should cost no more than inferior paint made with turpentine substitutes—in fact, is far less expensive in the long run. It is practical economy for you to ***insist*** on paint made with Pure Gum Turpentine.

If you have occasion to use turpentine for any purpose—in paint or otherwise—you will be interested in reading the valuable and informative booklet, "Facts Worth Knowing About Turpentine." It is free if you address Department A-2.

National Turpentine & Rosin Bureau
Audubon Bldg.,
New Orleans, La.

If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

It isn't B.V.D. Underwear

The comfort of the individual must come second to the need of the nation. Therefore, because of Government requirements, please be tolerant this season if B.V.D. Underarments are not as freely available as previously.

Shirts or Drawers 65¢ the Garment

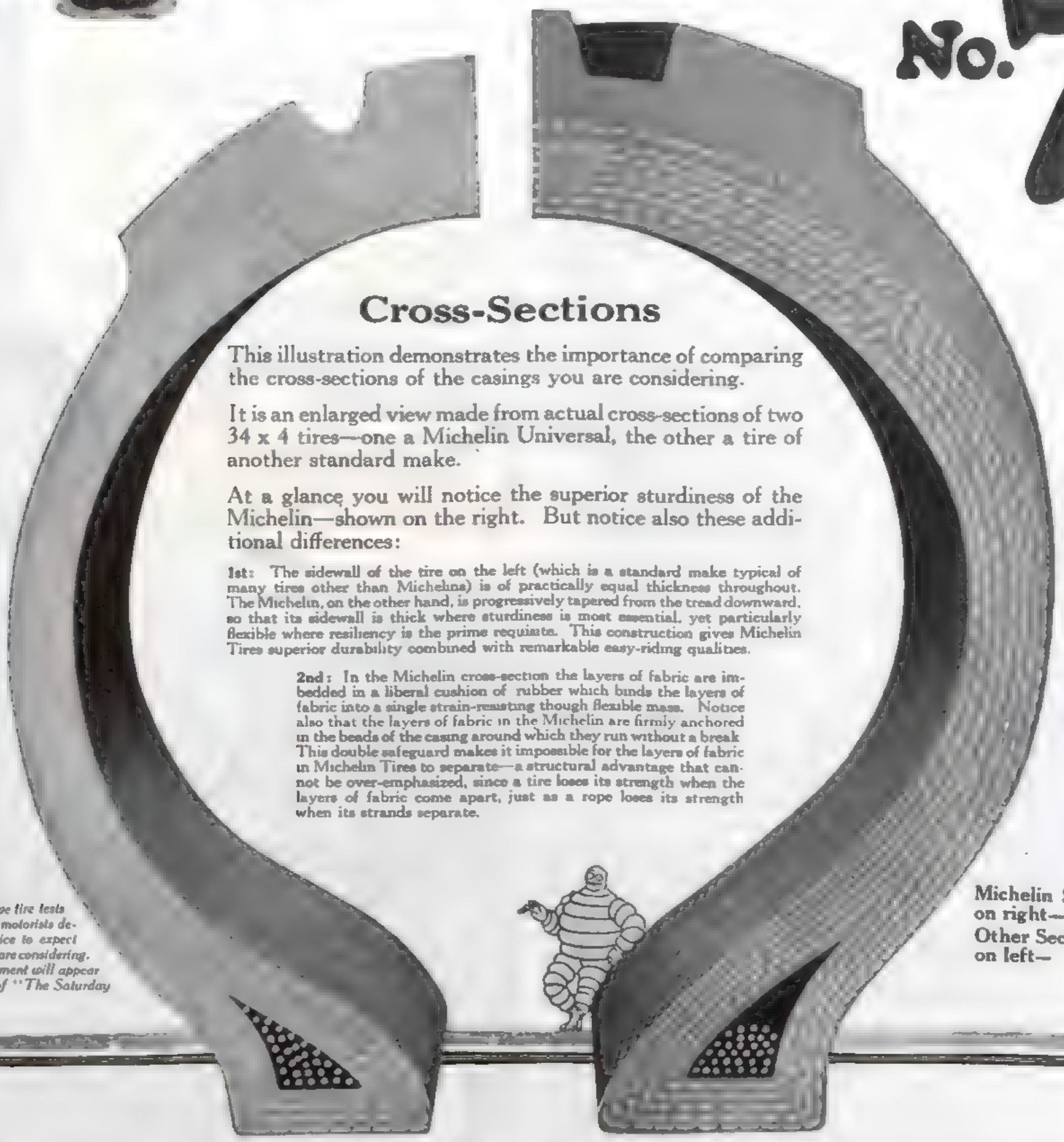
B.V.D.

Sleeveless Union Suits $1.25 the Suit

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests

No. 7



Cross-Sections

This illustration demonstrates the importance of comparing the cross-sections of the casings you are considering.

It is an enlarged view made from actual cross-sections of two 34 x 4 tires—one a Michelin Universal, the other a tire of another standard make.

At a glance you will notice the superior sturdiness of the Michelin—shown on the right. But notice also these additional differences:

1st: The sidewall of the tire on the left (which is a standard make typical of many tires other than Michelins) is of practically equal thickness throughout. The Michelin, on the other hand, is progressively tapered from the tread downward, so that its sidewall is thick where sturdiness is most essential, yet particularly flexible where resiliency is the prime requisite. This construction gives Michelin Tires superior durability combined with remarkable easy-riding qualities.

2nd: In the Michelin cross-section the layers of fabric are imbedded in a liberal cushion of rubber which binds the layers of fabric into a single strain-resisting though flexible mass. Notice also that the layers of fabric in the Michelin are firmly anchored in the beads of the casing around which they run without a break. This double safeguard makes it impossible for the layers of fabric in Michelin Tires to separate—a structural advantage that cannot be over-emphasized, since a tire loses its strength when the layers of fabric come apart, just as a rope loses its strength when its strands separate.

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to help motorists determine what service to expect from the tires they are considering. The next advertisement will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post".

Michelin Section on right—
Other Section on left—

The world-wide reputation of the house of Michelin—the oldest, most experienced of all tire makers—is your assurance that only the best of materials are used in Michelins.

That a greater quantity of these superior materials is used in Michelin Tires is proved by their extra weight and remarkable thickness which mean greater durability. And the superiority of Michelin design is shown by the above illustration.

Better materials, more materials and superior construction—these account for the supreme durability of Michelin Tires.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY **MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY**

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited, 782 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal, Canada

Dealers in All Parts of the World

(Concluded from Page 43)

That is a disadvantage that we have to face. When the war is over Europe must sell vast quantities of goods to regain its financial solvency. How then can we compete, with our raw materials but little if any cheaper, our cost of capital practically the same, and our labor costs much higher? These are the only elements that go into production except one other—efficiency of management. The only way to make up for the higher labor costs, the only way to prevent our home markets from being ruined is by having better, more ingenious and more scientific management, by cutting corners and by cutting out waste.

"I am not one who believes that labor can be cut down much. It will keep what it has won. We are going headlong into industrial democracy, just as France and America ran into political democracy more than a hundred years ago. It will be a splendid thing unless while the new problem is being threshed out the production of wealth ceases. That is what has happened in Russia. Let us avoid it if we can.

"If by cooperation, by working together or by a species and degree of combination and amalgamation never contemplated before we are able to cut down the cost of management, then labor can keep what it has and production will not be hampered. It may take the form of either or both of two methods: Competitors may actually combine and consolidate; or concerns in allied or slightly different lines may join forces to consolidate the purchase of raw materials, the credit and sales departments and the higher executive work. I should not be surprised to see a great development along this latter line.

"Our machine-tool industry is one of the greatest in the world. Only Germany has anything to compare with it. But it is split up into many small concerns. A five-million-dollar company is considered large. One company makes lathes, another boring machines, and so on. Suppose they all combine to purchase their raw materials, and put into one central office their credit, sales and foreign departments. What a saving it would be! Thus we may have an entirely new species of industry after the war."

By far the most conclusive evidence of the prevailing tendency is the rapid amalgamation of banks, which is going on to a considerable degree in the larger cities of this country but more especially in England. In England there has been the same hue and cry against the money trust in the last year or two that this country went through with about five years ago. Public opposition to concentrated control always seems to spend itself in a short time. Indeed there have been more absorptions of small banks by big ones in New York City since the money-trust investigation and the inauguration of the Federal Reserve system than before.

As the London Economist says: "When production was organized in platoons, making demands for credit that were nominally expressed in thousands of pounds, little local banks with small resources sufficed. Now that production is organizing itself in divisions—not to say army corps—and the tactical unit has become big enough to want credit by the million, perhaps by the milliard, the banking organization has rebuilt itself on a scale to meet the new position.

"Finance can only live by serving the industry behind it; and so, when industry is handled by huge organizations, finance, its handmaid, has to grow out of a nimble little charwoman into a gigantic maid of all work. The work must be done by bigger and fewer hands, but they must not be so few as to limit competition. We have already expressed the opinion . . . that the competition between the few units that are now forming is likely to be fiercer than ever."

The Poets' Corner

Land-Fettered

I LOVE to sit where there are ships
And the swift current seaward slips;
To sit and dream of shining sails,
Of sailors standing at the rails,
While from the prow the water drips
And softly seething foam bells break
Along the run to join the wake
Where joyously the dolphin trails;
To feel a breeze that never fails
My errant, eager soul to take
Beyond the far, mysterious rim
Where sky and water blend and dim.
'Tis there the pleasant islands lie,
And perfumed winds are born, to die
At sunset. Where some wizard whim
Has flung wild peaks against the sky
In a fantastic revelry
Above high ranks of waving palm
And jungled forest breathing balm
Where birds like broken rainbows fly.

Land-fettered though my body be,
Such things can set my spirit free,
Such thoughts can leaven all my days
And tune my soul to elfin lays,
And faëry lands beyond the sea.

—*J. Allan Dunn.*

The Chantey of the Pirates and the Submarine

For the United States Naval Patrol

THERE'S a trail of silver, a streak of white—
Yo ho, boys, it's a submarine!—
And a sneaking periscope scuds in sight.
Yo ho, boys, sink 'em down!

There's the bark of a gun and a flash of fire—
Yo ho, boys, it's a submarine!—
And I hope they've gone to the devil, their sire.
Yo ho, boys, sink 'em down!

"Oh, wot's this slantin' down from above?"
Ask the jolly old pirates, each of his love—

The little green sea-girls dandled on knee
"By the great god Neptune, wot could she be?"

So each one asks in his palace of jade,
Where, becalmed forever from winds of the trade,
With pipe in hand that never goes out
And wine that pours from a magic spout,

Each one waits for eternity,
With a jolly little mermaid on his knee.

"Wot's this?" shouts Kidd, with an upward leer;
Then his pearl-white Nereid sings in his ear,

With the rest of the pirates all a-lean:
"It's the outcast thing called a submarine;

"They be folk that strike while passengers sleep;
They be folk that follow and lurk and creep

"As the bank-teethed shark of the Caribbees do.
And they slaughter the women and children too!"

Then a Cinque Ports man, with rings in his ear,
Says, "Blimie, maties, they cawn't come 'ere!

"But I've 'eard of the white-hot core of 'ell,
Where the Saracen cutthroats flounder an' yell,

"That never 'ad mercy on friend or foe—
There let 'em take their dunnage an' go!"

So the pirates voted unanimously,
Each with his little sea-girl on his knee:

"Oh, we've fought on junk boat an' caravel too;
An' we've shipped, hell-bent, with a cutlass crew;

"We've gone on galiot an' galleon—
But we ain't got any room for a Hun.

"For the killin' an' lootin' we did was clean,
An' we'd never ha' rode in a submarine!"

There's a streak of silver, a wash of white,
And a sneaking periscope lifts in sight.

There's a gun speaks out with a flash of fire,
Yo ho, boys, it's a submarine!
And they sink with a swirl to the devil, their sire!
Yo ho, boys, sink 'em down!

—*Harry Kemp.*

GRAFLEX Camera

For Unusual Photographs

What the Graflex is—

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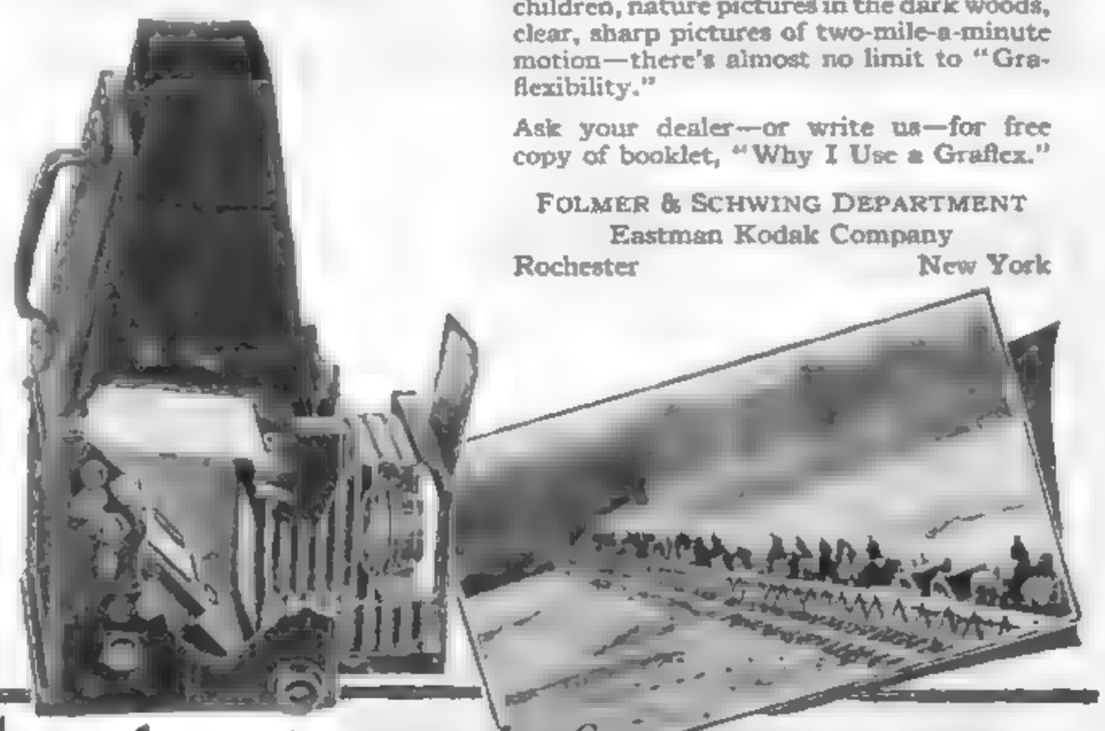

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MENNEN'S

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man's eyes. Sometimes he sits there all day long with his hands in his pockets and that old motionless chew in his mouth, looking out the window—working up something."

"What is it," I asked him—"more stock?"

"I guess so," said Al. "That minister is in it yet. Don't fret. George hasn't made his whole killing yet."

"I hope you're right," I said. "It certainly would be a shame to go off and leave this now—not half picked!"

About four days afterward Al came over and whispered to me when I was going out in the morning: "Got any date for to-night? Well, don't make any. It's on again. Same old place; same old time! And I think we can fix it up to-night to get a look at them through that door—get a view of the stage."

We were there in our box seats when they started the performance, with our door opened a little crack this time into the anteroom. The show opened right away—old George starting it right off.

"I just got word of something," he said in that gray old level voice of his, "about the company, that we two stockholders with the most at stake have got to get together on."

"What is it?" said John Wilberforce in his actor's voice. "Anything alarming?"

We could see them sitting there in the main room through the farther door—exactly like a stage!

"It's bad!" said old George; and he shook his long gray head.

"Explain it, if you please," said John Wilberforce, tossing his long black hair back with his long white hand. That was one of his gestures. I'd seen him, by this time, on the lecture platform. He kept it with him always—that stagy manner—and wore that velvet vest and flowing necktie of his!

"It's this," said George, his old gray eye on him: "Next week there's going to be a lien filed on that mine of ours. I just heard it to-night."

"A lien filed!" said John Wilberforce. "By whom?"

And I smelled Al's breath, turning toward me again. He'd been putting in three or four cocktails before he came over. I was afraid of him—especially with that door opened. "Shut up!" I whispered; and we listened to George giving the story to him—about the banks that had been financing the old owners of the mine. How they'd come down on them!

"You see what they're doing, don't you," said the old man, with his icy eye on the other one, "now they've found out what we can do with it? They're going to jump in and grab it before we can protect it!"

"But the others—the present owners—can't they protect it?" asked J. Wilberforce.

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" said George. "Never in the world! Their mistake was taking that other crowd's word that they'd take care of them—give them a chance to pull out on what they'd borrowed."

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" said John Wilberforce. "Is that the lien?"

"Yeh. And when they once foreclose and take the property over," said the old man, "they'll fix that lease of ours—their lawyers will—so that it looks about like nothing in a dark night."

I could feel Al turn his breath my way again, starting to speak. "Shut up, you fool!" I told him.

"I knew that gang that's after it too," said Christian George, "that bunch back of that bank. They're bad ones. But I didn't know they wanted it that bad."

"The gang's himself!" Al whispered.

"I thought this was all provided against by our contract," said John Wilberforce Graham finally. You could see him sitting there, through the doorway, with his black hair blacker and his white face whiter under the electric light. And opposite him that old gray still devil across the table slouched down in his chair, listening. "I thought this was all guarded against," said John Wilberforce.

"It was," said old George, "by our option to buy for a half million dollars."

"One of These Pulpit Orators, Into Politics and Reforms. Quite a Man Too".

"I thought so," said the other man, and threw his hair back again.

"But where'll we get the half million from?" George wanted to know. "In two weeks?"

"In other words," said the minister after a second, "the danger is that our plan may become literally true. We'll have a plant but no mine. A pile of bricks and iron—and nothing else!"

"Except this," said George, sitting up a little: "Those contracts for that machinery are not all signed yet; not so a good share of them couldn't be held off or broken!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked the minister right back. "Do you mean merely that we could save something of our investment if we lose the mine?"

"I don't! Not so you'd notice it!" said George with a raw edge on his voice. "I don't usually figure to lie down and let a band of cutthroats like that take my good money away from me."

"What will you do then?" John Wilberforce wanted to know. "You say you can't raise the five hundred thousand dollars."

"In two weeks? What do you think?" said George. And he sat still, while we strained ourselves listening. "We've got one chance, and that's all," he said then, "to keep our money. We can try and bid the property in on that lien—if we can—with what money we've got."

"Can we—can we do this?" said John Wilberforce, sitting up and getting excited again.

"We can if we go at it right," George told him. "Try their own game—lie still and let them think they've got us. And when the day comes, step up and bid it in. Take it over by paying off the lien. I can do it," he said, "if they'll put it in my hands."

And Al kicked me.

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" said the minister.

"Yes."

"How?"

"How?" said George. "I'll show you: In the first place we can get two hundred thousand dollars loose still, from that three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' appropriation for plant."

And the minister nodded, slow and deep.

"We can take the fifty-thousand-dollar reserve for working capital."

"That makes two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"We'll need fifty thousand dollars more."

"Yes."

"Where are we to get it?"

"I'll loan it myself!" said George.

"By Crimus!" said Al, almost out loud. I grabbed a handful of his leg, but nobody'd heard him. John Wilberforce was up on his feet addressing George like a public meeting.

"This isn't business," he said. "It's pure generosity."

"Not so you'd notice it!" said George. And I saw under that strong light that quick move of his he made when he turned that secret chew of tobacco in his mouth. "It's business, that's all—with me. It's only common sense that I would protect a fortune while I've got the ready cash to do it with."

And I felt Al's breath turning toward me again, and I pinched him.

"I don't agree with you," said John Wilberforce. "It's a splendid offer—from any standpoint. You've saved the property!"

"Every dollar of it," said Al in my ear, "from that stock we sold them, that he told them he was keeping for himself!" And he shut right up again, listening, for George was going on talking.

"There's conditions to it, too," he said, "you may not like when you hear them. If we do this thing—jump in and beat these fellows at their own game—still-hunting, it can't be done by coming out and beating drums; it's got to be done by somebody who knows that kind of business."

"That's perfectly clear."

"To speak plain," said George, "if I put my money into this it's got to be done—or I think it has—by me!"

"That's clearer still," said J. Wilberforce.

"And in the second place," said George, "we've got to realize, before we go into it, what this means. All this, naturally, is only temporary. What it means finally is an issue of new stock."

"Ah hah!" said Al.

"To raise the three hundred thousand dollars again."

"Precisely," said George. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do about that part. I want to fix that the easiest possible way too. We want to keep down the capital of the company to the lowest possible point. Especially us fellows that have got holdings there already! So I'll do this," he said, "so we'll get all our three hundred thousand dollars clear: The company can issue sixty thousand dollars more stock over and above this—making a total of eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars capitalization in all. And then give me the extra sixty thousand dollars in stock for my work selling it, and I won't ask the company for any money commission at all."

"Oh, is he good?" said Al in my ear. And I kicked him.

"You think that would go through—that plan," George wanted to know, "with our directors?"

"Go through?" said J. Wilberforce, lecturing again. "How could it help it?"

"The new stock ought to sell well. It ought to appeal well to everybody," said George, talking slowly, "if we pay three hundred thousand dollars for the property we thought we were getting a cheap option on at five hundred thousand!"

"This is magnificent," said J. Wilberforce, looking at the ceiling, not seeming to hear him. "Real business strategy!"

"And yet—we've got to realize," said George, going along, "we've sold a large amount of this stock here. If we're going to sell three hundred thousand dollars more, every one of us has got to get out and hustle. Because we've got to sell it all to get the mine working properly. Everybody's got to help—take more stock and urge everybody else to!"

"What can I do? How can I help personally?" said the minister.

"Did he fall for it?" Al whispered. "Did he fall?"

Old George sat looking, thinking—stiller and grayer than ever.

"Would you be responsible for ten or fifteen thousand more stock?" he said finally.

"If it would do any good," said the other man, "without any money to take it up now!"

"That's my lookout," said George, "as it was before. Under the same arrangement. If you ever want to draw out you telephone me."

"I put myself," said J. Wilberforce, "unreservedly in your hands—after what you've just done. The only thing is," he said, "when our mine wins heavily—as I know it will—I shall owe too much to you."

"Don't worry about that," said George. "I don't."

"Look!" said Al, sputtering in my ear again. "He's shaking hands with him!"

"It might be, too," George was telling him, "that some time, in a limited way, I would want you to express the confidence in the proposition you've just expressed to me."

I could just hold Al till we got out into the hall.

"And you worrying about more stock to sell!" he said. "Ain't it awful?" he said, shaking his head. "Ain't it awful? First he sells them the machinery. Now he sells them the mine!"

"And now we sell them three hundred and sixty thousand dollars more stock," I told him. "Don't forget that!"

"You sell them, huh!" said Al. "Sure! You'll get out big—I know," he said. "What worries me is poor old George, how he's coming out in this.

"It's a shame," said Al; "that's all! He's nothing in this last thing much—only the company that owns the mine, and the bankers that are stealing it! If they don't hurry in with three hundred thousand more he'll have to take it away from himself."

"Three hundred and sixty thousand," I said.

"Right!" said Al. "I forgot. Three hundred and sixty thousand! And J. Wilberforce on ahead, selling it for us."

It certainly was too bad the way we took the money away from that church crowd, the next six weeks after George had bid in that mine of his.

"Like robbing contribution boxes," Al used to say.

They were all doubling up their subscriptions and bringing their neighbors in. The cleanest kind of money, all clear—with the selling expenses that generally eat everything up cut down to nothing, on account of this John Wilberforce Graham and the rest that had got in round him.

Christian George was working him harder and more open now. We had that letter from him there was so much

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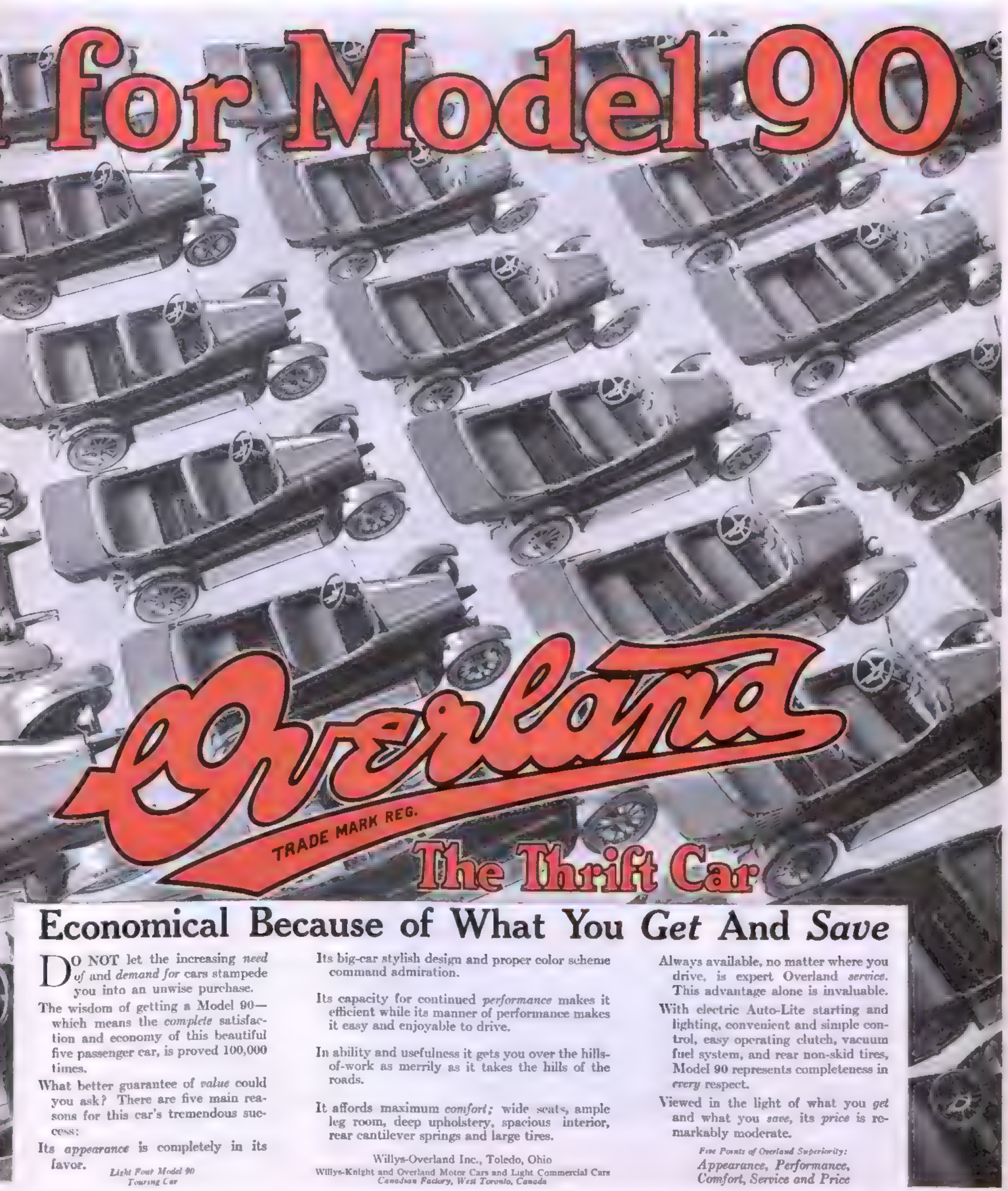

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(Continued from Page 47)

talk about—that "Bountiful-increase" letter. It went something like this: "I advise no one upon his personal investments. But I will say this much: My own faith is expressed in a hundred and fifty per cent increase in my holdings in the larger and strengthened company, which I have every trust will show an increase of returns far more bountiful than my subscription warrants."

George had got it out of him first to show to just a few particular ones, where they needed it most. But he turned it loose on everybody now.

"He's getting restless," said Al to me.

"Who?"

"J. Wilberforce."

"What over?"

"That letter. Some of his congregation are after him. He's been in here several times about cutting it out."

"What did George tell him?"

"It was all a mistake! He'd rectify it right away."

"And all the time," I said, "plastering the state with it worse and worse."

"Sure!" said Al. "What does he care now?"

We ran right on selling them like a circus. Nothing could stop us.

"It must be about all done," I said to Al finally. "That three hundred and sixty thousand."

"A few thousand more or less," said Al. "It's all done practically."

"Are we going to get any more to sell them?" I asked him.

"You tell me."

"He might boost it up to the full million." I said. "We could sell it."

"He's getting up something," said Al.

"What?"

"I don't know."

"He's sold them the plant, and he's sold them the mine," I said. "But he ought to be able to think up something else still."

"Or J. Wilberforce might get him finally to take his twenty-five thousand dollars' worth and sell it for him," said Al, laughing.

"What's on with him?"

"You seen him lately," he asked me—"J. Wilberforce?"

"No. Why?"

"It's the funniest thing you ever saw," said Al. "He's getting wise! Somebody must be after him hot about that letter. You'd laugh to see him coming in, with that hair down and that tie loose, looking for George."

"What for?" I asked him.

"He's wise, I tell you! For two weeks he's been writing in and coming in and trying to get to George, to get him to quit using that letter, and to take that stock off his hands as he promised him—let him out; and George ducking him. It's a scream!"

"According to you," I said, "J. Wilberforce wouldn't be selling much of any new stuff for us if we got it out."

"Oh, I don't know," said Al; "he might have to!"

"Have to?"

"Yeh. If George couldn't use him," said Al, "why would he keep carrying that stock for him? Why wouldn't he just take it off his hands and put him out of his pain? There's something on there," he said, "about that stock of that minister's! George is getting ready for something new—something dark and dreary for John Wilberforce!" said Al.

"What is it, do you think?"

"We'll have to look in and see," said Al. "That's the only way."

"That's right," I said. "We don't want to miss that performance."

"We'll be right there," said Al, "for the last act!"

We were.

"Judas!" I said, whispering to Al, when I peeked through and saw that minister's face. "How he's changed!" I hadn't seen him since that last time we were there. "He's been seeing things nights!"

"Yeh," whispered Al back. "What George's been doing to him; that's what he's seeing!"

But he started right off again like old times, tossing his hair off his forehead.

"I have come here," he said, "after repeated attempts to meet you. I now ask you as an honorable man to fulfill your pledge to me."

"Piff! Piff!" said Al, over me, at the crack of the door. He'd been drinking again.

"My pledge!" said George, sitting down, looking at him.

"You must realize," said the minister, staring back at him, "the impression your constant avoidance of me lately must necessarily have made upon me. But we'll dismiss that," he said. "Now we are here face to face again, I ask you once more to fulfill your promise: Take over my stock in your own name and give me back my notes; and my letter—that you have been misusing, against my protests!"

"The letter," said Al in my ear, "is in London!"

"Shut up," I said, watching the minister.

"I can't do it, I'm afraid. Not now," said George, sitting, looking down in his chair.

"Why not?" said J. Wilberforce. "Why not? What do you mean? Why can't you take my stock over?"

"I haven't the money just now."

"What sort of excuse is this?" said the other man. "What has money to do with it? You have my stock and notes now in your personal possession, haven't you?"

"No," said George.

"No?" said the minister shouting.

"What's this?" said Al, stiffening up.

"Shut up!" I said. "Listen!"

"I've never taken them over yet," said George, "from the company's treasury!"

"Never—taken—them—over!" said Al to himself. "Oh, boy!"

Then we all stayed still. All four of us on both sides of the door—till John Wilberforce got it.

"Never taken them over!" he said, waking up finally. "Why not?" You could have heard him out into the street.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," said George, stiller than ever, and moved a little, the way he did when he shifted that secret tobacco in his cheek.

"Wait!" said John Wilberforce, holding up his hand like a traffic cop. "Wait! What do you mean? Why couldn't you take up that stock of mine from the company, as you claimed you would?"

"I didn't have the ready money," said George.

"Stop that!" I said to Al. He almost kicked my foot off.

"Well, if not," said the minister, standing up, "why haven't you sold some of your own stock—fulfilled your promise to me in that way?"

"I have," said George.

"Then sell some more."

"I can't," said George.

"Why not?"

"I've sold it all practically now," said George, keeping those little gray eyes always on him.

"O-o-oh!" said Al in my ear. "O-o-oh!"

The minister stepped back. "Sold!" he said, choking up. "All sold out!" And he caught himself up again. "Why," said John Wilberforce, pointing his white finger at George—"why did you sell out all your stock in this company?"

"I needed the money, if you've got to know," said George, never moving.

"You didn't suspect this company, then? You didn't believe it to be worthless? You didn't strip it of everything possible—break all your agreements and leave it?" asked John Wilberforce Graham, his voice going higher and higher. "There was no idea like that in your mind?"

"Answer!" said Al in the loudest whisper yet.

"The company's all right, if you want my opinion," said George, eying him. "All ready to go on," he said, "except for one thing!"

"What is that?" said John Wilberforce, and waited.

"I want to talk to you about that too," said George. I could see him now, chewing a little as he sat watching the other man. "It's working capital! That's the only thing now. You've got your plant and you've got your mine. All you need now is capital to run it with!"

"By Judas!" I said to myself.

"Capital!" Al was muttering over to himself. "Working capital, that's it. Why didn't I think of that?"

"Capital!" said John Wilberforce Graham, stepping back again. "So it's capital we need now. I thought we had ample capital provided for!"

"You would have except for certain conditions," said George.

"But you want us to issue more stock; is that it?"

"It would do no harm," said George, "to raise one hundred and forty thousand dollars more—make it the full million."

"You to sell it again at high commissions, I suppose—as in the past," said the other man, his voice rising up. "First the plant without a mine," he said; "then a mine without a plant; and now a plant and mine without money! What next—after this is sold? What next?" he asked him, shouting.

And Al stood talking to himself in the dark.

"Never!" John Wilberforce was shouting. "Never! I came here for one purpose—to protect myself. I will go out of here for another purpose—changed entirely—to protect the others you've gotten into this thing through me! I shall denounce you to-morrow. I shall demand an investigation of this whole enterprise!" He stopped there and stood in front of Christian George.

We waited there, all four of us—but Christian George the calmest of the lot.

"I wouldn't do that," said George.

"In spite of what this will mean to me personally!" said the minister, going on.

"I wouldn't do that," said George again.

"Why not?"

"How can you?" said George.

"How can I!"

"I don't believe you understand," said George, very slow. "Let's go over it. I want to show you about this working capital. We estimated," he said, "didn't we, for fifty thousand dollars' free working capital? Well, we would have it now only for one thing."

"What!" said the other man. "What is this—this hideous farce—this one thing?"

"Notes from the company's treasury," said George very slow, "for stock—not yet paid up!"

"O-o-oh," Al whispered, "what a wallop!"

And the minister's face went whiter than a clown's.

"He's getting it—finally," Al said to himself.

"You spoke of what I got out of the company," said Christian George, "about my stripping it! As far as I'm concerned, you go ahead and investigate. I'll be glad to have you. You'll find I kept inside of my twenty per cent commission. Everything is legal, you'll find. You'll find no part of this working capital is short from me. But I don't see myself how you're going to start any investigation—how you are in a position to!"

We stood there holding our breaths, listening.

"There're several others of course responsible, besides you," said George, "in there—several prominent men in the state I let in on their notes—that lie there still in the treasury. Altogether, all these notes run up to practically the amount we planned for working capital—fifty thousand dollars. But there's nobody in like you are—or anywhere near it. Your notes of course amount to twenty-five thousand dollars—practically half of the whole deficit."

"That for yours!" said Al to himself.

"The rest, outside you few, all paid their money," said George, "or notes that could be taken at the bank."

"That's right," said Al; "sit down."

The other man went back into his chair—and sat there. Old George sat opposite him, saying nothing for a minute or two, chewing his tobacco. Plain and open. What did he care now?

"I tell you what I'm willing to do," he said to the other man, "the only thing to do for all of us, that I can see, unless you've got the money to come in and pay up for your stock, you and the rest of them," he said, and waited for him.

The other man just moved, but said nothing, sitting back, watching George chewing.

"We've got to get out that treasury stock," said George. "Evidently. It will be the best thing, anyhow, for all concerned. It will give the company plenty of capital. And I could fix you all right then—personally."

And the minister said nothing.

"I want to do it," said George. "I want to keep my promise you say I made; and I will if you will let me. Give me the chance! If I can put this new issue through—a hundred and forty thousand dollars—and we can sell it that will give me the resources I need. I'll take that money then that we get in for our commissions and turn it right over to the company. Then I'll take up your notes and hold them myself; and that would take you out of it personally!"

"Did you hear that?" Al whispered to me.

It was a groan out of the minister. Nobody moved, waiting to see what he'd do.

"I'll do more than that," said George after awhile, when he wouldn't talk: "You can oppose me to a certain extent—after we get started. After the stock's issued you could come out and fight against me if you thought it was the right thing to do, then!"

And he sat still again, chewing, waiting for the minister to talk. But he wouldn't.

"We could fix it this way too," said George, talking again: "You could make me admit that that letter from you, which you didn't like, was just personal—written to be shown to nobody. That I made a mistake showing it!"

"He's looking up," Al whispered. And the minister lifted up his head.

"If we sold this last stock," he said, "we could go on and operate the company?"

"Yes," said George.

"You promise that?"

"Yes."

"He's coming!" Al whispered.

"Would you take any of the stock yourself—and keep it?"

"I might," said Christian George after awhile.

The other man sat still again, looking at him; looked at him for a minute, took him in and went on talking.

"And if I didn't do this?" he asked him slowly.

"I suppose," said George, slower still, "we'd have to leave things as they are."

"In other words," said John Wilberforce, jerking himself up in his seat—and he threw his hair back one more time—"if I stand aside and let you sell still more of your fraudulent stock to innocent people through me you'll save my reputation. If I consent to be your confederate in this thing you'll help me prove to everyone I'm not!"

"That's one way of putting it," said Christian George after awhile; and he sat there still and ugly.

"And if I don't ——"

"The company'll stop, won't it?" said George. "Now!"

"Has he got him?" said Al.

"I may be wrong," said Christian George, talking very slow, one word after another, "but as far as I can see it, it's this way: If you came out and attacked me now it would look bad—for you more than me, even! People would ask questions: What right you've got to complain? How it was you told everybody you had bought stock when you hadn't a dollar in of your own? What is this—insiders fighting together over what they've sold the rest of them?"

And the other man kept still and wouldn't talk again.

"Another thing you've got to remember too," George told him: "If you come out like this now it would probably kill the company anyhow. If you attacked it now and got everybody talking, do you think you'd ever get your working capital then for a proposition like this? Never! No matter how good it was. Your company would be dead—without a trial, even. You'd have destroyed it yourself!"

The minister wouldn't answer him still.

"Why?" said Christian George after awhile. "Why? Do you know that after you operated this mine it would be a failure?"

"I know you," said John Wilberforce Graham, talking finally.

"Be reasonable," said George after a minute or two. "Why destroy this company? Let it go on. What have you got anyway, but your suspicion? Why not do as I tell you: Save yourself and the company at the same time? Why smash everything when all I ask you to do is to sit still and do nothing?"

"Look!" Al whispered.

John Wilberforce was straightening up all of a sudden.

"You devil from hell!" he said, staring for a second, and put down his face into his hands.

"Look at him now," Al whispered. "You'd think he was praying."

"He is," I said.

Christian George just sat there opposite him, slowly chewing, watching him with those little old gray eyes under those wrinkled lids, older and wiser than the thousand-year-old turtle's in the zoo.

"Where'd you get your right to call names?" he said. "Why should you kick? You haven't lost a dollar. That stock hasn't cost you anything yet."

"You're wrong," said the other man very low, and got up on his feet. "You're wrong," he said. "It has cost me everything—all I own, all I am, all I've done or can do, in the past and in the future. It has cost me my life!"

(Concluded on Page 54)

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

AN increase in the number of new Cadillac owners is not now a matter which gives the Cadillac Company any especial concern.

The quiet but emphatic endorsement of those who drive the Cadillac, adds each year all the new Cadillac buyers we are able to consider, and still maintain the existing high standard.

We are much more concerned, therefore, in perpetuating the friendly relations now existing between our Company and its very large clientele.

The typical Cadillac owner firmly believes that he drives the finest car in the world.

He further believes that if anything finer develops, it will come from the Cadillac Company.

Not for a thousand new buyers would we do anything to upset this attitude in one Cadillac owner's mind.

The resources of this Company are dedicated to the grateful task of holding the wonderful confidence the Cadillac already enjoys.

You know who and what Cadillac owners are, in your own home—the very backbone of the community.

So it is everywhere—solid, substantial folk, who know what is good, and what is best, and are irrevocably committed to the Cadillac.

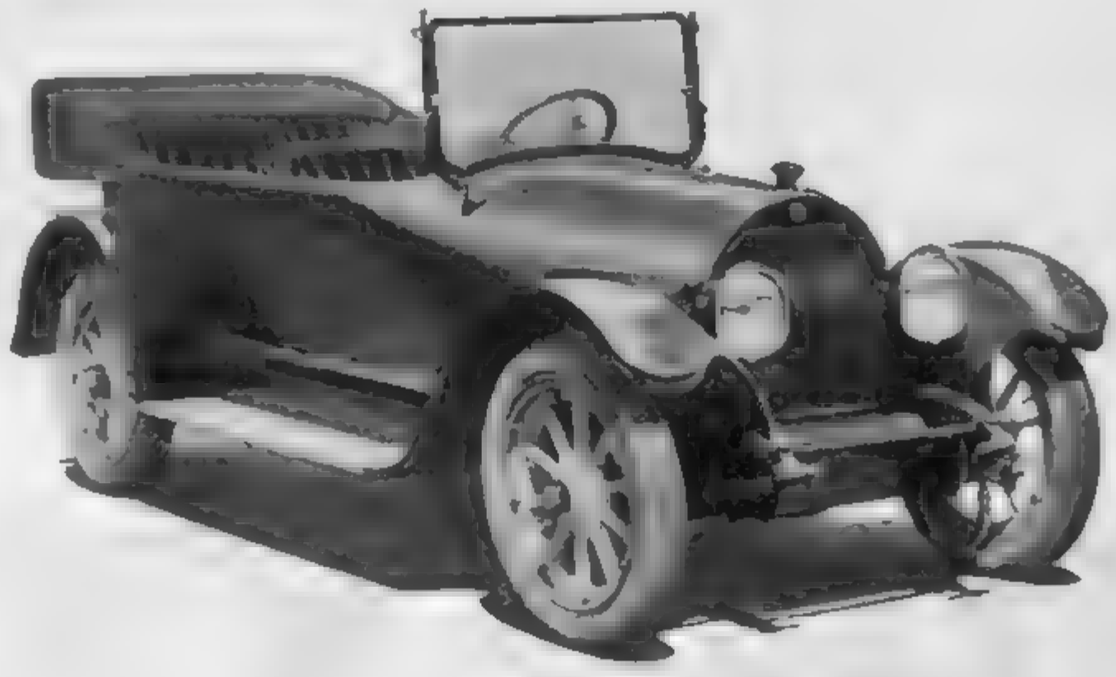
A more discriminating and appreciative body of Americans it would be hard to find.

The vast majority of these men and women never even think of acquiring any car other than the Cadillac.

The moral and monetary value of their friendship to us is a positive guarantee that Cadillac standards will always be held high above the commonplace.

There is nothing more inspiring in industrial America than the year-after-year allegiance of Cadillac owners.

We are more vitally concerned in continuing to deserve this allegiance than in any increase in business that could possibly come to the Cadillac Company.



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Photograph of the pneumatic-shod Goodyear transports which made the record Akron-to-Chicago-to-Baltimore run on Goodyear Cord Tires.

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Goodyear Transports Make Another Record Run

FIVE heavily laden and travel-stained motor trucks, shod with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires, rolled into Chicago recently on the first lap of a memorable journey.

They were part of Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston freight fleet, and thirty-six hours earlier had been dispatched from the factory in Akron loaded with materials needed by the company's Chicago branch.

Traveling night and day, over unfamiliar roads, the trucks covered the 440-mile distance in an actual running time of 22 hours, maintaining an average hourly speed of 20 miles.

Not only does this record break all standing marks for motor truck travel but it is a feat unheard of in any of the prevailing railway schedules.

Two days after their arrival in Chicago, the trucks were loaded with Red Cross supplies urgently wanted in France, and under military escort were dispatched for Baltimore.

Four days later they reached their destination, having covered the 820 miles in 101¼ hours' elapsed time, with an actual running time of 53 hours.

The Akron-to-Chicago-to-Baltimore trip totaled 1,260 miles, made in 75 hours' actual running time, or at an average speed of nearly 17 miles an hour.

Important as it is as an indication of the possibilities of the motor truck, it is an even more important demonstration of the qualities of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires.

The speed, the cushioning power and the tractive efficiency of these pneumatic tires open up to the motor truck entirely new fields of usefulness.

They allow faster travel over enormously increased areas, with greater returns from oil and fuel and less truck depreciation than otherwise is possible.

In more than 250 cities, as well as in our Akron-to-Boston highway transport service, Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks have convincingly proved their worth.

Their relation to the future of motor transportation is so immediate and vital that it cannot safely be disregarded.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 50)

And he stood there for a minute, still; and all three of us watching him. Then he turned and walked straight out.

"Without a hat!" I said, whispering.

"Where do we go from here?" said Al, looking after him.

We could hear his feet go down the corridor then very regular.

"Did you watch old George?" I said when we two were alone there, "toward the last?"

"But did you see the other one?" said Al. "When he got out—that stare? He didn't know where he was going—or what he was doing."

"What will he do—do you suppose?" I said.

"What can he do," said Al, "but what George says—finally? He's got him either way—tied and thrown. You'll start selling them all over again next month."

"No," I said. I must have had a hunch.

Al used to have the paper brought up to the room every morning so we'd have it.

"What's this!" he said, opening it up.

"What!" I said, seeing his face.

"John Wilberforce Graham!"

"What?"

"Hit by an automobile. Dead!" said Al.

"A couple of joy riders—coming in late—fifty miles an hour—out on his way home!" he said.

"Let's look at it," I said, coming over.

"Listen to this," said Al. "What they say: 'They were coming down, and all of a sudden this figure without a hat stepped out before the headlights, walking in from the sidewalk. They tried, but they couldn't miss him!'

"What do you think of that!" he said, sitting down on the bed.

"I don't know," I said. "Let's go over and see what old George's going to do?"

He was sitting there in the office, reading about it.

"Bad news, boys," he said. "One of our best friends and largest stockholders. I was right here planning with him just last night, working out the issue of more stock in the company—as we are about to do now for more working capital!" Not a twitch of those gray eyelids!

"Will he do that?" I said to Al when he'd gone out. "Will he go right on?"

"I don't know. I don't care," said Al. "Come on over here. I've got to have a drink. Come on! I've got to get that dead minister's face out of my mind!"

"Aw, forget it!" I said. "It was an accident. That's all it was."

He stopped, looking ahead.

"That's all it was too," he said. "Who ever heard of a minister killing himself?"

And he stopped again.

"Did it ever come out," I said, "about him—about his notes in the company and all the rest of it?"

"Come out—no? They fixed that, somewhere between them!"

"How about the company?"

"It started up. They got the money and went on for awhile," he told me.

"I suppose it made good?"

"Huh!" he said after awhile, and laughed briefly, straight ahead of him.

"Strange, ain't it," he said, "the difference between men in a thing like that—the way they take it? Between Al, for instance, and old George in that thing.

"You've got to have your nerve with you in this business," he said reflectively, "if you're going to put through something big. But he's a wonder—that old devil. He never loses his grip for a second. Judas! What a clean-up he made in that thing! Not less than two hundred thousand dollars. And he got away with it, what's more!"

He stared out the plate-glass window. The indigo dusk was gone. The bluish arc lights shone in the black velvet dark.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

To-Day

JED PETERS is a farmer man who simply knows it all;
And systematically he works from early spring till fall.
From long experience he knows what sort of seed to sow,
And when it's time to plow and plant and when to hoe and mow.
His neighbor, Deacon Pettingill, he also knows a heap;
For forty years he's turned the loam in furrows broad and deep.
And down the road a piece there lives old Uncle Abner Pryde,
Whose farm is called the finest one on all the countryside.
Then there is Farmer Jones, whose pumpkins always take the prize;
And Farmer Brown, who raises beets of an astounding size;
And lots of other farmers of whom it may be said
They're scions of a long, long line of farmers born and bred.
But all that these men have achieved, all the success they've earned,
All the fine skill of husbandry they've by experience learned,
All of their wise old weather saws, their judgment of the soil,
Their thoughtful, cautious sanction of the implements of toil,
All their expert opinions as to tilling of the ground
Are nothing—less than nothing—to the depth of lore profound,
The technic and the theories of Miss Myrtilla Mott,
Who's raising a War Garden on her little back-yard plot!

—Carolyn Wells Houghton.

Nobody's Secret

EMILY and Lillian chanced to meet one morning on the golf links and stopped for a chat.

"Louise told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," said Emily.

"She's a mean thing to tell you that!" cried Lillian. "Why, I told her not to."

"Well," said Emily, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me; so don't tell her I did."

When Pigskin is Pigskin

PROBABLY you have sometime or other in your life bought a pair of pigskin leggings or putties. How do you know they are pigskin? Such things as imitations have been put on the market. As a matter of fact there is no leather in the world just like pigskin in wearing quality. A saddle, a holster or a pair of putties made of this homely material will come pretty near proving indestructible.

There is one easy way, pointed out by the adjutant of one of the great army departments, by which you can tell pigskin absolutely and without fail. Examine it closely and you will find that the little black spots on the outside of the hide—that is to say, the hair side—are always located in groups of three. The whole surface will look speckled, but these specks will be there in groups of three, always and without fail, in any hide once worn by a porker.

Another part of the test is to look at the grain side of the hide. You will find here that there are holes all the way through. As a matter of fact the bristles of the hog grow entirely through the skin, and are nourished not by the skin itself but by the fatty tissues of the animal.

A Home-Made Scaler

NO DOUBT you have undertaken to scale a bass or other fish with the back of your hunting knife or the edge of it, and got scales all over yourself? There are patent fish scalers on sale at about twenty-five cents each in the sporting goods stores—mostly a circular ring of cheap metal with serrated edges. If you happen to be in camp without a fish scaler you might use the one that was suggested in a good sporting magazine not long ago. Get one of the caps from a beer bottle—one that some other fellow has left in your camp—and drive a nail through it into the edge of a stick. You will then have a serrated edge that will remove scales from perch, bass or other fish.

Longing

THE dim green woods, the alder buds,
The swinging, swaying keel,
The summer haze on woodland ways,
The lake of shimmering steel,
The tender rain on heading grain,
The whispers in the wheat,
And beyond the hill the whippoorwill
When day and darkness meet.

At twilight, while the day's last smile
Still lights the haunted west,
The winds swing low; the afterglow
Falls on an empty nest;
I hear beyond the tranquil pond
Some bird song trilling fair;
Some fluttering croon that makes the June
Too sweet for heart to bear.

For though the old sweet shadows fold
The world in long embrace,
The joy is gone as days go on
Until I see your face.
Oh dark the dawn since you are gone,
Nor is the nooning fair,
Nor skies their olden blue till you
Come back from Over There!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

The Swan's Bill

CAN you answer this question in natural history: Does a swan always have a black bill and black feet? Certainly an adult swan does. The other day a young man in a Western state told the writer he had killed a strange bird that he thought must be a goose, as it had a long neck, red bill and red feet, and rather rusty-colored white plumage. This seemed to describe the snow goose pretty accurately, excepting in regard to the long neck, my informant said that when he held the bird's head over his shoulder its feet nearly reached the ground. Of course that was too large for a white goose. I was puzzled about this bird until the young man's father, an old woodsman who had also seen it, assured me that it was a swan.

"But how about the red feet?" I asked him.

"Those red feet were all right," said the old woodsman. "Didn't you ever know that a swan in its first year has red feet and a reddish bill, and that its plumage is not quite pure white? This is true of the young swan on its first flight South. When they come back next year they are, as you say, with black feet, black bill and all white plumage."

Well, all I have to say is that this was news to me in natural history. Will some naturalist kindly inform me as to the accuracy of it? There is no doubt about the bird as described, and I have always found that this particular woodsman was mighty well-posted in everything pertaining to out-of-door life and natural history. He did not get his information out of books.

Fly Carriers

THERE seems to be no end of ideas in the making of books for the carrying of artificial flies. The snelled fly is still in use, but is rapidly decreasing in numbers. Most anglers to-day use the eyed fly. The other day a dealer showed the writer a book that he had just begun to manufacture. It had a leather cover like the old-time fly books, but the leaves were of a very thick, fluffy blanket material, a hairy sort of wool.

The leaves were detachable. He showed me that you could stick the point of a fly through the loose surface of one of these leaves, and take it out with perfect ease. A great number could be put on a page. They would not blow off from a page in case the book was opened to the wind. In short, the book looked quite practical, and was new to me at least, as it has no celluloid pockets, no metal pages and no metal clips.

No man in the world is more inventive than the sportsman, and no pages of the sporting press are more interesting than those given over to the hints, points, tips and wrinkles handed in by scores and hundreds of sportsmen over the country. All of these things are interesting and useful to the other fellow.

Do Your Ferrules Stick?

DO YOUR rod ferrules ever stick so that they are difficult to get apart? Of course the ancient way is to take a match and heat the outside ferrule, and then give it a quick pull while it is still expanded. This does not do the ferrule or the fittings of the rod any good, and may loosen the cement at the base of the ferrule. The best way is to grease the ferrule with mutton tallow before jointing up, and then wipe it off. A very thin oil will serve the same purpose.

If these things still leave the ferrule tight after a day's fishing, and if you cannot get them apart by the pull of your own hands, put the rod behind your legs and stoop down, holding the rod with the ferrule between your legs, and a hand grasping either joint, your hands being outside your legs. Now spread your legs apart suddenly. You will get a big leverage in that way, and in all probability will be able to separate the ferrules.

Another way very useful and not apt to break the rod is to have a friend take hold of the two joints, one with each hand. Then you do the same, but let your hands break joints—that is, one above and one under, so that each fellow will have one hand on each joint, not both hands on one joint. The combined pull will separate a ferrule unless it is very tight indeed. Sometimes when a man pulls very hard at the tip ferrule of a rod he is apt to bend or break the tip. These methods are better.

Vision

ABOVE the broken walls the apple boughs
Are murmurous with bees;
Again the slumbrous breeze
Eddies the snow of drifted chestnut flowers,
And little ruffling winds go silverly
Along the poplar trees.
They never speak of it to me,
My comrades. Awkward-kind
I hear their voices roughen and grow dumb,
Remembering I am blind—
But through the dark, I know—I know the spring has come
To France!

What matter I'll not see beneath the wheat
Red poppies burn again;
The gleam of April rain
Along the boulevards, the flower girls
With mignonette and pinks and clematis;
Not see again the Seine
Slip under the silver bridges to Rouen?
Ah, no; nor see
The pale gold smile of buttercups, that glorifies
Gray ruins with bravery
Heartbreaking, valiant—the smile that lights the eyes
Of France!

For through the sightless mercy of my days
White visions come to me—
Beyond the dark I see.
Not this worn, steadfast France, wan, gallant, spent,
With eyes burned haggard by the spirit of the Maid
And Charlotte of Normandy—
But France triumphant, high of heart,
Smiling through throbbing drums
On Rheims restored, Nancy, Alsace, Lorraine,
In that new spring that comes—
The spring we halt and blind, and dead bring back again
To France!

—Dorothy Paul.

Modern Fowls

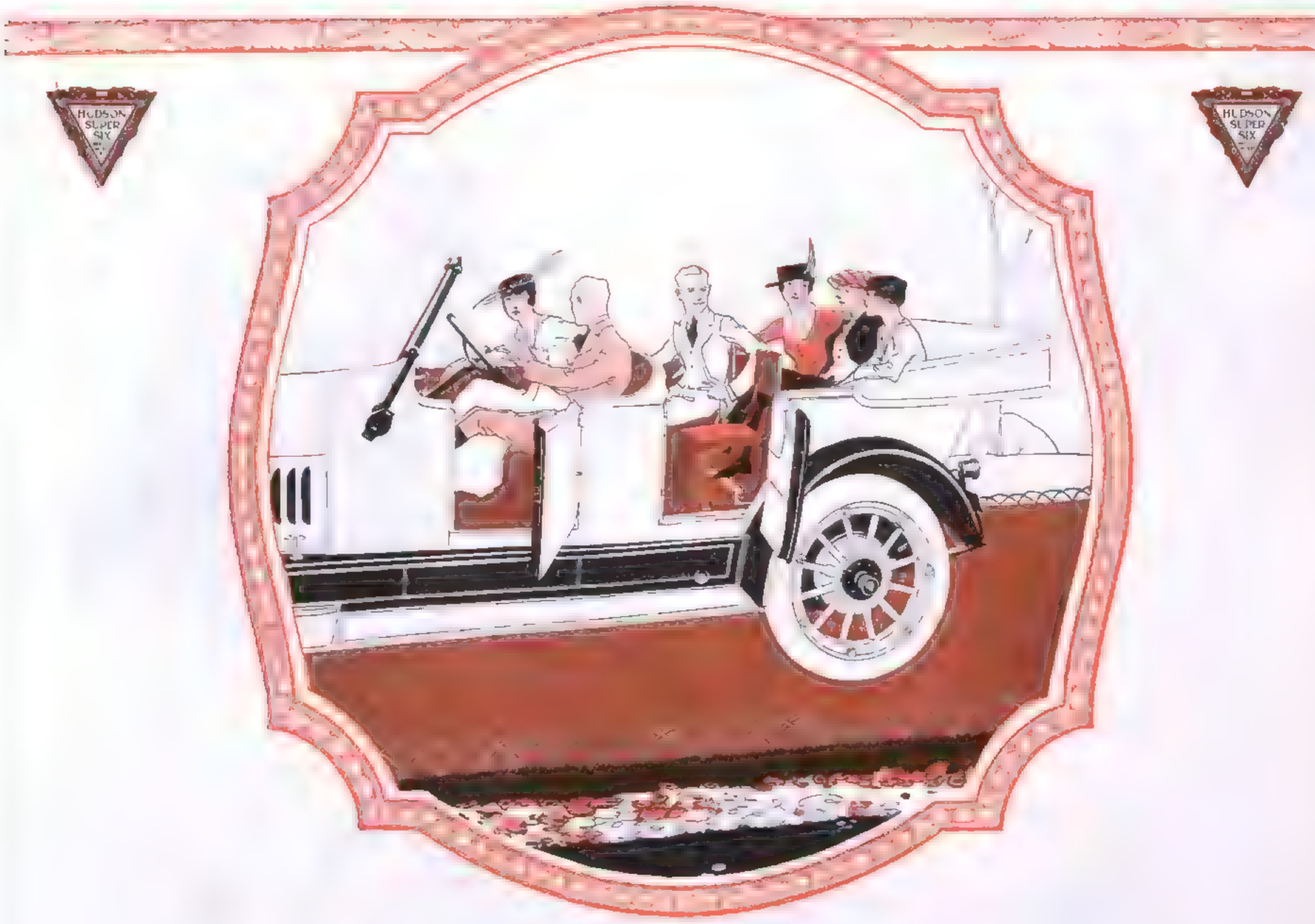
MISS REYNOLDS, a Sunday-school teacher, was reading to her class; and when she came to the words, "the fowls of the air," she asked:

"What are the fowls of the air?"

There was a pause; and then one little girl apparently solved the problem and stood up.

"Tell us, Helen," said the teacher.

"Please, miss," said Helen, "it's the bad smells!"



This Year a New Super-Six

A Car Which 50,000 Hudson Users Helped to Design

Perfection comes only through development.

We haven't yet attained the ideal in motor car building, but what 50,000 owners learned from previous models had a tremendous influence in the development of the new Super-Six.

Those who bought cars of the earlier production did so because of what they knew of the Hudson Company and what the cars had shown in tests.

No other cars appealed to them as strongly in such vital particulars as endurance, power and speed.

How well the Super-Six made good is known to all motordom.

But what is not yet so apparent is the utter refinement that has taken place in the Super-Six. It came from what Hudson engineers learned from owners, from tests made on speedways and in road races and mountain climbs.

Such development will seem strange to all who know the earlier Super-Sixes.

The improvement is not limited to the chassis. Hudson engineers worked to produce a well-proportioned, well-balanced car.

No detail stands out in distinction as against other parts. It is not because of its exclusive and famed motor that it leads. No special equipment in itself calls for unusual consideration in this new Super-Six. Even in the question of bodies, except as to their special fitness for various uses, there is no one feature upon which to place particular emphasis.

But we do point with pardonable pride to the car as a whole. It does have a wonderful and powerful motor. But so also are all other units just as well suited to their needs.

And that same well rounded complete detail applies also to the bodies, of which there are ten different types. They are beautifully designed, rigidly built and handsomely finished.

The inexperienced eye can appreciate much that has been done to make this new car a finer Super-Six. But when performance is contrasted against that of the earlier models, then only time and long, hard usage will reveal the improvements in this new series.

Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are sold only in this wax-paper bag, with the red pennant on it.

5¢

Half the Fun of the Game

What is a base ball game without peanuts? And Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts above all? The bright red pennant on Pennant Peanut bags brings a happy base ball "hunch."

Pennant Salted Peanuts, "a tasty, wholesome confection." No fear of indigestion from these peanuts. No, sir; good salted peanuts are healthful and nourishing. Herbert Hoover and Dr. H. W. Wiley say so.

Ask for Pennant, the all-Virginia salted peanut.

Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are always fresh and crisp when they get to you. Big golden Virginia peanuts, selected for size, flavor and color, and prepared by the Planters formula.

Sold by jobbers everywhere

The Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Manufacturers of high grade nut confections and peanut butter

Peanuts from Virginia plantations

Planters PENNANT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHOLE SALTED PEANUTS

AN AMAZING RIVER

(Continued from Page 17)

to shift themselves away from instead of into the channel.

But perhaps I am managing to suggest that the current is swift. It is not. Bagdad, five hundred and sixty-five miles by river from the Persian Gulf, is only one hundred and twelve feet above sea level, while Kurna, at the point where the Tigris joins the Euphrates, and one hundred and twelve miles from the gulf, is only ten and a half feet above sea level. So one always thinks of the Tigris as a still river.

In The Narrows practically everything afloat in the Tigris has at one time or another been stuck in the mud or jammed tight in between the banks of one of the many sharp bends. There is one bend in The Narrows known as the Devil's Elbow, and it did not come by its name through anybody's misconception of its character. It is an acute angle round which only the most expert of pilots can get a steamboat without the assistance of anchors and winches, and it is every pilot's dread. When the British were advancing up the Tigris with more speed than they were really prepared to make, The Narrows witnessed many a scene that was equivalent to two trains attempting to pass each other on the same track. But eventually a block-signal control was established, and since the business of supply and transport goes on night and day an electric-power plant was built and the banks lined on either side with high arc lights. These banks are now as smooth as though they had been planed and polished—the result of their almost constant contact with the sides of barges as these are squeezed through, lashed to tugs or other small steam craft.

River Scenery

But I must not go on too long with dull details about a river that is not dull in any sense or degree. Yukon, the British-Columbian skipper of the S-1—the steamboat on which I traveled between Basra and Bagdad—was wont to describe it with appropriate expectorative emphasis as: "Phh-t—durned similar and monotonous!" But I could not agree with him. And especially in the late afternoons, when the sun usually turns the more or less nothing by way of landscape through which it flows into a knobbed and hillocked, horizon-wide plain filled with points and deep cups of indescribable light. I was always on the high bridge of the S-1 for such hours as these; and one evening when I was finding it quite impossible to refrain from expressing my delight in the scene that lay all about us—stretching away and away to the ends of nowhere—Yukon, standing behind the big wheel with his eyes fixed on the river ahead, drawled in reply to my exclamations:

"Well, I don't want to be no kill-joy, but if I live to get back down to Basra it'll be my fiftieth trip, an' it didn't take me more'n about forty-seven trips to get over what you're a-sufferin' from now."

"No, I suppose not," I grudgingly replied. I didn't want to be made to realize the vast brain-numbing monotony of it.

To me it was wonderful in the pearl-gray and mauve shot mornings, too, and there was always temptation to be up with the dawn. Across the flats and along the marsh edges beyond there are thousands of sand grouse, black partridge, different varieties of duck and other wild fowl; and my host, the inspector general of communications, liked, whenever a relaxation of business demands made it possible, to bank in in the early hours at any casually selected spot, and with a happy staff and a pleased Punjabi guard in attendance trudge off across country on a shooting expedition. And though he was always good-naturedly complaining that the troops of the flying columns and others in garrison along the river were destroying the birds and rapidly bringing about a situation that would call for rigid game laws he never came back aboard without a fairly good bag with which to supplement a none too varied war ration.

Relief Ceremonies

On one of these early mornings when everybody was ashore and a silence reigned on the old boat that made me positively nervous I joined Yukon on the bridge and found him leaning against the rail muttering to himself bitter-seeming complaints. We could see the shooting party in the distance tramping homeward across a desolate stretch of dust and camel's thorn—all there was by way of a feast of scenery—and Yukon had already given orders for the engine-room crew to stand by. We would be off the instant the men got aboard. Two high-turbaned Indian sentries stood one on each side of the narrow gangway facing the desert, and a barefoot, white-clad Arab cabin boy was running up and down the clay bank with a pet Persian lamb baaing foolishly at his heels.

"What's the trouble, captain?" I asked.

"Aw, nothin'," he growled; "only I do wish the general'd make a plan an' stick to it. But he won't, so what's the use! Say, when it's a hurry call from upriver you c'n bet it's a case of push straight through an' never mind eatin' or sleepin' or nothin'. An' I don't mind that. I don't mind bein' rushed. But when they ain't nothin' urgent I never know where I'm at. It's a case o' stand by and wait for orders. An' like as not the orders when I do get 'em 'll be onreasonable. Now he's asked me to make Amara by eleven o'clock this morning. Huh! Swell chance!"

He paused, and a gleam of sly humor began to twinkle in his eye. Then he laughed.

"Suppose he thinks I won't be able to do it, now he's wasted an hour an' a half here. Well," he chuckled, "you just watch my smoke!" And he beamed affectionate approval upon the returning sportsmen.

The last act on these occasions before the gangplank was drawn in was always the ceremonious relief of the sentries on the bank. We might be in the exact and wholly uninhabited geographical center of nowhere—which is what much of the country looks like at times—but the Indian officer of the guard never relaxed discipline for a single instant. I thought to myself: Why can't the sentries just shoulder their rifles

Block-Signal Station at the Bottom of The Narrows

TASTE *THE* TASTE

"Eat it without a Conscience"

An Omelet to Make Your Mouth Water!

Try it for tomorrow's breakfast. This recipe will serve six people.

4 eggs 4 tablespoons milk 1 tablespoon butter
¼ teaspoon salt ⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons Underwood Deviled Tongue

Separate yolks of eggs. Beat whites and beat, add rest of milk and seasoning. Beat whites separately and mix lightly with yolks. Melt butter in hot omelet pan and cook egg mixture in same. Heat tongue in cup and add to omelet when firm. Fold and turn out on platter.

Can any taste be more haunting than tender beef tongue cooked *en casserole*, then chopped fine with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices?

Can any food be more *timely?* Tongue is one of the few meats not included in the list "essential" to our fighting men. In eating Underwood Deviled Tongue you release meats which the men must have. You can "eat it without a guilty conscience". Serve it just as you do

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

—in sandwiches, omelets, croquettes, etc. A unique book contains the delicious Little Red Devil Recipes. It is called "Good Tastes for Good Times". It's free. Write us for it today, mentioning your grocer's name. And order Underwood Deviled Tongue from your grocer to try. If he has not been supplied, send us his name and 20c for economical can making 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 52 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Tongue

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

The HOOVER electric suction sweeper

Sweeps Up All Stubborn-Clinging Dirt

ONLY The Hoover instantly sweeps up even the stubbornest-clinging lint, threads, hairs and litter—and without scattering clouds of dust.

Only The Hoover beats out imbedded grit, straightens crushed nap and restores original brightness—besides "vacuum cleaning" your carpetings.

The Hoover Beating-Sweeping Brush is a patent. The motor swiftly rotates it. Over 1,000 times a minute, 24 big tufts of soft hair sweep and vibrate the suction-lifted carpeting.

A beating afterwards proves no dirt remains.

Write for free booklet—or phone Hoover Agent for name and address.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
Box 27, North Canton, Ohio
Windsor, Canada

THE HOOVER

—thrift! in three ways

SAVE your teeth—it is a thrice thrifty habit. For care of the teeth brings three rewards—better health, better spirits, better looks.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is thrifty in three ways also—the tube is generously large; the cream "comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush"—no rolling off and wasting; and even if the cap is left off Colgate's does not become hard and unusable.

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and come on aboard? Why all this R'm-umph! Sho-rumph! Mar-r-umph! stuff under such circumstances? It interested me and I spoke to one of the British officers about it.

"Well, naturally," he said, "discipline is never relaxed. Besides, the guard is not for ornamental purposes, you know. You can't tell by a glance at an empty desert how many Arabs might rise up out of it; and an Arab raid at any moment is not impossible anywhere along the river."

We were well under way before the excitement incident to the morning's sport subsided; then we got through a leisurely breakfast and the day's work began. The general retired to his desk in the big room up forward under the bridge, where he lives when he is on the river; the major and the A. D. C. began, as usual, to labor over code messages at the mess-room table, while Richard, the Goa boy butler, cleaned up and bossed the other boys round in the process of getting everything shipshape. The sergeant major—stenographer and wireless operator—with his Glengarry cap on the side of his head, a pencil behind his ear and a sheaf of papers always in his hand, passed back and forth between his office and the general's cabin, while orderlies stood about waiting for orders.

The sounds to be heard were as grace notes punctuating a great monotone of silence. The steady tranquil wash of the wheel astern was a part of the silence itself; but not so the whinny and stamp of the riding horses in their stalls on the deck below, and not so the occasional plaintive bleat of a pet Persian lamb or the squawk of a chicken in the coop—one of several that surely would have been killed for our dinner if the shooting party had come back empty-handed.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I suddenly remembered that I must go up on the bridge and make inquiries about our prospects. Yukon had intimated that he would get to Amara by eleven in spite of the utter impossibility of such a thing, and I was interested. I climbed the steep ladder up alongside the funnel, which I had learned by that time to negotiate with considerable agility, and as I thrust my head through the trapdoor I called out cheerily:

"Hello, captain! Going to make it?"

"Goin' to make what?" he growled, as though he didn't know what I meant.

"Amara by eleven?" I humored him.

He turned from the wheel and regarded me solemnly for a moment; then his face crinkled up in a funny smile.

The Skipper's Little Game

"Amara," he said, "is just round the next bend. An' say, I bet the general thinks we're 'bout an' hour an' a half late, and hasn't even looked out of 'is winda to see where we're at. Not that he'd know even if 'e did look. The scenery along this so-called river ain't got many distinguishin' features, an' I wouldn't know where I was at myself half the time if it wasn't for the chart. Thought I was bluffin' 'bout gettin' to Amara by eleven, didn't you?"

He was a regular North American joy. From his air of boyish triumph one would have thought he had been pounding the engines out of the old craft and making unprecedented speed. But six or seven miles an hour was about her limit, and especially when the water in the river was low, or what he called "turrible thin." Only the evening before he had remarked: "It's just so durn thin that the paddle can't get no holt at all!" And I had remembered. He had not been making up any time. That was certain.

"How'd you do it, captain?" I asked.

"Well, I'll just tell you," he replied; "but you mustn't tell nobody else. I knowed the general wanted to be at Amara by eleven, an' I knowed mighty well he'd want to go shootin' in that patch o' camel's thorn back yonder, so I just slipped a couple o' hours up my sleeve."

Which meant that he had run farther than he ordinarily would before anchoring for the night, and that he had started with the first streak of dawn when everybody else was asleep.

It was on the stroke of eleven that we pulled in against the high west bank opposite the town of Amara, and the boys were just throwing out the gangway when the general stepped out of his cabin, all belted and spurred, drawing on his gloves. He cast an appreciative smile upon Yukon and said: "Good work, skipper! Didn't think you could do it by half!"

And the funny part of it was that each knew that the other knew all about the boyish little game they were playing. But they were quite serious about it, and Yukon, who had come down from the bridge for just that little tribute and nothing else, turned redder under the red of his sunburned skin and began to shout angry-sounding orders to the men who were securing the gangway. I was leaning against the rail watching the performance, and for further relief he turned to me and said:

"Say, I might just as well be killed in this war, 'cause I'm goin' to get hung anyhow! I'm goin' to murder seven A-rabs in cold blood 'fore I'm through 'th this show!"

I laughed in hearty appreciation of his laudable intention and groaned a suitable comment as I counted just seven waterside coolies awkwardly engaged in the single simple act of attaching a rope to a peg in the ground. The peculiarities of coolie labor corps are far too peculiar and complex to be dealt with parenthetically, so I shall resist the temptation that assails me to enumerate them. If withering sarcasm and forceful expletives of exasperation could slay, Yukon would have rounded out his useful career right then and there.

The horses were led ashore and the general and the major swung into their saddles and started off on a tour of inspection round the camps—sheds and railway yards, acres of piled and pyramided supplies, mule and remount depots, artillery and munition areas, and great tented and hutted and handsomely housed hospitals; and the A. D. C. and I were then at liberty to go wherever we liked.

A City of Hospitals

Amara is somewhat of a city, and it is surprising to come upon it in the midst of the barrenness and the aridity of the land through which the Tigris flows in its middle reaches. It came to Abdul-Hamid, I believe, as a sort of dowry with one of his many wives, and he conceived for it a special fancy along with an idea that it might be developed into a valuable trade center and point of strategical advantage. It is connected by caravan routes with points in Persia and is the center of a sanjak, or governmental district. It has fine barracks and was a Turkish military post before the war, where a battalion at least was always quartered.

The town lies on the east bank of the river and has a good brick-faced pier that is half a mile long, while lining the river front there is a row of fine two-storied houses with projecting latticed windows, that were built by Abdul-Hamid for his officers and representatives. A single tall and slender minaret lifts itself above the flat expanse of mud roofs, while extending eastward through the heart of the city is the most pretentious bazaar in all Mesopotamia. This also was built by Abdul-Hamid, who is supposed to have paid out of his own private purse for its lofty and splendidly constructed brick vaulting. All of which is remarkable only because in all the land of Mesopotamia there is no other example of Turkish enterprise and right-minded ambition.

Amara, never having been retaken by the Turks, has been in British hands more than three years now, and has always been the principal base between the battle lines and Basra. And having had its baptism of British blood it has become regenerate. Its cleanness is as the cleanness of the new pin; this perhaps being due to the fact that it is one vast hospital. Nearly all Abdul-Hamid's fine river-front buildings are hospitals these days, and there are acres of hutted and tented hospitals lying out round the city's edges. There are between fifteen and twenty thousand beds in Amara, and medical officers and nursing sisters like it better than any other place in Mesopotamia because its climate for some reason is just a degree or so less intolerable than the same climate otherwhere. And what with its railroad and repair shops and its new smoke-stacked industries of various kinds, one would be inclined to think that its age-old somnolence had departed for all time.

It was with the taking of Amara by General Townshend on June 3, 1915, that the tragic history of the left bank of the Tigris really began. After the surrender at Kurna of Subhi Bey, with 1034 men, a Turkish force of six battalions established itself in intrenchments about six miles to the north, where it was supposed to be in a safely defensive position to wait for reënforcements

(Continued on Page 61)

If you could watch HAVOLINE in a cylinder

IF YOU could see one of the cylinders of your motor sliced in half with the piston going, you would see the real reason for Havoline Oil.

You would see a real film of oil evenly spread between piston-rings and cylinder-wall.

You would see the piston moving with lightning-like rapidity—up and down the cylinder in a smooth, tireless, business-like delivery of 2200 strokes per minute.

You would see great heat generated above the piston-head, in the combustion chamber as high as 3000 degrees. The walls of the cylinder below the combustion chamber are heated at times to 400 degrees—heat that the most perfect cooling system could not prevent from ruining your motor, were it not for a good oil acting as a protector of those closely fitting steel surfaces.

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Stationary
Atwood Vacuum Cleaner Co., "Atwood

Washing Machines

Dishwashing Machines
Bromley Morrison Mfg. Co.

(Continued from Page 58)

from upriver before undertaking to cooperate with a second and stronger force on the Euphrates and a third to the eastward in Arabistan in an effort to drive the British "back into the Persian Gulf," as they expressed it. The least they expected to be able to do was to hold the British where they were and to make it exceedingly uncomfortable for them. They realized the difficulties that an invading army with its bases of supply overseas would have to overcome, and they knew the fearful character of the country, of its rivers and its inhabitants. They had reason to be hopeful.

Some of the most learned and technical-minded writers of war history have referred to the Mesopotamian campaign as a side show and have either deliberately or ignorantly belittled its importance. They have inveighed against the recklessness of its directors and deplored the unintelligence of its origin. There was nothing in the language we speak sufficiently condemnatory to describe to the general satisfaction the operations which culminated in the retreat from Ctesiphon and the siege of Kut, the unfortunate original advance toward Bagdad being characterized as an attempt to provide a sop to soothe a British public smarting under the scourge of defeat at Gallipoli.

Though much of the criticism has been justified it should always have been qualified by a better understanding of the situation than has ever existed in the public mind. The men who have done the work indorse many of the objections to the manner in which the campaign was prosecuted in the beginning, but they can all point to "higher up" and refer you to orders obeyed and to their own entreaties disregarded. Certainly few of the men who have lived and fought in Mesopotamia can be held responsible for any alleged "Mesopotamian blunder." The campaign in the beginning was directed from distant Olympian heights.

What the Mesopotamian officers do rather smart under, however, is the indifference that has been their chief portion from the public as a reward for their post-blunder successes. They feel their remoteness from the heart and center of the conflict, and among themselves it is counted as part of their service and sacrifice that they do their best where they are without expecting ever to gain the informed and intelligent approval of the people at home, who would care so tremendously if they only knew.

The Heroes of Mespot

The Mesopotamian achievement is a much bigger thing in its scope than most people imagine, and it is a vastly more important thing in its close connection with the main phases of the war than most persons have ever acknowledged it to be. Tremendous and inexplicable mistakes in the calculation of requirements were made in the beginning, but it was never individual ambition or unthinking impetuosity that drove the unready force forward; it was urgent necessity; and the only time unwise counsel ever prevailed was when—though necessity no longer urged—a decision was made to drive on to a spectacular finish an already splendid victory before adequate preparation for further advance had been made.

General Townshend drove the Turks northward along the Tigris from their position above Kurna and occupied Amara, while other British forces were executing cooperative actions on the Euphrates and in Persian Arabistan. This was in the summer of 1915. The Turks were forced to retire on the one hand all the way to Nasrieh, one hundred and forty miles up the Euphrates, and on the other they were cleared out of Persia altogether, the British troops in pursuit advancing by forced marches in flood time all the way from Ahwaz to Amara, where they joined General Townshend. The advance from Amara to Kut-el-Amara was made in order to block a possible return of the Turks into Persia. The advance beyond Kut-el-Amara, with Bagdad as the objective, was made—in obedience to orders! Then came the battle of Ctesiphon, the fearful retreat and the long tragic siege of Kut.

The A. D. C. and I swung round the big circle of war interest in and on the outskirts of Amara and drew up finally at the entrance to the bazaar. The terrific glare of the midday sun had half blinded me, so that walking into the dim arcade was at first like walking into utter darkness; and in the shadowy depths of the bazaar, where the sun never shines, the air was penetratingly chill. It is only in the furious unendurable heat of midsummer that the invading white tribe—natural sun lovers—is able fully to understand why the Arabs and their kind choose to live like moles.

In winter they sit in their tiny open cubicles in the bazaars wrapped in coats and furs and looking anything but comfortable. In this particular bazaar Abdul-Hamid's vaulting is very high, like the vaulting of a vast cathedral aisle, while in the commonplace little booths that line it on either side one observes a neatness that is evidence enough that the Arab and the Persian can be orderly if they are compelled to be.

Toweling and trinkets, calicoes and cloths; boots and shoes of supposedly Occidental style, and festoons of colorful native footgear; Persian lambskins and lambskin garments; hats and helmets, woolly caps and the tasseled tarboosh; cheap handkerchiefs and mufflers; Cashmere shawls and bright silken things—all these to begin with. Then comes the vegetable section, where piles of green things, plentifully sprinkled to keep them fresh, fill the air with musty earth odors. After which the meats. The British have had the meat section screened, and under their constant supervision it is kept spotlessly clean. And the Arab butchers too are clean, and they handle the meats with an unnatural nicety that must be a source of endless wonder to the native consumers.

Local Arts and Crafts

In narrow passages running off at right angles from the main street are the familiar little filthy dens, five feet by six perhaps, or even smaller, blackened by the soot of tiny forges and littered with nondescript rubbish, where the artists and artisans sit on their heels and ply their various handicrafts.

Not so various, either. There are just three conspicuous occupations. One of them is twisting and ornamenting with silver or silken threads the curious ropes of goat's wool or camel's hair called *agal*, that are used to bind the *kuffiyeh* or hooded turban round the shaggy heads of Arabs.

The second principal industry is hammering out the tin and copper utensils of every-day use in Arab households. There are circular deep pans and deeper pots and many small things, but chiefly there are the long-necked, single-handled water jars which the women—walking majestically, with graceful and evenly measured stride—carry on their shapely shoulders down to the wells at the river's brink. These articles are common in Mesopotamia, and probably have been for a millennium or so, but to see them made is to list them in one's mind among things akin to works of art; and many a British soldier boy has carried home with him an old water jar to be proudly placed when he gets it there among the ornaments on the mantelpiece.

The third industry belongs exclusively to the town of Amara. It is the production by a few individuals of articles of silver inlaid with a black enamel of some kind. It is said that the secret of the art has been handed down to the tribe to which it belongs from the days of the Babylonian Empire, and by way of proof it is pointed out that the articles produced are almost identical in workmanship with articles discovered in the excavation of some of the ancient ruins—notably Babylon. I was told that I really must get a piece of Amara silver as the only unique thing in the way of a souvenir to be found in the country, and I said to myself "Well, I'll just do that."

But I didn't. I found the workers at their little black forges turning out nothing but cuff links and napkin rings of the most commonplace patterns. Also an occasional bad cigarette case or wobbly-stemmed egg cup. They were catering to the British Tommy, and they were doing it with all their dishonest might. They were bent not on delicate artistic endeavor or on keeping up their Babylonish reputation, but solely on robbing the financially reckless white stranger of every penny they could get out of him. And at that they can get all he has without half trying.

Tommy is not a hoarder of the fabulous stipend his country bestows upon him, nor yet of other sums he acquires from other sources. But often enough he is a model of thrift in comparison with his superiors. For a man who knows nothing about the value of a shilling and cares less commend to me the average bachelor British Army officer, and especially those of the old regular Army. When he is on active service the officer has

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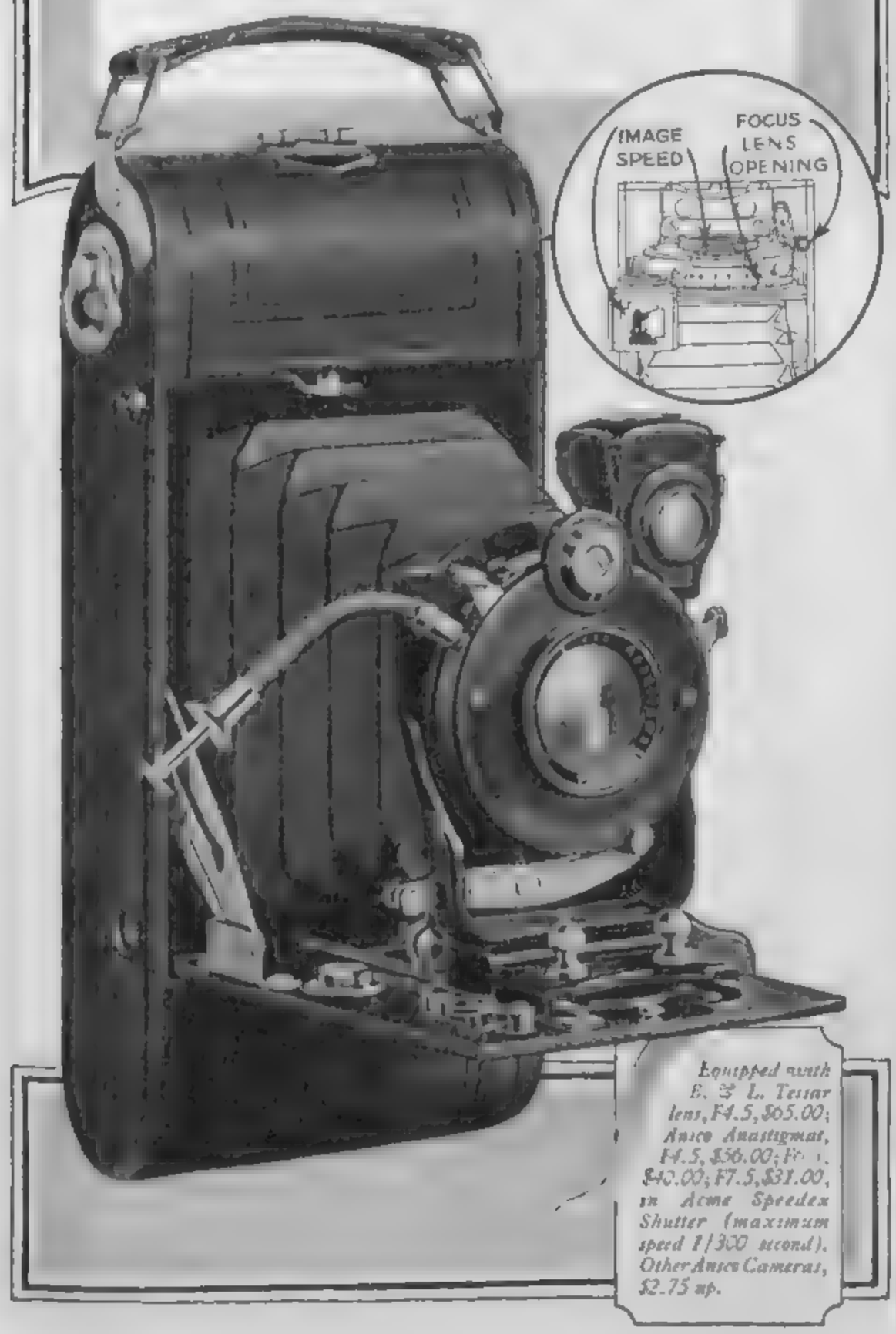

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very little opportunity to spend money after his small mess bills are disposed of; so his pay accumulates, and first thing you know he is out looking for someone who will consent to relieve him of it. If he is on a two days' leave in London he is likely to engage the most expensive suite in the finest hotel in town, treat himself to all the millionaire luxuries he can think of and buy himself fancy raiment. And why not, he says. He may not live to enjoy another two days' leave.

This for the officer fighting in France, of course. In Mesopotamia there is no such thing—alas!—as two days' leave in London. But in Mesopotamia there are odds and ends of curious things to buy—mostly Persian—and a goodly store of very mediocre Persian rugs that the collectors have passed by; and the native merchants know that after a little cheerful haggling for the fun of the thing the average British officer will buy these things, and at almost any kind of fantastic price. They don't do as the Germans do—just take them when they want them.

The Arabs in the Amara district are a thieving lot anyhow, and are distinguished by a good many other low-down characteristics. They are for the most part of the notorious Beni Lam tribe, which joined the Turks against the British at the beginning of the war and deserted to the British side as soon as the Turks began to lose. An Englishman in consequence would trust one of them about as far as he could throw him. They are rice cultivators in the marshes a part of the time, but generally they are nomads, living in tents or reed-hut villages, and roaming the desert with small herds of camels, flocks of sheep and a few horses, donkeys and buffaloes.

Among the events to be expected in Amara is an occasional raid, the Arabs being lured by visions of plunder in the form of rifles and ammunition and other army supplies.

Apparently they have no real wish to kill, but cutting up an outpost or slaying a few sentries may be necessarily incidental to their operations, and of these things they seem to think very lightly. In fact, they bitterly resent the British method of retaliation.

The British always begin by demanding the surrender of the guilty parties, this demand being almost invariably met by a declaration that there are no guilty parties. Then a flying column marches out and administers what is humorously described as "a little injustice." That is, they burn a reed-hut village or two, and maybe gather up a little plunder on their own account in the form of flocks and herds. It is a cheerful little game, but it is very rapidly losing its popularity among the Arabs. They find sneak-thieving more profitable and less dangerous. And at sneak-thieving they are almost miraculously adept.

Safety in Sleep

I know an officer who had his front teeth stolen. And a good haul it was too. Three of his teeth had a chance encounter with a bullet one bullet-raining day when he was out in the midst of the storm, and after he got out of hospital with a fine big scar just under his jaw the regimental dentist fixed him up with three perfectly good substitute teeth on a handsome gold plate. He was on a special mission of some kind down the river from Bagdad and was traveling in a big launch. He reached Amara late one evening and having sent his engineer and pilot ashore decided that he would rig up his own cot and sleep on deck. He undressed and crawled under the mosquito net, and the last thing he did was to remove that gold plate and place it with the rest of his duffel on a chair beside his pillow. Next morning the chair was empty, and he was minus everything he owned except the pyjamas he was wearing, the launch having been stripped of everything, including kit bags and all its rifles and ammunition.

The Arabs with matchless stealth had slipped out to the launch in belums and had got away with the job without making a sound. The officer was exceedingly thankful that he had not waked up, because, being all alone, if he had made a move of any kind he very likely would have felt the swift slash of a murderous knife across his throat. He didn't mind faring forth in his pyjamas to look for something to wear, but he says he did feel horribly unclothed without his teeth; and since they don't keep such things in assorted sizes in the general stores he had to go without them a long time. He felt very strongly that the thieves had not a gentlemanly instinct with which to bless themselves.

There is always a lot of shipping in the river at Amara these days, it being the principal base of supply between Basra and Bagdad, and usually there are one or two monitors lying in against the bank and a fly boat or two scudding up and down. The fly boats—so called because each one is named for some kind of stinging insect—are very tiny craft mounting very large guns and seem to afford everybody a vast deal of amusement. It is supposed that there is nothing they can't or won't do.

I think I must record briefly the story of a visit I made to one of the monitors. I had been all over her and had expressed a requisite amount of pleased surprise at her compactness and shining shipshapeliness, and was talking with a couple of young gunners while I waited for the commander, who was going with me back to the S-1. The time was late in the afternoon of a sweltering hot November Sunday, and I was sitting in a canvas chair leaning against the metal coolness of a desert-yellow gun turret. At my invitation the gunners had seated themselves—sailor fashion, hugging their knees—on a strip of coir matting on the immaculate deck; the deck being within three feet of the surface of the river which slipped by rippleless, reflecting in long slanting oily streaks the orange-shot lights of a seemingly belated sun that was hurrying down the western sky. The only sounds were the muffled throb of a quiescent engine somewhere and the squeaks of two pet monkeys that were playing perilously, as it seemed to me, along the low deck rail forward.

All the Fault of Old Neb

We had been discussing the war in a general way, and had talked in a particular way about how the monitors and fly boats had helped to chase the Turks up the Tigris when General Maude took Bagdad. Their own boat had a few honorable battle scars of which they were gloriously proud, and there was a story of how during a hot running fight the man at the wheel was killed by a bullet that happened to snick through his observation aperture at exactly the right angle to get him square in the temple.

She was running full speed, head on for a curve in the bank and was saved from going smash by the captain, who recognized at once by the feel of the deck under his feet that something was wrong, and rushed to the wheel.

After this story there was a thoughtful pause, then:

"I've just been thinking," said one of the boys, "that if it hadn't been for Nebuchadnezzar and his wickedness there wouldn't have been any war, and I'd be cruisin' somewhere round old Blighty this very minute."

"Balmy! Balmy!" murmured the other one. A pause for apparently deep cogitation. I was waiting. Then:

"I say, swing round about forty-five degrees and lift a bit, will you? What d'you think you're shootin' at?"

"I'm shootin' at what the padre said this morning. Weren't you at the service?"

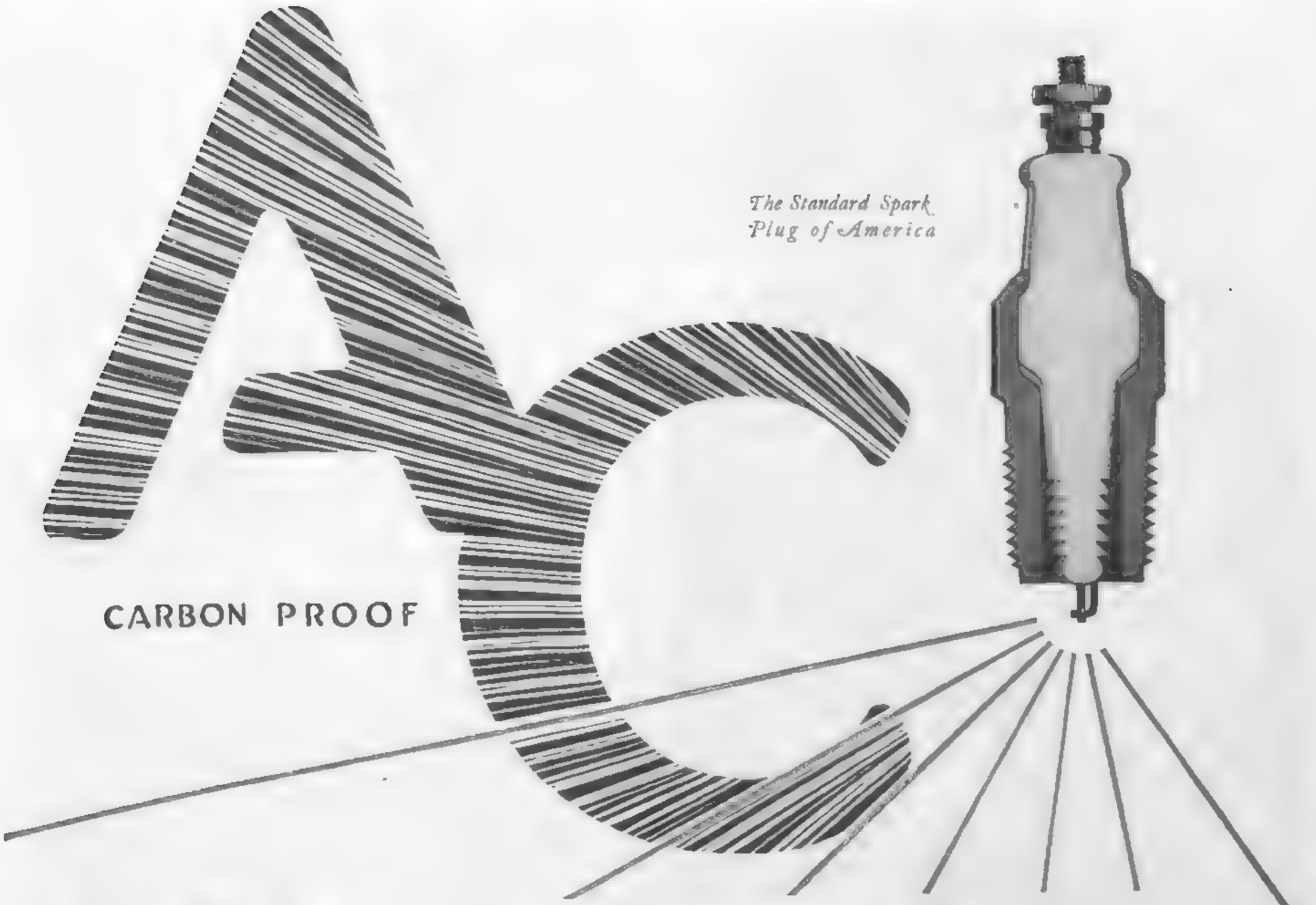
"No, it was my watch."

"Well"—he spoke very slowly and as though he was searching his memory—"he told about how this 'land accursed' was once 'the granary of the world'; how the River Tigris was a more generous mother than the Nile and spread its waters through the greatest system of irrigation that was ever known; how there was no swamps and how the thousand and one water cuts that make the going so hard for our armies nowadays were the canals that carried the water to the land in controlled quantities and made the desert 'blossom like a rose.' And he said that Nebuchadnezzar was the first king who began to neglect this system and that his neglect contributed to the downfall of Babylon; that after the downfall of Babylon things went from bad to worse, with wars and devastation and all that sort of thing, until the Turks got hold of the country and abandoned it altogether. And now look at it!"

I thought that whatever the plural of hiatus might be there were a good many of it in his sum-up, but I said nothing. I wanted him to go on. He was a tall lanky Welshman. His companion was a smaller youth, of rounded but firm contours, who had a shock of unruly straw-colored hair and a soft Scotch burr in his tongue.

"Interestin' if true," he replied. "When was Nebuchadnezzar?" They both appealed to me with uplifted eyebrows.

(Continued on Page 64)



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For Ford, Overland and Studebaker Owners

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The latest triumph of our research laboratories is the AC Carbon Proof Spark Plug specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars. This plug is no experiment. It has been thoroughly tested and proved in shop and service.

The principle of the AC Carbon Proof is a simple one. The knife edges of the porcelain attain such terrific heat that all carbon deposits are immediately burned off. They also cool rapidly, thus preventing pre-ignition.

If you own one of these cars and have experienced trouble through spark plug failure, install a set of AC Carbon Proofs and put an end to your inconvenience. You will note immediate improvement in the performance of your motor. You will marvel at your freedom from spark plug annoyances

* * *

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs for every make and style of motor.

No matter what car you drive you can't go wrong in buying AC Spark Plugs. Their installation eliminates costly experimentation and carries the assurance of continued satisfaction. Your purchase is supported by the overwhelming preference of the country's leading manufacturers.

The letters AC are the initials of the originator. They are glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

Write for further information on AC Carbon Proof Plugs specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars; also for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

All the well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	J. I. Case	Delco-Light	Gabriel Trucks	Jumbo Trucks	McLaughlin (Canada)	Oakland	Pilot	Scripps-Booth	Stutz
Advance-Rumely Tractors	Chalmers	Diamond T Trucks	Geneo Light	Kissel Kar	Menominee Trucks	Old Reliable Trucks	Premier	Signal Trucks	Titan Trucks
American-La France	Chandler	Dodge Brothers	G. M. C. Trucks	La Crosse Tractors	Oldsmobile	Oneida Trucks	Reo	Singer	Wallis Tractors
Anderson	Chevrolet	Dorris	Gramm-Bernstein Trucks	Lexington	Moline-Knight	Packard	Riker Trucks	Smith Motor Wheel	Waukesha Motors
Apperson	Cole	Dort	Hatfield	Liberty	Moreland Trucks	Paige	Rock Falls	Stearns-Knight	Westcott
Brockway Trucks	Continental Motors	Duesenberg Motors	Haynes	Locomobile	Murray	Paterson	Rutenber Motors	Stephens	White
Buffalo Motors	Crane Simplex	Federal Trucks	Hudson	Marmon	Nash	Peerless	Samson Tractors	Sterling Motors	Wilcox Twin
Buick	Daniels	Ford & Son Tractors	Hupmobile	Maytag	National	Pierce-Arrow	Sandow Trucks	Sterling Trucks	Wisconsin Motors
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	Deere Tractors		Jordan				Saxon		

Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?

Some Razor
'Ever-Ready'
ARMY RAZOR
THIS dollar khaki kit is an achievement. It's the favorite razor "over there" and "over here." Give it the "once over." Compact, waterproof case—10 year guaranteed frame and those marvelous Radio Blades. Give the joy shave to millions.
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$1.00 Complete
BLADES
BLADES
'Ever-Ready' Outfit in Standard Case $1.00
TRADE MARK FACE

(Continued from Page 62)

"About 600 B. C.," I hazarded. Never was more uncertain of anything in my life.

"Twenty-five hundred years ago!" exclaimed the smaller one. "Well, I can get his connection with what's the matter with this country right enough. But did the padre say he could have prevented this war?"

"No, he didn't. I just figured that out for myself."

"Oh, you did! Well, of course you're wastin' your time on a gunboat—but I'm afraid I don't quite get you."

"You don't seem to know what this war's about."

"I do, too! It's to make the world safe for democracy." And he glinted mischievously up at me.

"Well, with all due respect to the great American President, that may be what it's gettin' to be, but that ain't what it was started for. It was started by the Kaiser so he could grab Mesopotamia. And if he had grabbed Mesopotamia he could have gone ahead and grabbed Egypt and India and the whole bally world. We were figurin' it out with a map the other day, and one of the fellows had a book about the Bagdad railroad. Best thing I ever read on the subject. It's easy enough to see that we fellows down here are doin' our bit where it needs doin'."

"Yes, that's all right; but where does Nebuchadnezzar come in?"

"Oh, that"—he had nearly lost sight of that—"that's just a sort of fancy I got. You see the industrial and commercial possibilities of this country are unlimited. That's what the padre said. It don't look it, but they can prove it by tellin' you what it used to be like and by sayin' it's a mistake to call it a desert. It's a vast alluvial plain!"

"Yes? And Nebuchadnezzar?" laughed the other chap.

"You're a man without much intelligence, but I'll try to be patient with you. Don't you see that if the country hadn't been neglected, if it had been kept up in what the padre called 'all its old-time wealth and prosperity,' it would be thickly inhabited now by the kind of people who'd know how to hold it? If that had been the case the Kaiser wouldn't 'ave tried to grab it, India and the rest of the world wouldn't 'ave been in danger, and there wouldn't 'ave been any war. Now do you see where Nebuchadnezzar comes in?"

He joined in the laugh at his own farfetched fancifulness; then, as though he were a bit embarrassed, but with entire solemnity, he said:

"Of course I know it all goes back a long way before Nebuchadnezzar. If this river wasn't the kind of river it is and this bally country the kind of country it is, Cain probably never would have killed Abel, and then everything would have been different."

New Light on Cain

"That's an interesting idea," I said. "How do you make that out?"

"Don't you know how Cain happened to kill Abel?"

"I know only what the Bible says."

"Well," he drawled, "the Bible's all right, but it doesn't give natural phenomena its full value." One could tell he was quoting and being very uncertain about it.

"It was this way: Cain was a farmer and Abel was a herdsman. Don't we see Cains and Abels by the thousands up and down this river? Abel was better off than Cain was, and the neighbors all talked about what a fine chap he was until he got cocky about himself and Cain got moody and despondent. Abel had his cattle grazing on Cain's land down here on the Tigris somewhere, and the time came when Cain had to turn the water on and get his land ready for crops.

"'Don't you turn any water on that land,' Abel said.

"'I've got to,' said Cain; 'so please take your cattle away.'

"'I will not!' said Abel.

"'Yes, you will!' said Cain. Then they got to quarreling the way brothers do about things like that, and Cain, all wrought up anyhow over not having his sacrifices appreciated, got violent and hit Abel over the head. He didn't mean to kill him, and there wouldn't 'ave been much said about it if they hadn't happened to belong to the leading family round here those days."

Just then the commander came up through the little round opening at the head of the companionway and the gunners sprang to their feet. They controlled their merriment instantly and were as solemn as owls when they saluted the officer. But I was still laughing as he helped me down into the waiting launch, and I waved a laughing good-by, at which the gunners grinned and saluted as we started off upriver.

"What were they telling you?" asked the commander.

"Oh, a number of things. We were discussing the war, and I got some absolutely new ideas." And I recounted briefly the theory of Nebuchadnezzar's responsibility.

"They certainly are getting to be a lot of unique Bible students," he laughed. "And the men of the Army are just like them. The padres nearly always hang their sermons on the history of this country, and they make it all so simple and familiar that the boys get interested. They sit round for hours with a Bible and a map and reference books and work out some of the craziest explanations of things you ever heard. Funny thing is they get all out of focus. They talk about the Flood, and things that happened to Abraham and the Prophets, as though they were the events of year before last; so where history is concerned when they try to focus on anything close up they get cross-eyed. It is most amusing."

Amusing, yes, but thoroughly comprehensible from my standpoint, because in Mesopotamia I got that way myself.

River Soundings

Above Amara the great sand drifts in the river begin and the navigator begins to prove his qualifications while he exposes his real character in frequent threats to commit heinous crime. And it was above Amara that the boys began to measure the river's depths and to fill the all-pervading desert silence with their weird cries. There were two of them—one on either side of the bow. They sat on the edge of the railless deck with their feet hanging over, and at intervals of about one minute they plunged long plumbing poles into the water, then lifted up their young voices in a curious musical chant, calling the depths. It was a long time before I could make out what they were saying, but that was because I was trying to catch what I supposed were Arabic words. Then I suddenly discovered that they were speaking English.

"Fow-er-fate-a-a!" in a high-pitched, long-drawn-out melody sounded so little like "four feet" that I wondered how the skipper could understand them. But he had no need to understand the words since he listened only to the sounds they made, their tones changing definitely with every change in the depth.

"Fow-er-fate-a-a!" The man on the port bow flourished it in a dozen mellifluous tenor notes, while the man to starboard answered with a shorter, sharper, more positive cry, that had in it a sound of confirmation. But it was not always four feet or any other depth on both sides of the boat at the same time.

"Five-a-fate-a-a!" the man on the port bow might call out, to be answered from starboard by a doleful warning: "Two-a-fate!"

Then Yukon—always on the bridge for "the ticklish bits"—would jerk the engine-room signal to the half-speed indicator and frantically whirl the big wheel to point the boat's prow to port. But as often as not we were just an instant too late and zrh-r-o-og! we would go into it. It is a horrible sensation, grounding on a sand bar. Yukon had a very amusing trick which required quick action and considerable skill. If he wasn't "in too Dutch," as he expressed it, he would reverse the paddle, churn up a big forward wave and glide over on it; and his grin of triumph when he succeeded in doing this was worth living to see. We had to struggle a number of times, but we never had to call for a patrol tug and in consequence we were able to pass a few less fortunate or less skillfully handled boats with an air of lofty disdain. All of which is mere brief illustration of some of the daily and commonplace difficulties.

The serene hours were those we spent on broad and sufficiently deep reaches of the river when the boys with the plumbing poles sat and chanted back and forth a never-varying call in their own language.

"*Bahut pani*" is what they said, and it means literally "plenty of water." They never began to sing "*Bahut pani*" until they could no longer touch bottom, but the suddenness with which we struck shallows

(Concluded on Page 67)

Certain-teed

Roofing

From every standpoint of service and cost, *Certain-teed* has proved itself the best *type* of roofing for most buildings and the best *quality* roofing of its type.

For great structures or small outbuildings—for factories, stores, hotels, barns, sheds, garages, etc. (and in shingle form for residences), *Certain-teed* has become a world-wide standard.

Its economy is three-fold—first cost moderate, laying cost low, up-keep practically nothing.

Its efficiency embraces every important roofing quality,—weather proof, spark proof, rust proof, clean and sanitary, and very durable. *Certain-teed* is not affected by acids, fumes or smoke and does not melt under the hottest sun.

It is better economy to buy *Certain-teed* than it is to buy cheap roofing: the cost of laying is the same for both, and what you pay for laying *Certain-teed* is practically your only cost, for *Certain-teed* is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness, and requires little or no attention during that period.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices in the Principal Cities of America

Manufacturers of

Certain-teed
Paints
Varnishes
Roofing

View of pier at Tacoma, roofed with Certain-teed

It's a bad year for roads but a good year for Empire Tires

This is bound to be a bad year for roads. Almost everywhere the going for automobiles has been getting worse from month to month.

Repair work is being kept down to the least that will get by, and new construction is almost out of the question. The shipment of road-building materials is restricted. Freight cars, men, materials, money are needed too urgently for war work.

This hold-up of betterments comes on top of a hard winter. In many sections the roadbeds were severely broken up by unusual frosts and washouts.

Finally, the main roads are getting more and heavier traffic than ever before. Railway congestion has started millions of tons of freight rolling on the highways. All through the country, more trucks and bigger trucks are doing longer hauls at greater speed. Roads go to pieces fast under such pounding.

There is small need to tell all this to any motorist who has driven much this spring. He knows it by sad experience.

What we should like him to learn is that it is under just such conditions that Empire Tires show their mettle.

What you most need on bad roads is a tire with *resiliency*, for several reasons:

1. For comfort in riding;
2. To lessen the strain on the springs and mechanism;
3. To avoid fabric breaks in the tire itself.

For the greatest resiliency combined with longest life, we recommend the Empire Cord Tire.

But if your pocketbook is not quite up to the first cost of an Empire Cord Tire, get the nearest thing to it—which is the Empire Fabric Tire.

Sold at a popular price, it is almost the equal of a cord in resiliency.

This resiliency is due in part to the high percentage of pure rubber and the low percentage of other heavier materials. It is also due to the "equal-tension" process for handling the fabric, controlled exclusively by the Empire Rubber & Tire Co.

This year of all years you need what Empire Tires will give you—*resiliency* and *extra miles*.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Concluded from Page 64)

or sand drifts proved the tremendous treachery of the river and the necessity for ceaseless vigilance. Among my memories of the Tigris I shall always retain the melody of that slow chant: "*Ba-a-hut pa-nee-e-e!*" ending in a long sweet lingering note and being answered by "*Ba-a-hut pa-nee!*" in a lower but no less musical key; the mingled sounds banking in against the high shelving ledges of current-cut clay on either side and spreading out over the surface of the slow still river in ever-receding, ever-renewed waves of lonesome-sounding music.

Just before we reached Kut-el-Amara we came to the battlefield of Sunnaiyat, one of the ghastliest of all the historic fields of Mesopotamia. For my benefit we banked in and went ashore. I had heard the fearful tales and I wanted to see the fearful setting of them. I climbed the camel-thorny slope of the high bund and stood for a moment gazing across a far-flung network of crumbling, shell-riven trenches. That is all Sunnaiyat now is. All—except that the trenches are filled with dead men's bones. Sunnaiyat—the name of a waste place where men have suffered as men have suffered on few other spots on earth even in this war. Within hearing distance of Kut, the men besieged at Kut listened to the thunder of the guns of Sunnaiyat for weeks on end—and with what prayerful hope who has the power to imagine? And it was at Sunnaiyat that the Turks made their last desperate stand against General Maude's victorious army in February, 1917, the three days' battle that raged then over the already blood-drenched and historic ground being one of the fiercest and costliest of the whole campaign. This was the fourth battle of Sunnaiyat, the first three having been fought in April, 1916, during the course of the last tremendous effort the British made to relieve General Townshend.

It was high noon when we landed, and the sun, searching through thick sweaters and coats, burned one's skin with a dry prickly burning, while the wind blew penetratingly chill across the mournful waste. And I was glad of the healthy discomfort because my flesh crept with the horror of the things I saw and the things my mind was forced to visualize. The Arabs have always searched and looted the battlefields—and they do not rebury the dead!

Out on the edges of the intrenchments there were creeping figures bent over in eager search of the sacred ground. Arab ghouls! Not yet satisfied after so many months? No, not yet satisfied. They would pick up something and gather in a group to examine it in the sunlight. Nothing. They would toss it aside and go on creeping—creeping.

The Moving Marshes

I wonder how many of them had tossed aside the precious thing I found. It was lying near the entrance of a British trench: an old leather bayonet scabbard all burned and blackened at the end as though someone had been poking a fire with it. And of course someone had. Some blessed Tommy perhaps, coaxing the coals under his supper while shells whistled over his head. He had either died or he had thrown it aside in a rush to meet the enemy hand to hand. So much of this fighting was hand to hand. I stood and pondered over the old scabbard, looking at it and then at the fearful scene round me. And in my mind I saw two boys: One—still in the ranks fighting the great fight; the other—his head held high in the shining column of the Beloved Host. Which of them threw the scabbard away?

The British held this position from the first disastrous attempt to relieve General Townshend until near the end of the victorious campaign which culminated in the capture of Bagdad, and for sheer horror and unmitigated hardship nothing could possibly surpass the thing they lived through. The men engaged, already worn with battle, were compelled to hold on week after week without hope of respite or relief. And there was not so much as a blade of grass for them to rest their eyes upon; only the terrible desert under a pitiless burning sun. They were hemmed in by the river on one side and on the other by a vast marsh which, when the wind was right, had a mystifying habit of moving in on the position and flooding everything, that being one of the peculiar habits of the marshes that I have spoken of. They literally do blow about the desert, spreading with terrifying rapidity even before a light wind if it is steady enough. So a company might be intrenched in comparative comfort one hour in a position where it would be in danger of drowning the next.

And with never a drop of rain to clear the air of the blinding, choking, torturing clouds of fine dust that the desert winds always carry before them. Nobody can tell me that the men who have fought in Mesopotamia don't deserve some special kind of recognition.

Leaving the British position we walked a long way across the one-time No Man's Land—now a tangle of rubbish and rust-blackened barbed wire—and came up on the Turkish parapets. And there I saw evidence enough that the Arabs bestow their ghoulish attentions chiefly upon the Turkish dead. It is not thought that this is because the British are more respected; it is known that more of value is to be found in the Turkish graves. The British search the bodies of their own dead before they bury them. This is done on order and for what are officially listed as "objects of sentimental value"; all such objects being returned to the family of the fallen man. But the British do not search the bodies of enemy dead, and in their final victorious advance over this field it fell to their lot to bury hundreds of them.

The Sunsets of Mespot

So one finds a fearful story written in the tragic gullies of the Turkish position. No need to write it out. Heaps of moldering soldier clothes and dead men's bones scattered and kicked about! Such things cause waves of shuddering nausea to sweep over the normal living human. Yet the British have buried and reburied the dead on the field of Sunnaiyat. They have punished the Arabs and have pleaded with them. But it is an isolate field. It is far away from any connection with things as they are to-day, and there is not a human habitation within many miles of it—unless it be an Arabs' tented encampment in the desert.

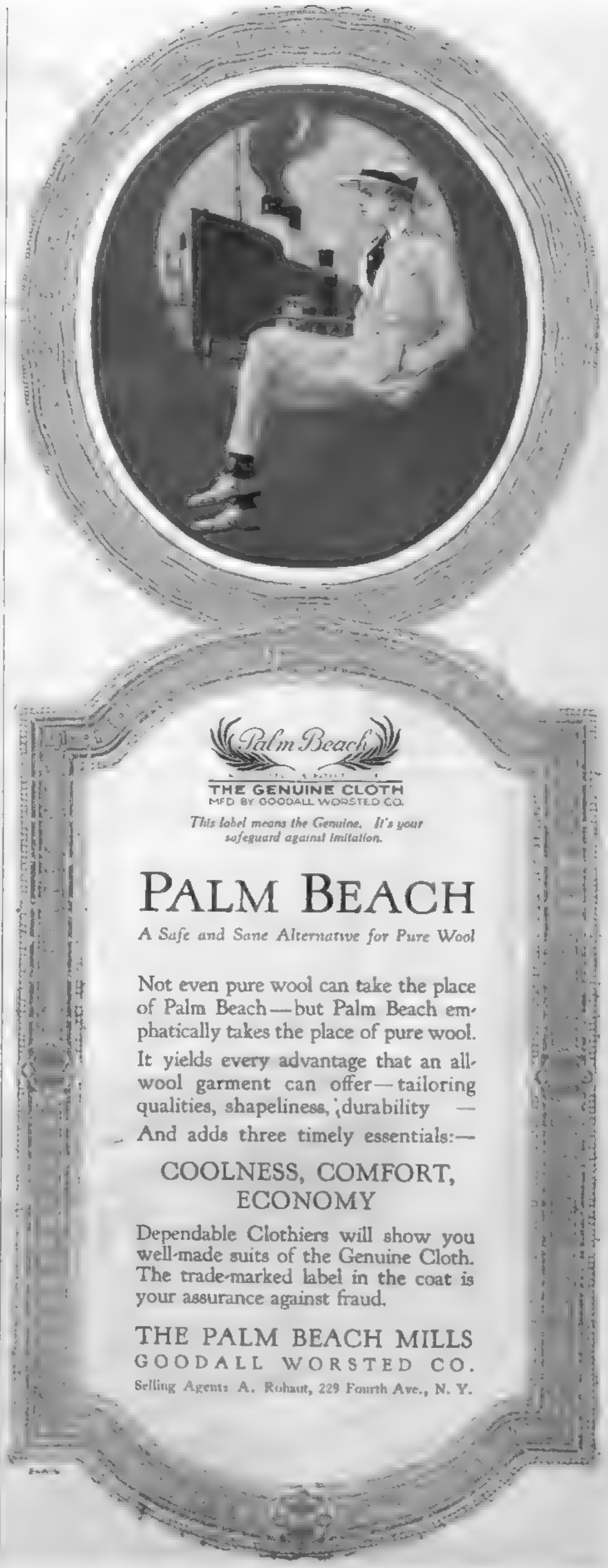
I was glad enough to trudge back as quickly as possible across the miles of gashed and ghastly waste, to get back aboard our peaceful old boat and to let myself rest in a deep deck chair while the depth measurers filled the evening with the monotonous melody of "*Bahut pani!*"

And perhaps I should not try to write about a sunset. But when all is said it is nothing but the divine intoxication of the Mesopotamian evening lights that gets into one's blood and creates in one's inner consciousness an impression that after all Mesopotamia is a land to love. The desert is horizon wide; it is dotted here and there with the black goatskin tents of Bedouin encampments and is filled with slanting sun rays that turn all the hollows into lakes of mauve and all the knolls and high places into points of flame-shot amber; the sky and the broad reflecting ribbon of the Tigris are all wonderful orange, deepened by low-hanging clouds that are blue with the blue of the sapphire and are outlined with narrow fringes of glinting gold. The light of a pallid young moon makes its way into the swiftly gathering shadows to lie presently down the lengths of the moveless coppery river in a band of palest yellow. Colors! I never saw such colors! And in the path of moonlight, with the sunset lights still glowing on the edges of the darkening plain, a great high-hulled and tall-masted mahayla swings round a bend, its broad brown sail softly bellied by the breeze.

Then: "*Ba-a-hut pa-nee-e-e! Ba-a-hut pa-nee!*" Creeping sweet echoes—and the far-away, heart-chilling shrieks of a thousand jackals greeting the night wherein they range the boundless reaches of fearful desolation.

In the last light of that amazingly finished day we saw for the first time the —th Regiment of Cavalry that left Basra on the long trail to the Front two days before we started. And it was a thrilling thing to see. In a final burst of energy after the day's weary march they swept up to the marching post on the river bank in a wide-curving column of fours which stretched away into the distance in a low bank of fine desert dust that floated off like a mist cloud in the moonlight. And behind them lay a last streak of orange against the desert's edge, the sky above a pearly gray in which a great star shone. What a picture!

We watched them from the bridge until we rounded a wide bend in the river and could see them no longer; then the cheerful sounds they made in their methodical preparations for the night followed us a long way in the wonderful silence.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This label means the Genuine. It's your safeguard against imitation.
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Not even pure wool can take the place of Palm Beach—but Palm Beach emphatically takes the place of pure wool.
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Made from Pasteurized Milk and the White Meat of Coconuts

IT IS pleasant to remember, as you enjoy the crisp sweetness of Troco, that it is made from appetizing natural foods we especially like to eat. The dainty white meat of coconuts churned with pasteurized milk are inviting ingredients. With knowledge of care in making as additional satisfaction.

The special process by which Troco is made achieves a delicacy and flavor found elsewhere only in the finest creamery butter. It is as nutritious as butter, and as digestible.

Its firm freshness is especially inviting in hot weather. Troco makes all summer foods taste better.

Only One Troco

When you order Troco, remember to emphasize the name. There are many similar products—but only one Troco.

Old laws, made before it was invented, oblige us to label the carton oleomargarine.

But Troco contains no animal oils and no preservatives. The Troco company specializes in this one vegetable product.

Dealers everywhere are anxious to supply you with Troco because they can rely on the super-quality of every carton.

A capsule of the same vegetable coloring used by butter makers supplied on request.

THE TROCO NUT BUTTER COMPANY

Chicago Milwaukee
New York

ONE ARROWHEAD DAY

(Continued from Page 10)

So we were out on our refreshed horses and heading home; and I said, without loss of time, that Aunt Mollie might have a good heart and a cunning way with pork interiors, and it was none of my business, anyway; but, nevertheless, she had mentioned forty long years with this amateur saloon keeper, whereas her marriage certificate was dated but one year previous, in figures all too shamefully legible. So what about it? I said I didn't mind observing the underworld from time to time; but I liked to be warned in advance, even when its denizens were such a charming, bright-eyed, winter-apple-cheeked old couple as the two we were now leaving.

The sun was on our backs, a light breeze fanned us, the horses knew which way they were going, and work for the day was over; so Ma Pettengill spoke, in part, as follows:

"Oh, well, of course everyone knows about that. Simple enough! Aunt Mollie and her first husband trekked in here forty years ago. He was a consumptive and the first winter put him out. They had a hard time; no neighbors to speak of, harsh weather, hard work, poor shelter, and a dying man. Henry Mortimer happened by and stayed to help—nursed the invalid, kept the few head of stock together, nailed up holes in the shack, rustled grub, and acted like a friend in need. At the last he nailed a coffin together; did the rest of that job; then stayed on to nurse Aunt Mollie, who was all in herself. After he got her to stepping again he put in a crop for her. Then he stayed to build a barn and do some fencing. Then he harvested the crop. And getting no wages! They was both living off the land. Pretty soon they got fond of each other and decided to marry. It's one of Aunt Mollie's jokes that she owed him two years' wages and had to marry him.

"Marriage was easier said than done. No preacher, or even a justice of the peace, was within ninety miles, which meant a four days' trip over the roads of that day, and four days back, providing high water or some other calamity didn't make it a month; and no one to leave on the place, which meant there wouldn't be a head of stock left when they got back, what with Indians and rustlers. Uncle Henry will tell you how it seemed too bad that just one of 'em couldn't make the trip down and have the ceremony done, leaving the other to protect the place.

"Then along comes a horse trader, who stops over to rest his stock, and learns their trouble. He tells 'em to quit their worry; that he's a notary public and can perform a marriage as good as any Baptist preacher they ever saw. I never been able to make out whether he was crazy or just a witty, practical joker. Anyway, he married the pair with something like suitable words, wouldn't take a cent for it, and gave 'em a paper saying he had performed the deed. It had a seal on it showing he was a genuine notary public, though from back in Iowa somewhere. That made no difference to the new bride and groom. A notary public was a notary public to them, highly important and official.

"They had enough other things to worry about, anyway. They had to buckle down to the hard life that waits for any young couple without capital in a new country. They had years of hard sledding; but they must of had a good time somehow, because they never have any but pleasant things to tell of it. Whatever that notary public was, he seemed to of pulled off a marriage that took as well or better than a great many that may be more legal. So that's all there is to it—only, here about a year ago they was persuaded to have it done proper at last by a real preacher who makes Kulanche two Sundays a month. That's why the late date's on that certificate. The old lady is right kittenish about that; shows it to everyone, in spite of the fact that it makes her out to of been leading an obliquitous life, or something, for about thirty-eight years.

"But then, she's a sentimental old mushhead, anyhow. Guess what she told me out in the kitchen! She's been reading what the Germans did to women and children in Belgium, and she says: 'Of course I hate Germans; and yet it don't seem as if I could ever hate 'em enough to want to kill a lot of German babies!' Wasn't that the confession of a weakling? I guess that's all you'd want to know about that woman. My sakes! Will you look at that mess of clouds? I bet it's falling weather over in Surprise Valley. A good moisting wouldn't hurt us any either."

That seemed to be about all. Yet I was loath to leave the topic. I still had a warm glow in my heart for the aged couple, and I could hear Uncle Henry's bottle of adolescent peach brandy laughing to itself from where it was lashed to the back of my saddle. I struck at the only weak spot in the wall.

"You say they were persuaded into this marriage. Well, who persuaded them? Isn't there something interesting about that?"

It had, indeed, been a shrewd stroke. Ma Pettengill's eyes lighted.

"Say, didn't I ever tell you about Mrs. Julia Wood Atkins, the well-known lady reformer?"

"You did not. We have eight miles yet."

"Oh, very well!"

So for eight miles of a road that led between green fields on our right and a rolling expanse of sagebrush on our left, I heard something like this:

"Well, this prominent club lady had been out on the Coast for some time heading movements and telling people how to do things, and she had got run down. She's a friend of Mrs. W. B. Hemingway, the well-known social leader and club president of Yonkers, New York, who is an old friend of mine; and Mrs. W. B. writes that dear Julia is giving her life to the cause—I forget what cause it was right then—and how would it be for me to have her up here on the ranch for a vacation, where she could recover her spirits and be once more fitted to enter the arena. I say I'm only too glad to oblige, and the lady comes along.

"She seemed right human at first—kind of haggard and overtrained, but with plenty of fights left in her; a lady from forty-eight to fifty-four, with a fine hearty manner that must go well on a platform, and a kind of accusing face. That's the only word I can think of for it. She'd be pretty busy a good part of the day with pamphlets and papers that she or someone else had wrote, but I finally managed to get her out on a gentle old horse—that one you're riding—so she could liven up some; and we got along quite well together.

"The only thing that kind of went against me was, she's one of them that thinks a kind word and a pleasant smile will get 'em anywhere, and she worked both on me a little too much like it was something professional.

"Still, I put it by and listened to her tell about the awful state the world is in, and how a few earnest women could set it right in a week if it wasn't for the police.

"Prison reform, for instance. That was the first topic on which she delivered addresses to me. I couldn't make much out of it, except that we don't rely enough on our convicts' rugged honor. It was only a side line with her; still, she didn't slight it. She could talk at length about the innate sterling goodness of the misunderstood burglar. I got tired of it. I told her one day that, if you come right down to it, I'd bet the men inside penitentiaries didn't average up one bit higher morally than the men outside. She said, with her pleasantest smile, that I didn't understand; so I never tried to after that.

"The lady had a prowling mind. Mebbe that ain't the right word, but it come to me soon after she got here. I think it was the day she begun about our drinking water. She wanted to know what the analysis showed it to contain. She was scared out of her pleasant smile for a minute when she found I'd never had the water analyzed. I thought, first, the poor thing had been reading these beer advertisements; you know—the kind they print asking if you are certain about the purity of your drinking water, telling of the fatal germs that will probably be swimming there, and intimating that probably the only dead-safe bet when you are thirsty is a pint of their pure, wholesome beer, which never yet gave typhoid fever to anyone. But, no; Julia just thought all water ought to be analyzed on general principles, and wouldn't I have a sample of ours sent off at once? She'd filled a bottle with some and suggested it with her pleasantest platform smile.

"'Yes,' I says; 'and suppose the report comes back that this water is fatal to man and beast? And it's the only water round here. What then? I'd be in a hell of a fix—wouldn't I?'

"I don't deny I used to fall back on words now and then when her smile got to me. And we went right on using water that might or might not make spicy reading in a chemist's report; I only been here thirty years and it's too soon to tell. Anyway, it was then I see she was gifted with a prowling mind, which is all I can think of to call it. It went with her accusing face. She didn't think anything in this world was as near right as it could be made by some good woman.

"Of course she had other things besides the water to worry about. She was a writer too. She would write about how friction in the home life may be avoided by one of the parties giving in to the other and letting the wife say how the money shall be spent, and pieces about what the young girl should do next, and what the young wife should do if necessary, and so on. For some reason she was paid money for these pieces.

"However, she was taking longer rides and getting her pep back, which was what she had come here for. And having failed to reform anything on the Arrowhead, she looked abroad for more plastic corruption, as you might say. She rode in one night and said she was amazed that this here community didn't do something about Dave Pickens. That's the place we stopped this morning. She said his children were neglected and starving, his wife worked to the bone, and Dave doing nothing but play on a cheap fiddle! How did they get their bread from day to day?

"I told her no one in the wide world had ever been able to answer this puzzle. There was Dave and his wife and five children, all healthy, and eating somehow, and Dave never doing a stroke of work he could sidestep. I told her it was such a familiar puzzle we'd quit being puzzled by it.

"She said someone ought to smash his fiddle and make him work. She said she would do something about it. I applauded. I said we needed new blood up here and she seemed to of fetched it.

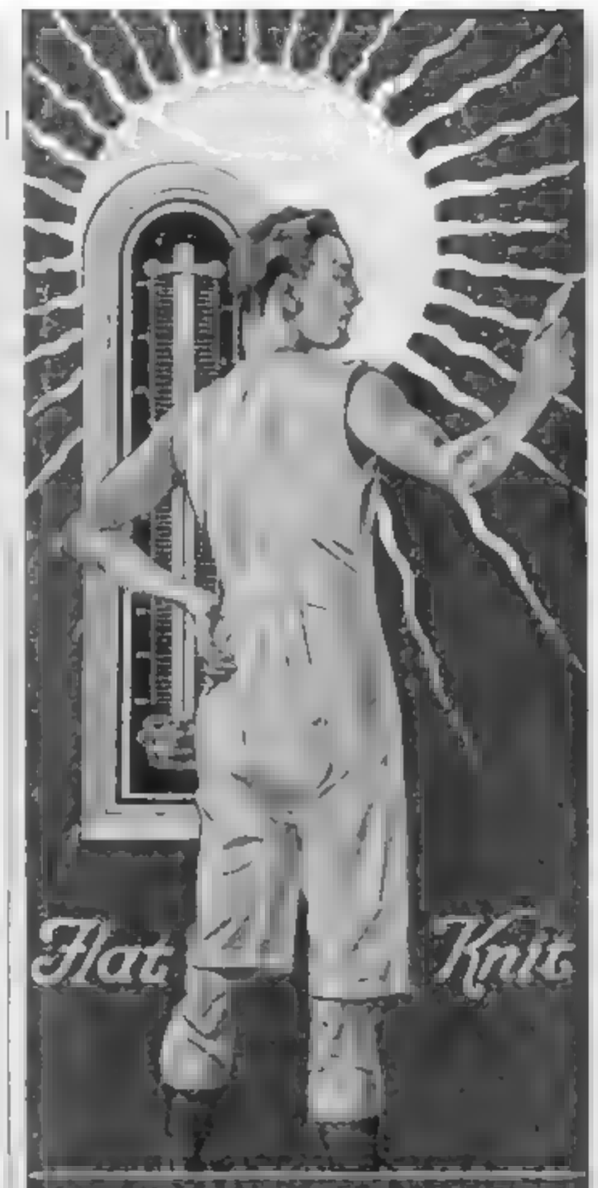
"She come back the next day with a flush of triumph on her severely simple face. And guess the first thing she asked me to do! She asked me to take chances in a raffle for Dave's fiddle. Yes, sir; with her kind words and pleasant smile she had got Dave to consent to raffle off his fiddle, and she was going to sell twenty-four chances at fifty cents a chance, which would bring twelve dollars cash to the squalid home. I had to respect the woman at that moment.

"'There they are, penniless,' says she, 'and in want for the barest necessities; and this man fiddling his time away! I had a struggle persuading him to give up his wretched toy; but I've handled harder cases. You should of seen the light in the mother's wan face when he consented! The twelve dollars won't be much, though it will do something for her and those starving children; and then he will no longer have the instrument to tempt him.'

"I handed over a dollar for two chances right quick, and Julia went out to the bunk house and wormed two dollars out of the boys there. And next day she was out selling off the other chances. She didn't dislike the work. It give her a chance to enter our homes and see if they needed reforming, and if the children was subjected to refining influences, and so on. The first day she scared parties into taking fifteen tickets, and the second day she got rid of the rest; and the next Sunday she held the drawing over at Dave's house. The fiddle was won by a nester from over in Surprise Valley, who had always believed he could play one if he only had a fair chance.

"So this good deed was now completed, there being no music, and twelve dollars in the Pickens home that night. And Mrs. Julia now felt that she was ready for the next big feat of uplift, which was a lot more important because it involved the very sanctity of the marriage tie. Yes, sir; she'd come back from her prowling one night and told me in a hushed voice, behind a closed door, about a couple that had been for years living in a state of open immorality.

"I didn't get her, at first, not thinking of Uncle Henry and Aunt Mollie. But she meant just them two. I give her a good hearty laugh, at first; but it pained her so much I let her talk. It seems she'd gone there to sell raffle tickets, and they'd taken



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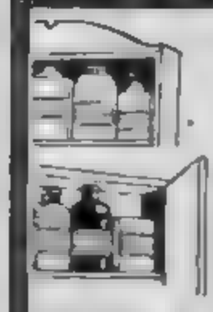

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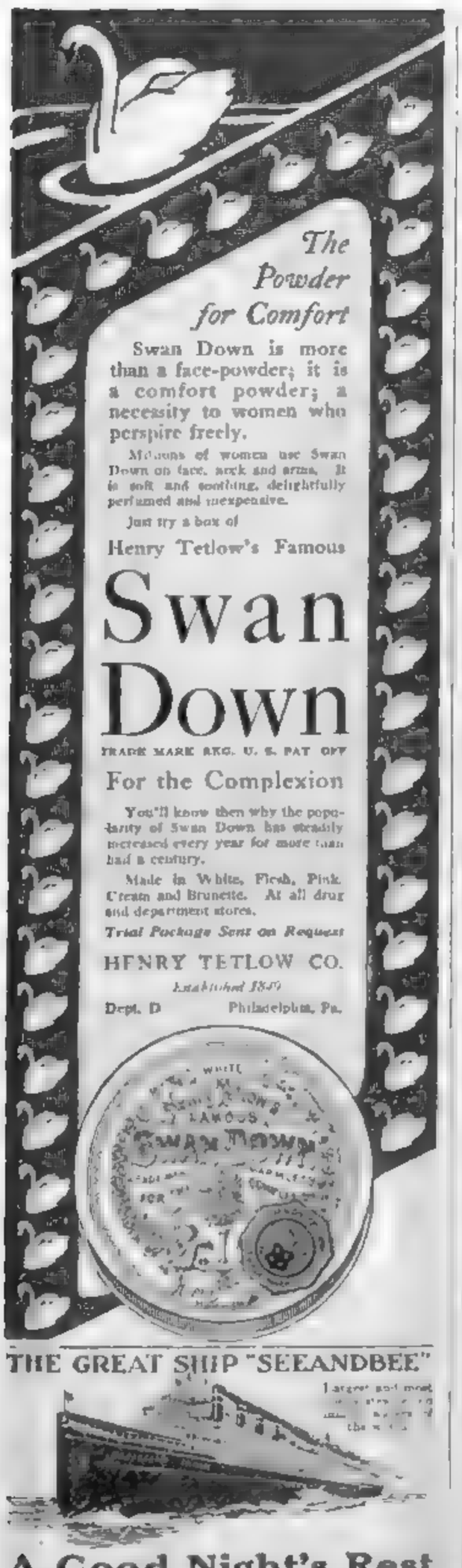
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four, and cooked food for her, and give her some cherry cordial, which she took on account of being far from a strong woman; and then Aunt Mollie had told all her past life, with this horrid scandal about the notary public sticking innocently out of it.

"Mrs. Julia hadn't been able to see anything but the scandal, she being an expert in that line. So she had started in to persuade Aunt Mollie that it was her sacred duty to be married decently to her companion in crime for forty years. And Aunt Mollie had been right taken with the idea; in fact, she had entered into it with a social enthusiasm that didn't seem to Mrs. Julia to have quite enough womanly shame for her dark past in it. Still, anything to get the guilty couple lawful wedded; and before she left it was all fixed. Uncle Henry was to make an honest woman of Aunt Mollie as soon as she could get her trousseau ready.

"Me? I didn't know whether to laugh or get mad. I said the original marriage had satisfied the peace and dignity of the state of Washington; and it had done more—it had even satisfied the neighbors. So why not let it rest? But, no, indeedy! It had never been a marriage in the sight of God and couldn't be one now. Facts was facts! And she talked some more about Aunt Mollie not taking her false position in the proper way.

"It had been Mrs. Julia's idea to have the preacher come up and commit this ceremony quite furtively, with mebbe a couple of legal witnesses, keeping everything quiet, so as not to have a public scandal. But nothing like that for the guilty woman! She was going to have a trousseau and a wedding, with guests and gayety. She wasn't taking it the right way at all. It seemed like she wanted all the scandal there was going.

"'Really, I can't understand the creature,' says Mrs. Julia. 'She even speaks of a wedding breakfast! Can you imagine her wishing to flaunt such a thing?'

"It was then I decided to laugh instead of telling this lady a few things she couldn't of put in an article. I said Aunt Mollie's taking it this way showed how depraved people could get after forty years of it; and we must try to humor the old trollop, the main thing being to get her and her debased old Don Juan into a legal married state, even if they did insist on going in with a brass band. Julia said she was glad I took it this way.

"She came back to my room again that night, after her hair was down. The only really human thing this lady ever did, so far as I could discover, was to put some of this magic remedy on her hair that restores the natural color—if the natural color happened to be what this remedy restores it to. Anyway, she now wanted to know if I thought it was right for Aunt Mollie to continue to reside there in that house between now and the time when they would be lawful man and wife. I said no; I didn't think it was right. I thought it was a monstrous infamy and an affront to public morals; but mebbe we better resolve to ignore it and plow a straight furrow, without stopping to pull weeds. She sadly said she supposed I was right.

"So Uncle Henry hitched up his fat white horse to the buggy, and him and Aunt Mollie drove round the country for three days, inviting folks to their wedding. Aunt Mollie had the time of her life. It seemed as if there wasn't no way whatever to get a sense of shame into that brazen old hussy. And when this job was done she got busy with her trousseau, which consisted of a bridge gown in blue organdie, and a pair of high white shoes. She didn't know what a bridge gown was for, but she liked the looks of one in a pattern book and sent down to Red Gap for Miss Gunslaugh to bring up the stuff and make it. And she'd always had this secret yearning for a pair of high white shoes; so they come up too.

"Furthermore, Aunt Mollie had read the city paper for years and knew about wedding breakfasts; so she was bound to have one of those. It looked like a good time was going to be had by all present except the lady who started it. Mrs. Julia was more malignantly scandalized by these festal preparations than she had been by the original crime; but she had to go through with it now.

"The date had been set and we was within three days of it when Aunt Mollie postponed it three days more because Dave Pickens couldn't be there until this later day. Mrs. Julia made a violent protest, because she had made her plans to leave for larger fields of crime; but Aunt Mollie was stubborn. She said Dave Pickens was one of her oldest neighbors and she wouldn't have a wedding he couldn't attend; and besides, marriage was a serious step and she wasn't going to be hurried into it.

"So Mrs. Julia went to a lot of trouble about her ticket and reservations, and stayed over. She was game enough not to run out before Uncle Henry had made Aunt Mollie a lady. I was a good deal puzzled about this postponement. Dave Pickens was nothing to postpone anything for. There never was any date that he couldn't be anywhere—at least, unless he had gone to work after losing his fiddle, which was highly ridiculous.

"The date held this time. We get word the wedding is to be had in the evening and that everyone must stay there overnight. This was surprising, but simple after Aunt Mollie explained it. The guests, of course, had to stay over for the wedding breakfast. Aunt Mollie had figured it all out. A breakfast is something you eat in the morning, about six-thirty or seven; so a wedding breakfast must be held the morning after the wedding. You couldn't fool Aunt Mollie on social niceties.

"Anyway, there we all was at the wedding; Uncle Henry in his black suit and his shiny new teeth, and Aunt Mollie in her bridge gown and white shoes, and this young minister that wore a puzzled look from start to finish. I guess he never did know what kind of a game he was helping out in. But he got through with the ceremony. There proved to be not a soul present knowing any reason why this pair shouldn't be joined together in holy wedlock, though Mrs. Julia looked more severe than usual at this part of the ceremony. Uncle Henry and Aunt Mollie was firm in their responses and promised to cling to each other till death did them part. They really sounded as if they meant it.

"Mrs. Julia looked highly noble and sweet when all was over, like she had rescued an erring sister from the depths. You could see she felt that the world would indeed be a better place if she could only give a little more time to it.

"We stood round and talked some after the ceremony; but not for long. Aunt Mollie wound the clock and set the mousetrap, and hustled us all off to bed so we could be up bright and early for the wedding breakfast. You'd think she'd been handling these affairs in metropolitan society for years. The women slept on beds and sofas, and different places, and the men slept out in the barn and in a tent Uncle Henry had put up, or took their blanket rolls and bunked under a tree.

"Then ho! for the merry wedding breakfast at six-thirty A. M.! The wedding breakfast consisted of ham and eggs and champagne. Yes, sir; don't think Aunt Mollie had overlooked the fashionable drink. Hadn't she been reading all her life about champagne being served at wedding breakfasts? So there it was in a new wash boiler, buried in cracked ice. And while the women was serving the ham and eggs and hot biscuits at the long table built out in the side yard, Uncle Henry exploded several bottles of this wine and passed it to one and all, and a toast was drunk to the legal bride and groom; after which eating was indulged in heartily.

"It was a merry feast, even without the lobster salad, which Aunt Mollie apologized for not having. She said she knew lobster salad went with a wedding breakfast, the same as champagne; but the canned lobster she had ordered hadn't come, so we'd have to make out with the home-cured ham and some pork sausage that now come along. Nobody seemed downhearted about the missing lobster salad. Uncle Henry passed up and down the table filling cups and glasses, and Aunt Mollie, in her wedding finery, kept the food coming hot, with some buckwheat cakes at the finish.

"It was a very satisfactory wedding breakfast, if anyone should ever make inquiries of you. By the time Uncle Henry had the ends out of half the champagne bottles I guess everyone there was glad he had decided to drag Aunt Mollie back from the primrose path.

"It all passed off beautifully, except for one tragedy. Oh, yes; there's always something to mar these affairs. But this hellish incident didn't come till the very last. After the guests had pretty well et themselves to a standstill, Dave Pickens got up and come back with a fiddle, and stood at the end of the grape arbor and played a piece.

"'Someone must have supplied that wretch with another fiddle!' says Mrs. Julia, who was kind of cross, anyway, having been bedded down on a short sofa and not liking champagne for breakfast—and, therefore, not liking to see others drink it.

"'Oh, he's probably borrowed one for your celebration,' I says.

"Dave played a couple more lively pieces; and pretty soon, when we got up from the table, he come over to Mrs. Julia and me.

"'It's a peach of a fiddle,' says Dave. 'It says in the catalogue it's a genuine Cremonika—looks like a Cremona and plays just as good. I bet it's the best fiddle in the world to be had for twelve dollars!'

"'What's that?' says Mrs. Julia, erecting herself like an alarmed rattlesnake.

"'Sure! It's a genuine twelve-dollar one,' says Dave proudly. 'My old one, that you so kindly raffled off, cost only five. I always wanted a better one, but I never had the money to spare till you come along. It's awful hard to save up money round here.'

"'Do you mean to tell me ——' says Mrs. Julia. She was so mad she couldn't get any farther. Dave thought she was merely enthusiastic about his new fiddle.

"'Sure! Only twelve dollars for this beauty,' he says, fondling the instrument. 'We got down the mail-order catalogue the minute you left that money with us, and had a postal order on the way to Chicago that very night. I must say, lady, you brought a great pleasure into our life.'

"'What about your poor wife?' snaps Mrs. Julia.

"His poor wife comes up just then and looks affectionately at Dave and the new fiddle

"'He spent that money for another fiddle!' says Mrs. Julia to her in low tones of horror.

"'Sure! What did you think he was going to do with it?' says Mrs. Dave. 'I must say we had two mighty dull weeks while Dave was waiting for this new one. He just mopes round the house when he hain't got anything to play on. But this is a lot better than the old fiddle; it was worth waiting for. Did you thank the lady, Dave?'

"Mrs. Julia was now plumb speechless and kind of weak. And on top of these blows up comes Aunt Mollie, the new-wed, and beams fondly on her.

"'There!' says she. 'Ain't that a fine new fiddle that Dave bought with his twelve dollars? And wasn't it worth postponing my wedding for, so we could have some music?'

"'What's that?' says Mrs. Julia again. 'Why did you postpone it?'

"'Because the fiddle didn't get here till last night,' says Aunt Mollie, 'and I wasn't going to have a wedding without music. It wouldn't seem right. And don't you think, yourself, it's a lot better fiddle than Dave's old one?'

"So this poor Mrs. Julia woman was now stricken for fair, thinking of all the trouble she'd been to about her tickets, and all to see this new fiddle.

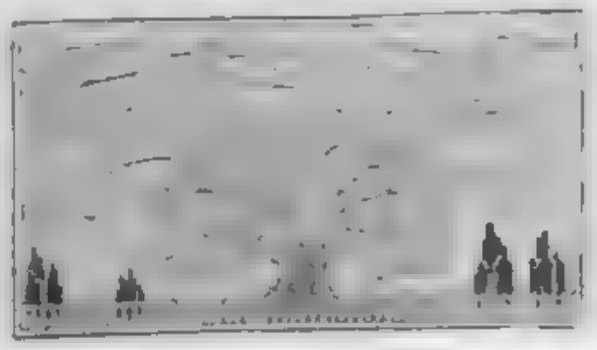
"She went weakly into the house and lay down, with a headache, till I was ready to leave the gay throng. And the next day she left us to our fate. Still, she'd done us good. Dave has a new fiddle and Aunt Mollie has her high white shoes. So now you know all about it."

We neared the Arrowhead gate. Presently its bell would peal a sweet message to those who labored. Ma Pettengill turned in her saddle to scan the western horizon.

"A red sun has water in his eye," said she. "Well, a good soak won't hurt us."

And a moment later:

"Curious thing about reformers: They don't seem to get such a lot of pleasure out of their labors unless the ones they reform resist and suffer, and show a proper sense of their degradation. I bet a lot of reformers would quit to-morrow if they knew their work wasn't going to bother people any."



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VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 5)

in-laws, contributed so much sprightly and plutocratic gossip to our democratic Sunday supplements Buddy gave him careful inspection. His hunting boots were of remarkable buckskin, to match a leathery waistcoat. His necktie was a symphony of outing shades. He didn't amount to much, Buddy concluded, and decided to be kind.

"I'm told that you are an excellent guide, Buddy," Overbeek had begun in his soft-spoken way.

"You bet I am, Terry," the excellent guide had responded, not to be outdone in cordiality.

This was breaking the ice with dynamite, but it worked unexpectedly well. It was Buddy this and Terry that for the rest of their adventure. Buddy made a mental note to the effect that Terry had been everywhere and seen very little. He was over forty, yet there was something underdeveloped about him—a perpetual schoolboy in experience. Later years were to show Buddy McNair how wrong he had been in this snap judgment.

He never forgot the splendor of Overbeek's camp as he looked it over preparatory to a three-burro expedition over the Little Divide. It was like the establishment of a traveling sultan, all under canvas—portable kitchens, chairs, tables, tubs, dining rooms. There were bowings and scrapings from a corps of English servants disguised as *courriers du bois*, nimble to supply the great man's every want. From that day on Buddy had sneakingly pined for an English valet. It must be wonderful to have your boots pulled on so caressingly.

"You'll have to leave this Shah of Persia outfit behind," Buddy had decreed. "The Panhandle trail is so crooked it would break a rattlesnake's neck. We can sling grub for a week on three pack saddles."

Overbeek had replied that he had thought he was rather roughing it, don't you know, as it was.

Roughing it! He roughed it with an English valet! He never did or said anything of importance, yet he could hire men to make him seem important; and lo—he was important! No vaulting achievement in art, no service to the state, no discovery in science could have created that atmosphere of splendor which surrounded this ineffectual weak-willed man who roughed it under a tentage that covered an acre of ground.

But he had yielded with the grace of a good sportsman. And it was in the preliminary packing that Buddy had gotten his first glimpse of Mrs. Pat Dyvenot.

She had tumbled at his feet out of a pile of duffel bags that a servant was unpacking for the night. All in her pretty leather traveling frame she lay helpless on the floor, gazing with the coolness peculiar to photographs; and the Axe Creek boy, who had never before seen a woman just like that, marveled that they could be so perfect. Straight and white as a lily she had gazed up at him; and as bloodless, possibly. He wasn't sure. He had picked her up from the ground and hadn't been aware of his impertinence until Overbeek had stretched out an impatient hand.

"Give it to me, if you don't mind."

Buddy had been sorry. It had dawned upon him that he had been taking liberties with Terry's best girl.

Yet she had looked out at Buddy McNair, a picture of gentle civilized perfection, something more than knowledge in her mysterious eyes, something less than a smile on her smooth lips. And Overbeek, lord of material things, had commanded Buddy to give her to him, if he didn't mind.

That was it—money and position had given him the right. Queerly enough his father's whimsical essay on the planet Venus came back to Buddy:

"So dressy and chic and highly polished, so brilliant and civilized!"

They had gotten away at sunrise next morning and the light of noon was sifting through the scrub pines when Fate overtook them. They had rounded a bend in the trail, Buddy had stopped the rearmost jack to shift his rifle on the pack, Overbeek was scouting off in tangents, his gun and his manner both absurdly alert in consideration of the fact that deer were still a day's journey away. It was either fortunate or unfortunate, according to your point of view, that Buddy had unstrapped his rifle at the instant he looked up and comprehended the terrific tableau.

For Overbeek, his weapon at half shoulder, was walking gingerly round a mossy rock. Less than twenty feet ahead of him a brownish patch of fur bobbed methodically. Upon inspection the patch developed into a full-size cinnamon bear, and his engrossing occupation was plain to be seen: he was rolling a rotten log under his forepaw while his long nose searched under the bark for luscious white grubs. Buddy's first instinct was to save the situation. Therefore he put his tongue to his teeth and uttered a piercing whistle.

The effect was instantaneous, startling, horrible. Overbeek leaped as though stung by a bee. He caught sight of the bear at the same moment the bear caught sight of Overbeek. A frozen silence. Slowly the clumsy animal raised himself, turned round twice in a curious dancing step, opened his paws and his jaws at the same moment, and advanced on the international sportsman, who stood hypnotized like a mouse before a cobra. Then his gun quavered to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot!" howled Buddy down the echoing glen.

Forever afterward the picture was photographed in Buddy's mind, the awful look on Overbeek's face as he took wobbly aim. The gun crashed like a cannon. It must have missed, for the bear stood a moment, his face registering disappointment, surprise, indignation. Then he got down on all fours and went for Overbeek in a most workmanlike manner.

The poor madman had now started down the hill in a series of rabbit leaps. Buddy hadn't time to laugh. It was one of your comedies in which death plays the comic rôle. The bear was gaining. Overbeek developed a birdlike genius, leaped to an overhanging branch and would have pulled himself to safety had not the bear anchored a long claw in the heel of one dainty hunting boot.

In the flash of a gun Buddy had chosen between two duties. He had scarcely pulled the trigger and seen the bear fall all of a heap when he was sorry he had done it. At the same moment Overbeek came unfastened from his branch and tumbled out of harm's way.

"You've saved my life," snarled the international one, pulling at a leather flask.

"Yes," admitted Buddy dully; "and I've killed Romeo."

"Romeo?" queried Overbeek, smacking his green lips.

"The pet bear of Axe Creek. The camp's mascot." He had all but burst into tears. "Poor old Romey!"

"Do you mean to tell me I've been running away from a tame bear?" gasped the gilded tenderfoot.

"Tame till he saw you, Terry. He was so tame that Gowan's cat used to scare him out of the store."

"Well, if he was so remarkably tame what did he come after me for?"

"Sugar," replied the gentle courier.

"Sugar!"

Overbeek groaned and sank down on Romeo's delicious log.

"The boys round the store taught him that trick—stand on his hind legs, turn round twice and open up his mouth for sugar."

Buddy sat beside Terry and regarded the corpse.

"He asked for sugar and you gave him hell."

"Look here," the adventuring millionaire said softly at last, "this mustn't get about, you know. They'd make no end of an ass of me if it should get out."

He was offering a large yellow bank note.

"Put it back!" gloomed Buddy.

"But you've saved my life," persisted Overbeek. It was almost like an accusation.

"I can't help that now. I'm not shooting my friends by the job. Don't be afraid of my telling—I'd no more tell Axe Creek about this business than about a horse theft. Lynching never goes quite out of style in these nervous climates."

"You mean to say they'd take it—violently?"

"Well," drawled Buddy, "Romeo was a dear-loved brother."

"I think I'd better go back and break camp." (Continued on Page 74)

The Warning of the White Mice

THREE or four white mice peer out through the wires of a cage, in a front line trench "over there." A soldier near by keeps a watchful eye on them.

Let even a trace of gas taint the air, and the mice, far more sensitive than man to the fumes, show distress. The soldier gives the alarm, masks are adjusted, the gas attack is defeated.

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Valve Grinding Compound
Insures Pressure-tight Valves
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(Continued from Page 72)

The stranger looked nervously along the trail whence they had come as Buddy sought an old prospect hole and borrowed a rusty crowbar. When he got back he found that Overbeek, his trophy lust conquering fear, had skinned poor Romeo. The corpse lay stark naked among the pine needles, the pelt was stretched over a bended sapling. Together they dug a grave with a crowbar and a tin dipper, and at sunset, when the funeral was over, they started back to Axe Creek.

And to-night, lying wakeful in bed, golden visions of to-morrow swimming through his excited brain, Buddy could not withhold a chuckle at remembrance of the scene, three years back, when Overbeek's wagon show took its starlit departure. There had been a folding of many portable camping conveniences, a clattering of harness, a striking of tents.

And just before dawn, as the sleepy caravan was about to move away, Overbeek had leaned down from the boss wagon and repeated:

"You saved my life."

"You can forget that," Buddy had permitted.

"Remembering is my vice," the international sportsman had reminded him with an unexpected dignity. "And there's one thing I want you to do if you won't take money: If you ever come to New York and want a favor done I wish you'd ask it of me—will you?"

"Sure!"

Thus lightly Buddy McNair had gotten rid of a potential benefactor by starlight three years ago.

And to-night he turned his hot pillow over and made calculations upon the face of that promise. He was going to New York. What favor could he ask of Terry Overbeek? The Buddy McNair of yesterday was full of wants. The Buddy McNair of to-day, successful beyond his hopes, already famous in the Rocky Mountain States, need not knock at the Overbeeks' big front door for any ordinary boon.

And the picture of the lady in the star smiled out at him through the dark. He wished morning would come. Then a milky haze fell on his reflections. . . . "And I met up with a dame——" Shaggy's whining note buzzed mosquitolike in his ear. Poor old Doc! Why did he bet that five hundred, which he couldn't afford to lose? And less than three hours to Denver.

At last he slept.

II

THE train had been just nine minutes out of Colorado Springs when, in Pullman section Number Seven, across the aisle, a skirt stirred menacingly and a lady's plain gray cloak was thrown over the back of a seat. Buddy cast a glance of superstitious awe, but a bolder gaze gave him heart. She was no siren, certainly. She was short, wispy, faded, well beyond the age of lure, and, Buddy thought, somewhat pathetic. She was struggling with a large traveling bag with which she was executing a most peculiar maneuver. Apparently, in trying to drag it cross lots over the velvet back of the next section she had managed to get the bag over her shoulders; the train had swung round a complex curve at a delicate moment and, clutching wildly at the suitcase, she had jammed it at arm's length against the side of the car and now stood supporting it in the attitude of a plain and elderly caryatid.

"Can't I help you?" suggested Buddy McNair, chivalrously leaping to her aid. He got the bag into his masterful clutch, rejoicing in his superior prowess.

Being a shade under medium height he was little better equipped than she for tasks requiring the conquest of bulky loads at great heights, but in the willingness of the spirit he clutched the bag manfully overhead—and the train gave another lurch.

The bag jarred open, open wide, and the attraction of gravitation did its work in a businesslike manner. It was fantastic. First a wire-bristled hairbrush dented the crown of Buddy's new hat and flew off at a tangent; followed quickly then a cologne bottle, and as a chaser a box of talcum powder which had broken its bonds of baby-blue ribbon and made the world—notably Buddy's bright-blue suit—its own.

Helpless, indignant, humiliated, he stood there, his eyes protectively closed, blowing the powder from his upper lip like some queer whiffling bird, while the shower of woman's possessions swept over his modish form.

At last he blinked his vision free. The furious face of the lady he had sought to succor greeted him. Round him lay the havoc of his gallantry. Pins, pins, hairpins, hatpins, safety pins, pins in papers, cubes, cushions, played leapfrog with a manicure set, a toothbrush, a religious magazine and many stockings rolled into tight black sausages; then a loose-stirring company of white garments, terrifying, unmistakable.

Titters came to him above the roar of the train.

He stooped to start the inevitable and shameful work of restoration, when his head hit something hard. There was a cry, which Buddy will always believe was an oath, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles fell at his feet.

Simultaneously they stood erect.

Ladies weren't his strong point, bitterly he reflected, yet he restored the glasses with something very near to tenderness. She was not gracious, but that mattered little, for Buddy was again down on all fours, harvesting the wreckage. He had shyly garnered the hairbrush, the cologne bottle, two oranges and a red slipper when, looking up, he beheld the thing he feared.

A young lady had joined the group and was harvesting busily. She was pretty, under twenty-four, the corner of Buddy's eyes decided; and there was a wisp of fur above her plain dark gown. Under her close-fitting hat her brows were straight and smoothly spread like little wings, and her eyes were so deeply blue that he had thought them black at first. She had a lively little face, rather olive as to complexion, and her cheeks glowed wholesomely with a red that tinted on the apricot. As the kneeling knight offered his collection she looked him straight in the eye and laughed aloud.

"Oh, you do look funny!" she giggled.

"Do I?" asked Buddy with rather overdone dignity.

"He would be puttin' up me bag for me. I knew he couldn't reach, but he would," the doleful spinster moaned.

"It ought to teach you to ring for the porter," the violet eyes chided the spinster, trying ever so hard to look severe, "and to keep your bag closed."

Ring for the porter! Why hadn't poor Buddy thought of that? He colored furiously. The porter wouldn't have spilled it; he was a specialist in hand bags. When would Buddy learn to get himself waited on?

Confusedly he knelt, proffering a tiny pink package of hairpins, which he had fished from under a seat.

"I think this is all," he said, wishing he had shipped himself by express.

"Thank you ever so much," acknowledged the generous mouth, giving him such a smile as angels make. "Please, won't you let Cora brush you off? It's only fair, you know."

"Thank you," said Buddy, noting Cora's hateful glare through her spectacles, "I'll ring for the porter."

Which he did.

When he returned to his section his new acquaintances seemed to have settled back into their antebellum calm; and in this he had no place. The pretty girl was completely absorbed in her magazine, and across from her the grim Cora sat reading a red-bound volume entitled, in large gold letters, Beauties of the Court of Louis XIV.

Buddy sat dreading the dining car and peeped now and then around the day's edition of the Axe Creek Republican. Sitting serenely now beside the scrawny spinster lady he saw his friend the suitcase, its two straps securely buckled, its lock snapped tight. The young lady had taken her hat off, and he was fascinated by the texture of her wavy brown hair. Once he caught her taking him in rather curiously, but her glance scurried like a frightened mouse back to Section Seven again to hide between the covers of her magazine. Buddy wondered why her own attractive little hand bag still reposed upon the floor.

When the white-aproned Afric proclaimed a last call Buddy took courage and lurched toward the dining car. He had shuffled his wallet from his overcoat into an inside pocket of his blue suit and the burden gave him a stuffed feeling as though he were carrying a bale of hay. The steward found him a small table near a window, where Buddy gasped in the Pullman heat, his one earthly desire being to remove his coat and collar. He was a little homesick, and finding with alarm that his normal appetite had deserted him he limited his order to corn-beef hash, candied sweet

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

potatoes, succotash, cauliflower *au gratin* and pie *à la mode*.

Four prosperously dressed strangers sat at the table across the aisle; well-to-do Eastern business men apparently. The fat one, by his own loud-voiced confession, was looking after shipbuilding contracts for the Union Iron Works. The tall, sallow gentleman with the nervous hands had been inspecting timberlands. The two smallish youngish blondish youths were sportsmen at large, for they talked wisely of polo at Coronado Beach.

Their conversation so fascinated the new-made cyanide king that he was oblivious of all else until the girl with the wavy hair swam into his ken and took the place, less than a yard away from him, across the little table.

Buddy McNair, quite unaccustomed to eating with ladies, was undecided as to what was expected of him, whether he should engage her in light conversation or pretend he didn't know she was there. Her face, when he looked her way, was partly hidden behind the paddlelike menu card which she was holding daintily, much as Venus might have handled her looking-glass.

Buddy unfolded the Axe Creek Republican and continued reading a front-page article about himself. He wondered if there were any rules and regulations. How he wished Doc Naylor had come along! Then the monotonous chant of that toothless prophet, Shaggy Keenan, rang in his ears like a chapter out of Revelation:

"And I lit out for Denver. And I almost got there. And I met up with a dame."

He saw her place her written order where it was visible to the waiter.

"That's for two lamb chops—rather well done," he heard her pretty, educated voice. "And a pot of Ceylon tea. Will you see to it?"

Buddy's eyes again ventured forth. This time she was looking over at the party of four across the aisle. If he had thought her an angel at first glance he must now reverse his opinion, for the look she gave the merry party was undoubtedly disagreeable. Her eyes had changed from violet to steel black. Then she fumbled with her napkin and gazed out of the window; as the train was running round a ledge of rock there was obviously nothing to see.

"Would you care to read the news?" asked Buddy with an effort, holding out the Axe Creek Republican.

"Oh, thank you! You're very kind."

Her cheeks were peachy with a faint blush, and again she gave him her angel smile. She opened the sheet before her and fell into an absorbed inspection of Fraternal Notes on an inside page. Frail vanity prompted him to hope that she would choose Page One with its three-column headline beginning "Gilbert K. McNair, Our Celebrated Cyanide Magnate, Departs for Eastern Activities."

Presently her chops came in, and Buddy marveling at her bird-size luncheon was fain to linger. A cup of tea and two chops! Who could keep alive on that? After paying his check he cudgeled his brain for an excuse to buy her something really filling. Ingenuity failed, so he took his hat from the peg.

"You've forgotten your paper."

She offered the Republican ever so sweetly.

"Thank you. Thank you ever so much."

He had an awful feeling as he swayed toward the smoking car that he should have insisted upon her keeping the paper; there didn't seem to be any rules with these women.

Through the tobacco-laden atmosphere of the club smoker he saw the four prosperous travelers perched all in a row like birds of passage. He had scarcely chosen a slippery leather chair for himself when the blond polo anecdotist from Coronado Beach detached himself from his row and came sauntering over. In his blush-gray suit, as he stood gracefully over Buddy, he looked ever so much like a fine Maltese cat.

"I beg your pardon. Is this Mr. McNair?"

"You've got me," responded the surprised one.

"My name's Stevenson."

Buddy found himself shaking a signet-ringed hand as the Maltese cat settled himself, purring, into the next chair.

"I was told at Colorado Springs that you would be on this train. Sir Angue Ironvyne, the Scotch cyanide man, asked me to look you up."

"Friend of yours?" asked Buddy, immediately interested.

"Opened the polo season with him. Splendid chap—beastly seat, though."

"Kind of him to remember me." Buddy's relations with the mighty Scot had consisted in one short business wrangle.

"I've been a bit interested in mining myself." Mr. Stevenson cast a patronizing glance at the passing Rockies.

"Quite a lot of it left," Buddy suggested.

"Going on to New York?"

"That's my opinion."

"Bully! We're going right on too. Perhaps we'll ——"

Mr. Stevenson's three companions, passing single file toward the rear, distracted his attention.

"Not starting already?" he called out waggishly, whereat the fat one stopped at the door, smiled bulbously and wheezed:

"Got to start sometime. Got only a couple of hours."

"That's Planchoff Hull. You know—vice president of the Union Iron Works," volunteered Mr. Stevenson. "Splendid old chap—best there is. His one vice is gambling."

"Bad habit," grunted Buddy. Several of the gold eagles he had dumped into his pocket pressed uncomfortably as he sat down upon them.

"Aren't you in the Altazoona, third car to the rear?" Stevenson had arisen and was presenting his cordial palm

"That's my present address"

"Good. We've got a stateroom at the end. I hope you'll consider it your headquarters. And if you happen to want a little ——"

Stevenson winked and his right hand raised a phantom flask, pantomimically pouring.

"Thank you kindly. I shouldn't be surprised if I did," was Buddy's promise that sped the stranger toward his bounteous stateroom.

He sat a while in thought, smoking his cigar down to the point where it singed the band. Now and again he raised a nervous hand and patted the fat wallet which so frankly bulged his side. He rather wished he had left it in Doc's care, as suggested. Less than an hour out and here were fashionable strangers clamoring for poker. The odds were in favor of their being just what they claimed to be, in which case he might very well sit in and pass away an otherwise heavy afternoon. A rich man can afford to pay for his pleasures, even if they are follies, he reflected easily.

At last he unlimbered his cramped legs and strolled toward the rear. The door of the stateroom stood generously open as he passed into the Altazoona. The dark lumber magnate was dealing out poker hands. A porter was filling long glasses with ice.

Manhood conquered and Buddy got to Section Eight, where he clumped wearily down and diverted his mind with scraps of glowing biography from the front page of the Axe Creek Republican. The girl with the wavy hair never looked across the aisle. He kept hoping she would. She was knitting at a little mop of yarn, and as she drove the needles back and forth between her slender fingers the skinny person in the opposite seat continued to glare into the scandals of poor Louis' court. Even such glowing phrases as "Gilbert Kernochan McNair, the Wizard of Cyanide" or "He came a poor boy among us and arose, by dint of sterling worth, to wealth and affluence" from the first page of the Axe Creek Republican failed to rouse his soggy spirit. Altogether it sounded as though he had died and the obituary editor had gotten at him. Still the pretty girl across the way kept her eyes upon her knitting. Anyhow, he was glad she didn't like the scenery.

Buddy took the oppressive wallet out of his coat and slipped it into his overcoat.

Presently the dapper Mr. Stevenson came sauntering again into view. He seemed in no hurry—stopped once or twice to look out of the window. At last he leaned on the back of Buddy's seat and smiled most invitingly

"We're getting a nice little game started and wondered if you wouldn't come in and make it five," he suggested.

"Thank you," said Buddy, stirring nervously, "I don't care if I do."

"Well, then ——"

Suggestively the Maltese cat stood in the aisle, glancing brightly toward the stateroom and more brightly back at Buddy.

Buddy thought at once of his unguarded wallet and a last ounce of caution asserted itself.

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(See Continued on Page 78)

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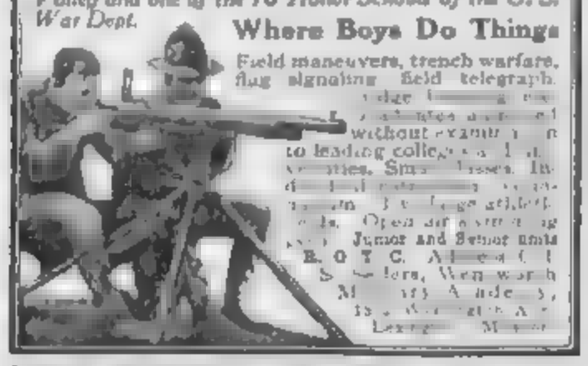
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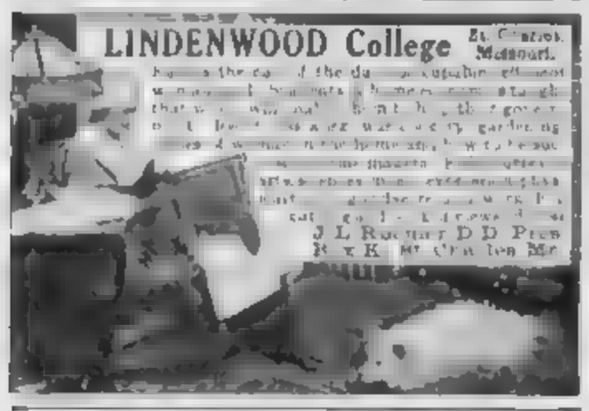

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"I've got to fix some things in my suitcase," he temporized. "You go back and I'll join you."

"We'll all be glad to have you," the elegant Mr. Stevenson assured him as he turned down the car.

Buddy stood in the aisle, his overcoat on his arm. He had about decided to take that money-bearing garment along with him and sit on it during the game; then it occurred to him that he could never be sane with so much cash within reach and a jackpot on the table. The crowd in the stateroom were all right, probably. . . .

"I beg your pardon!"

It was a clear and very pleasant note, obviously addressing him, and looking round he saw the girl with the wavy hair smiling up at him quite adorably.

"Excuse me," faltered Buddy. "Did you speak?"

"There's something I've been crazy to ask you; I hope you won't think me silly."

Her eyes were blue-black in the intensity of her appeal, yet she was smiling.

"If the answer's in me it's yours," he assured her, taking courage as he denuded himself of his new hat.

Where were Doc Naylor's precautions now? She had sidled along, making a place for him, pushing the small traveling bag along with her foot. He threw himself into the space beside her, mauling his overcoat across his lap.

"I thought," she began, looking modestly up from her knitting, "that you were from one of the mining camps. The paper you were kind enough to lend me ——"

Whatever she had to ask seemed difficult to formulate into words. Buddy's subconscious mind warned him that possibly she was fumbling for questions.

"Axe Creek's my town," he assisted her. "A little less than two hours on the branch from Colorado Springs."

"Oh, then you are from a mining camp! Please don't say you aren't!"

Her look was piteous.

"I guess you can call it that. The altitude and the mines are still there."

"I'm a dreadful tenderfoot," she went rippling along with alarming affability. "I've been only to Colorado Springs; and that's nothing more than a tourist place. I've been mad to get into the wilds and see something."

"Of course there isn't much to see in winter—nothing but snow."

"Yes. And I've had a great deal to do this winter; hardly a moment that I could call my own. And now I'm going away as ignorant as I came."

She was so girlishly innocent that Buddy, made alert, gave her a moment's scrutiny. He remembered that hard understanding look which had passed from her to the man at the opposite table. What had he here? He was battling with a soft intoxication; the pleasantly trapped feeling that a rabbit must enjoy when he has been snared by some particularly delightful bait. Most certainly he had met up with a dame!

"Axe Creek's a good little camp," Buddy conceded. "Of course if you're looking for Bret Harte you'll find more of him in the Boston Public Library."

"Oh, don't tell me that!" she almost wept.

"We got rid of smallpox and bad men about 1885. But I hate to hurt your feelings," he grinned.

"Isn't there something that's different about it?"

"Oh, it's all different—from what it was. Last year we put two miles of asphalt on Arapahoe Avenue, and the Acme National Bank building is the best four-story concrete structure west of ——"

"You might as well be talking about New Rochelle."

She laid down her knitting. The scrawny lady on the opposite seat glared round the corner of old Louis' naughty court.

"But of course you don't do everything in that poky way," she told him, studying his features with a care that flattered him beyond words. "You must have some sombreros and flying lariats and gun play up and down your main street."

"Lots of it," he grinned, and was glad that she had stopped his career of disillusionment.

"Thank heaven! Tell me about it."

"We have two moving-picture theaters."

"Oh!"

"They're very popular with the boys round the camp. Cowboy scenes and hold-ups are the favorites. We've even learned a lot of rough words, like *pronto* and *hombre*, off the captions. The only people who ever give the sheriff any trouble are the boys who think the movies are real and try to shoot up the town. But life would be pretty slow sometimes without the pictures."

"I wonder if you're teasing me," she pouted.

This gave Buddy McNair a tremendous heart thump. She made him feel so ridiculously attractive and important. It seemed a pity, though, that she should think he had been teasing her; it was not her fault that she had had to work so hard that she had never seen the West. It was pathetic, rather, that any grown person should be so ignorant.

"I wish I had a chance really to show you," he volunteered. "There are lots of mines up there, and lots of deer. But everything's protected by the game laws or got a fence round it."

"Oh, if you could show me!" The slim ringless hands came together and she looked at him with such appeal that caution fled and he had a whim to carry her to the mountains on a flying horse.

Instead he began in his nearest possible approach to a pedagogic delivery:

"You see, mining camps change about as fast as everything else, I guess. If we drill rock and run our ore cars by electricity it's natural that our streets should be electric lighted.

"We'll always use a good deal of pine for building, because we're in the timber belt; but when we want to put on style and keep warm we send down below for a load of bricks and cement. Most everybody in camp keeps a flivver and runs it when the roads are open."

"Of course you've no train robbers?"

"Don't need 'em. Eastern syndicates do our robbery for us."

"But how can you keep from committing an act of violence now and then if you're always carrying a revolver?"

"I don't think I'd know how to shoot one if I had it," was Buddy's discouraging reply.

Either this young lady was very green or she was stringing him, he concluded, and was immediately ashamed of himself for attributing so much as a knowledge of deceit to those most innocent of eyes.

"How do you make a living? Don't say you are a grocer or a conductor on a trolley car."

"Cyanide of potassium," he informed her with dramatic brevity.

"Hurrah! That sounds violent. Cyanide is a deadly drug, isn't it?"

"The rankest poison there is," he cheerfully agreed. "Once I saw a Polak laborer opening a can. He got a little crystal the size of an ant's eyeball mixed up in his whiskers."

"It didn't kill him!" She was leaning forward, excited as a child at a bedtime story.

"I didn't think much of it at the time, because a Polak uses his whiskers the way a lady uses her hand bag—to tote yarn, small change, samples, love letters, candy; and I thought that Polak was just taking some of it home to his wife, but all of a sudden he lets out a yell like ——"

The simile of the Polak's yell was interrupted by the affable Mr. Stevenson, who had come up the aisle and laid a friendly hand on Buddy's shoulder.

"If you'll pardon me," he apologized, "they're waiting the game for you."

"I'll be right down," sang out Buddy.

The blue-gray suit went down the aisle; but when Buddy again looked at the girl he found eyes that were sad with disapproval.

"And just in the midst of that wonderful story!"

It was rapture to have a woman's eyes woo you so, her lips so mutely plead.

"I'll just sit in for a round o' jacks and come back and ——"

She laughed. It was very pretty and horribly irritating. Down the aisle he could see the blue-gray suit lingering.

"I'm not so crazy about gambling anyhow," he further weakened.

"We'll soon be in Denver," she pointed out.

"I'll call off the darned game," he promised her, and caught up with Mr. Stevenson a few yards from the stateroom door.

"Say, friend," began Buddy, "I don't think I'll play. Just as much obliged. I've got a sort of headache and ——"

"Oh, come along!" Stevenson glanced smilingly toward the girl in Section Seven. "That sort of thing won't cure a headache, you know."

"You'll leave that to me, please."

He could feel his neck swelling inside his new collar, and the blond face, an inch removed from Buddy's sharp nose, grew a shade lighter.

Buddy found her fussing with her small traveling bag when he came back. It was rather a nice-looking bag of walrus leather and on the end were the initials M. H. H. in gilt letters.

"I bet I can hoist that one without spilling it," Buddy volunteered cheerfully, reaching for the small bag.

"No, no! Not this one!" She pulled it away from him almost rudely.

And when he had resumed his seat beside her she urged "Now tell me—what did the Polak let out a yell like?"

"Like a widowed wild cat," Buddy took up the tale. "Turned a double back stem-winder into a hundred-ton vat. And next Wednesday when they sluiced out the tailings what do you think they found?"

Blue Eyes couldn't guess; and when the Polak's last appearance was common property and had reminded Buddy of innumerable thrilling anecdotes touching upon the manners of Axe Creek the train was winding its way far down into the foothills.

III

THEY stopped at a small settlement amidst a maze of tracks.

"They're unhooking the diner," announced the skinny lady, who had gone out to look and had come back shivering with the upland cold. "They're going to couple it on with another train going west."

"Don't you think it would be jolly to take a breath on the platform?" asked the girl with the wavy hair.

Any breath with her would be jolly, he knew. He had become utterly absorbed in the dame he had so thoroughly met up with. Perhaps she had taken up with him, rather, but Buddy was beyond caring. He hoped she'd change cars with him at Denver and be in his train all the way East; but he hadn't considered it delicate to ask her yet. Perhaps before Denver. . . .

"Better put on your hat," he suggested in a tone to him thrillingly protective. "Turns pretty sharp this time of year."

"Do you think we'll have time?" she anxiously inquired, lifting her graceful elbows to arrange the little hat with the patch of fur.

"They'll play drop the handkerchief for at least ten minutes," he informed her, like the experienced traveler he wasn't.

It was a delight to help her on with her coat; and being cursed with an imagination that could bound unhindered from hypothesis to conclusion, he saw himself renouncing his ambitions for the big world to take care of some poor girl like this one; to support her in luxury, buying finer and finer clothes for her as the years went on. By the time they had stepped down to the platform he had very definitely pictured to himself the wedding and the sort of house they would choose to live in. Which, he came to know later, was the sort of house no sane person would ever choose to live in.

He noticed that she was carrying the small walrus bag.

"Let me ——" Again he would have taken it, and again she gently retained it.

"You aren't going to change cars or anything?" he asked, afraid that he would lose her after all.

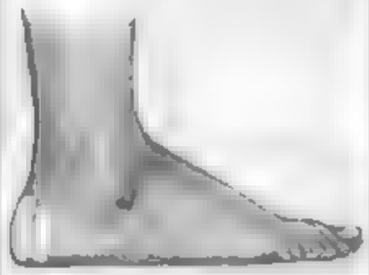
"Oh, no. It's just that I've a habit of carrying this little bag myself. Isn't the air delightful?"

The scrawny woman, wearing her plain gray cloak, followed grimly in the rear as they joined the feverish procession of leg-stretching tourists, marching and countermarching along the narrow strip of boards. Across the platform the west-going train, a chain of Pullmans as nearly like their east-going rivals as cars could be, had rolled in and stood puffing and whirtling at every air brake. Buddy and his companion were silent for the first few rounds of the station as they walked rapidly, breathing in deep lungfuls of mountain air. Buddy noted that the young woman at his side was half a hand taller than he. He stood very straight, made every vertebra do its duty, but still when he wanted to meet her eyes he found he must look up. He wondered if she despised his inferior stature.

Presently he saw the four poker players from the stateroom get off, followed by a baggage-laden porter. They were crossing over toward the western train; and as the affable blond had told him they were going all the way to New York it became quite evident to him that the friendly strangers

(Continued on Page 81)

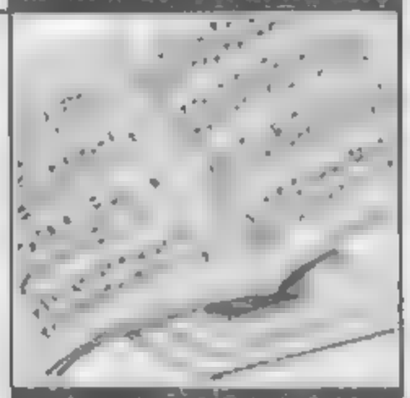
Prevents Chafing
On Hands or Feet



Mends Tears
Attach to the Under Side

Mends Music
Attaches Papers
Forms Binders

Mends Rubber
The Tape is Rubber Coated



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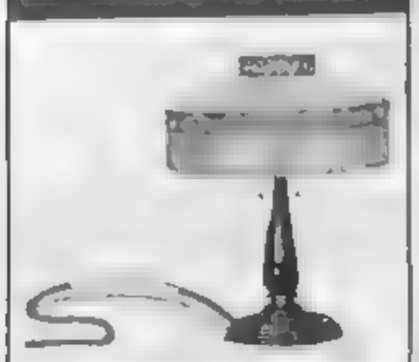

Stops Leaks
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A Few of Its Thousand Uses

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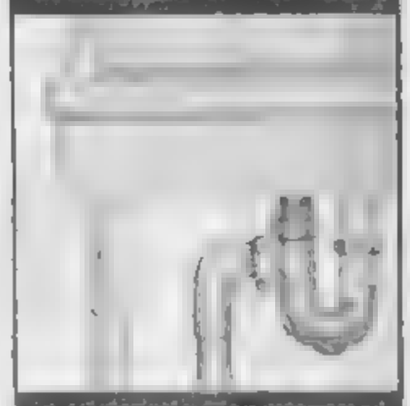
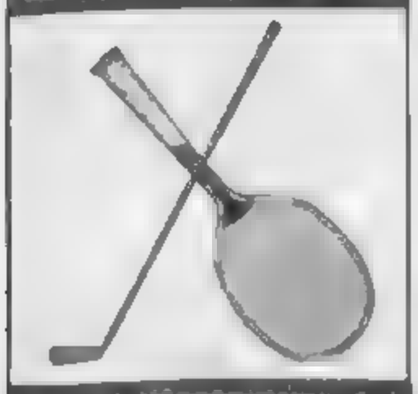


Patches Tires
Or Inner Tubes Temporarily



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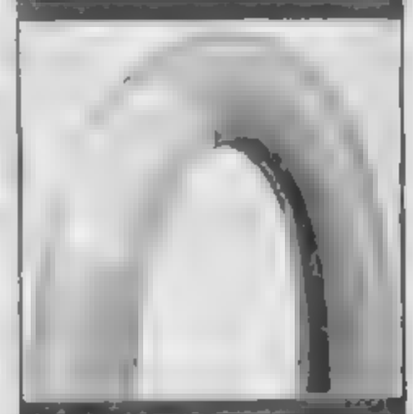

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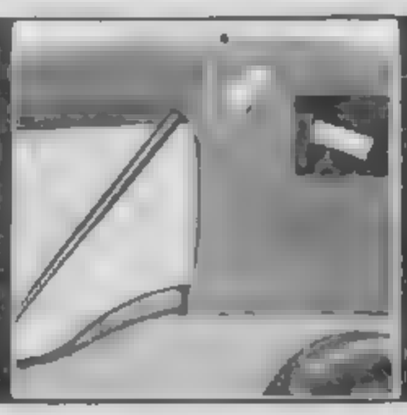
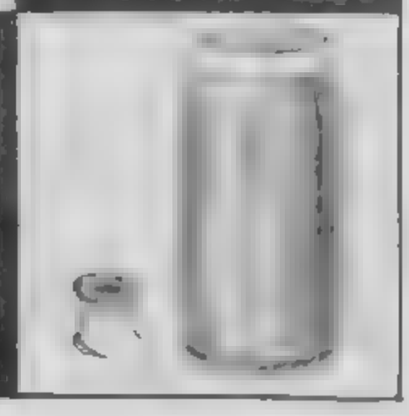
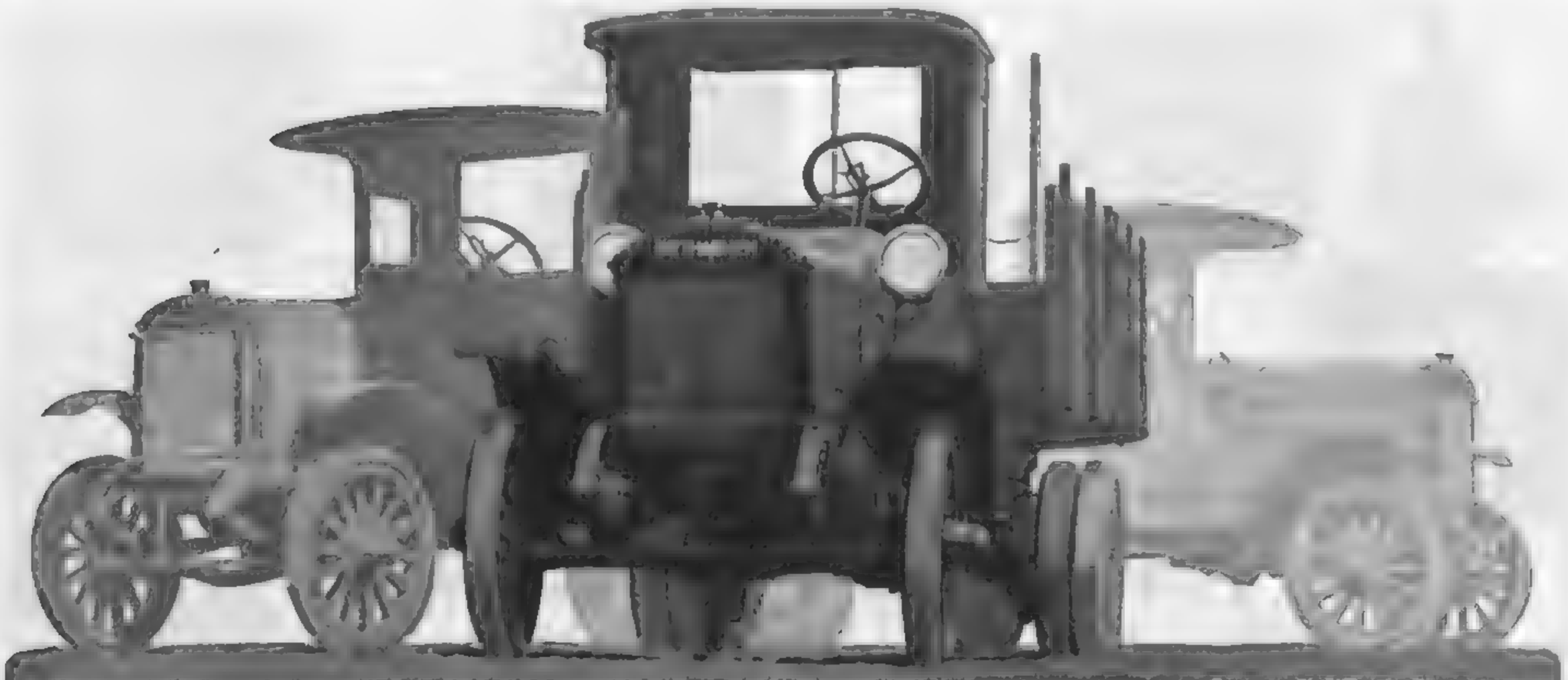


Patches Leather
Cloth or Rubber
Stops Leaks





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(Continued from Page 78)

were what he had half suspected—professional gamblers. He hoped the girl with the wavy hair hadn't seen; and then he realized that even if she had she would never understand. She stood looking into the declining sun, apparently oblivious of all that was about her.

She started walking again.

"I wonder who the high priest is," she laughed, "who christens Pullman cars?"

It became a pleasant sport with them, remarking on the names adorning the items of the two trains standing on either side of the little platform, pulling out, uncoupling, recoupling, jarring, ringing bells. The car on which they had made their home for the afternoon was called the Altazoona; there was one across the way called Alazama. There was a Zulu, a Rhomboidia and an Otomoto.

"Maybe they take the encyclopedia from Ab to Zex," he suggested, "and shake it all together and add a little bay rum."

"I know," she trilled. "They do it by numerology. Haven't you heard of the science of numbers?"

Buddy confessed his ignorance.

"Everyone is born with a number—just the way houses and telephones are, I suppose. Somehow your number gets twisted up with the signs of the zodiac. And if you're unlucky—as you usually are—you've got to change your name. I've got an aunt who insists that my cryptic name is Plowa."

"And you let her?"

"How can I help myself?"

"It strikes me that you're a young lady who wouldn't stand for a lot of monkey business. For instance, look at the way you hang on to that grip."

Her expression darkened a shade.

"I—I wasn't trying to hold you up," he reminded her. "You know what I said about toting a gun."

"I—I'll explain all about this bag—before we get to Denver," she said contritely, as though she owed something to him.

Buddy laughed.

"Bless your heart," he said, and could have bitten his tongue out at the familiarity, "I'll bet it's some woman reason!"

"I don't believe you know much about us," she said, her eyes brightening.

Buddy grinned and held his peace for another length of the platform. Detached Pullman cars, propelled as by magic, were bumping over the switches and crashing together amid a loud wheezing of the air brakes. Several passengers were clustered round a dingy news stand, buying home papers.

"I had a chance to study one of you," he volunteered at last. "I don't know if she was a fair sample, but I guess she was."

"And how much did you learn?" She glanced archly from under the little hat.

"How much I didn't know."

"That's the same as saying all women are alike. It's the stupid cry of bitterness. It's just as if you said that all oysters were the same because you'd been poisoned by a bad one."

"I didn't say she was a fair sample."

"In what way did she vary from the type?" She managed to ask this without looking like a school-teacher.

"She was a Swedish song-and-dance artist from the Pansy Varieties."

"Oh, I wish you would tell me!"

"Maybe sometime ——"

He could feel himself blushing. The westbound train was made up now, and stood quietly, the porters in place beside their wooden footstools.

"Oh, there's the New York Times!" cried she, a look of joyous recognition sweeping the news stand.

"I'll get one for you." Buddy was more than pleased to be buying even so light a thing for her convenience. Also he was a trifle relieved to be able to withdraw gracefully from the Pansy Varieties.

The girl, followed by her gloomy attendant, continued to pace the platform. The man at the news stand wasn't sure but that he could find a later copy. Somewhere a trainman sang out "All aboard!"

Buddy McNair looked up, to behold a most confusing spectacle. The Western train was already pulling out; and in the glass-partitioned vestibule of the last car, the Alazama, stood the girl with the wavy hair, shouting something he could not hear and flourishing her hand bag, the morose Cora standing gaunt at her elbow.

"You're on the wrong train!" shouted Buddy, just in time to realize that his warning was ridiculously too late. The porters had closed the hatches and the Alazama was gliding smoothly away into the sunset.

Buddy McNair had no opportunity to reflect at length on ways and means of rescue, for trainmen were now calling "All aboard!" on the other side of the platform. He stood gaping as long as safety would permit and swung to the handrail of the Altazoona at the last practical moment. He threw himself into his seat in Section Eight and gave himself over to conscience-stricken thoughts. He had been the lady's protector, responsible for the time for her safety—and he had let her make that wild mistake. Right under his nose she had gotten on the wrong train.

Not only that but she was now going West in company with that quartet of card sharps and, at the thought of the unexplained car change all round, a suspicion no larger than a girlish glove rose on his mental horizon, spread and muddied his soul. Possibly she had good reasons for boarding the other train. Possibly ——

He dived down into the inside pocket of his new overcoat. His wallet was gone.

He patted his new suit and got nothing but the jingle of gold pieces. He crossed over to Section Seven, where his overcoat had lain unguarded beside the glibly talking girl during the time it had taken him to follow the blond sharper down the aisle. After assuring himself that the other passengers were not looking that way he stooped and felt under the seat in a quick hope that the thing had dropped out of his pocket.

He sat back at last and enjoyed a great calm. Of course he could notify the conductor and start the telegraph wires humming to head off the runaway gang. This was obviously his public duty. But it would make the news public, and he could see a quaint article featured in to-morrow's Axe Creek Sentinel, whose business it was to be unfriendly to the Supercyanide. It wouldn't be fair to his backers for such a story to get abroad. No. And the boys in camp mustn't know.

He glanced over at the seat so recently occupied by the spinster lady and saw the double strapped and locked bag which the gaunt person had left behind in her flight. Houdini himself could not have opened that and hidden a wallet in the time it had taken the girl to whisk away his money.

As they were steaming into the suburbs of Denver the conductor stopped and asked, "Ladies left behind?"

"Got the wrong car, I guess," said Buddy with an indifference he was beginning to feel. Then he sat back and laughed; and his laughter made him angry, because it was the way he had behaved when the little Swede ran away with the traveling salesman.

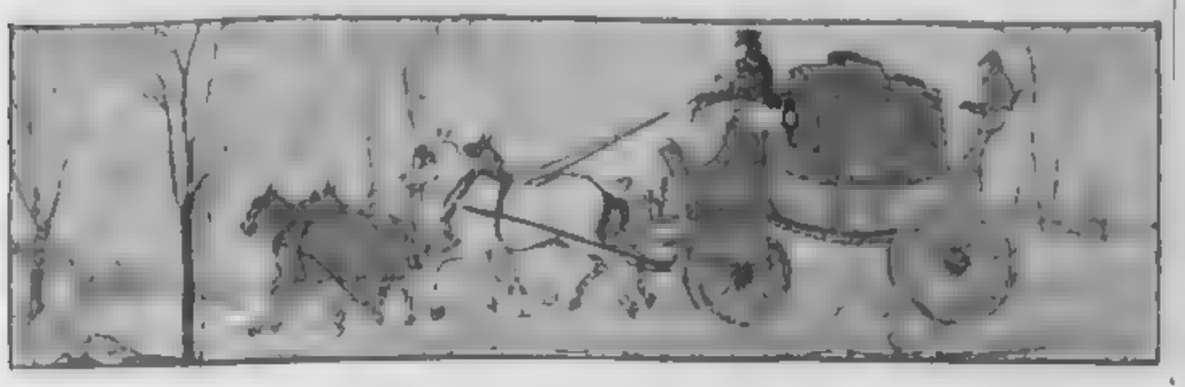
"And I lit out for Denver. And I almost got there. And I met up with a dame ——"

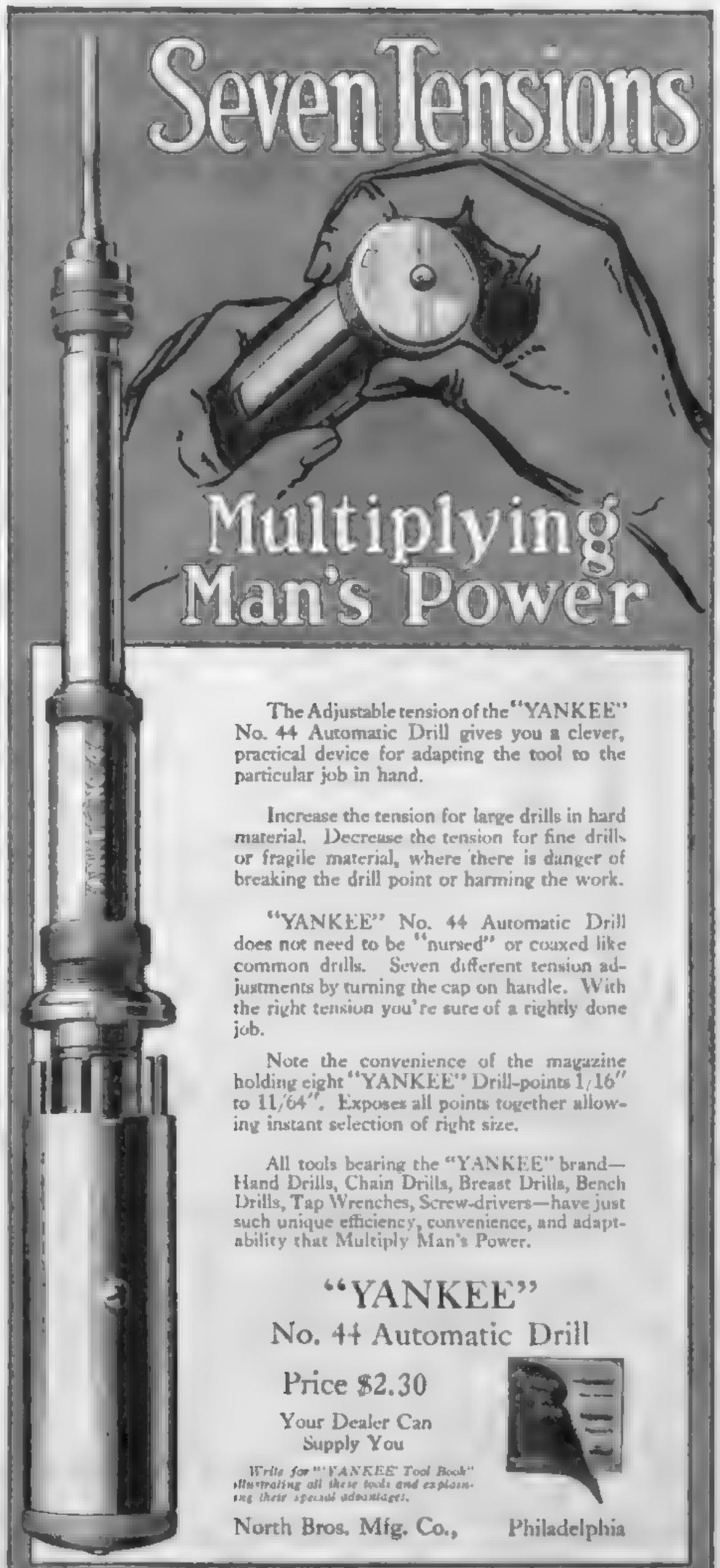
At the station he saw the porter carrying Cora's bag of his undoing toward the lost-and-found department.

Buddy asked a cab driver the name of the best hotel in Denver, and drove there to spend the two hours before he caught the limited. Here he signed a check and scribbled off a note to Doc Naylor:

"*Dear Doc:* Inclosed my check for five hundred dollars. You win. If you tell any of the boys I'll kill you. Everything going fine. BUDDY."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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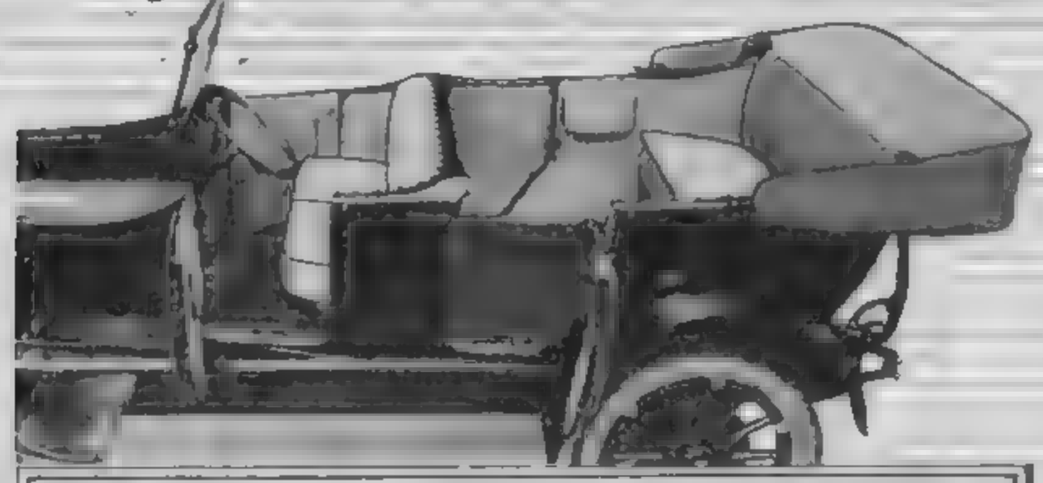

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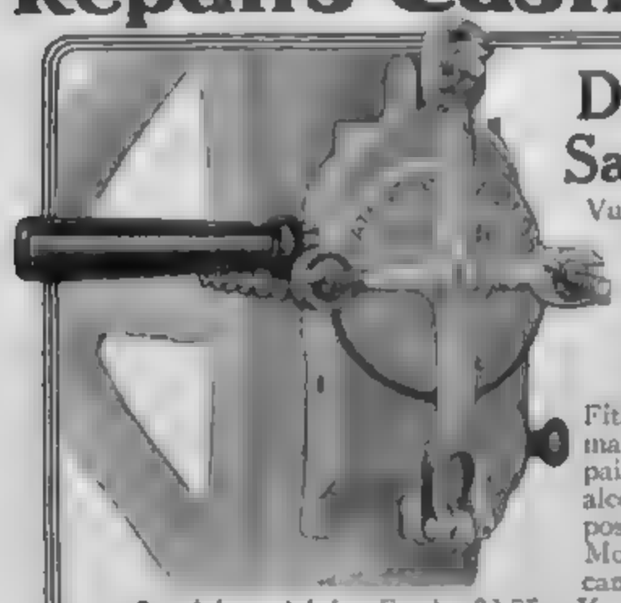

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ENTER THE VILLAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

Oh, but they did, she assured him. When they could get enough to play. They might play that evening if he liked.

"Surely," said Le Bayne; "and what do you play up here?"

Phœbe-Ann's eyes were frank as a child's upon his.

"We play flinch," said Phœbe-Ann.

■

FROM now on Willard prospered apace. There were no more trays; and the mountain rambles grew longer. Every morning he went downstairs and killed enormous quantities of buckwheat cakes and fried eggs, with thin cookies and saucers of fruit sauce on the side.

And it made a difference. Hill winds and food began to paint our Broadway lily a ruddy nut-brown presently and woke him to new interest in life.

He did other things as well as eat and ramble. Sometimes he helped Phœbe-Ann thin lettuces or pull up radishes, hunting for the Indian arrowhead that came up with every fifth radish—this being old fought-over territory.

Or he listened to legends of sugaring off or historical bits from Phœbe-Ann's own family, of that great-great-grandmother who had ridden pillion all the way from Connecticut that she might be married, barefoot and in linsey, by the old fireplace her husband had built. Stories of husking bees, of spelling bees, of quiltings, barn raisings—pleasant enough stuff for an idle moment.

Afternoons Willard read such mail as came for him—and the newspaper. Also he read poetry with Phœbe-Ann—in a nook beside the old spring house where the alders grew thick. They read the full Echo Valley collection; the Selections From Longfellow and Gems From Whittier; and Willard taught her how to throw her voice and to speak from the diaphragm. And he continued to weave the rare tapestry of his own experiences, the rich titbits that had befallen him.

Oh, to hear him talk, he was a great man, Willard. And to look at Phœbe-Ann was to realize presently that she thought so too. But it was not all brag and poetry. Willard had brought up a bagful of parts, and he spent some time furbishing up on them against the time when old Eislinger should need him.

He gave some to Phœbe-Ann to read.

She was frankly horrified. The red of reproach burned deep in her cheeks.

"I think they're hideous," she said. "I can't see how anyone could do it."

"It's art," said Willard, defending his pets.

"Maybe it's art. It isn't life."

"Ah, you don't know the world ——" he began.

"But I know people. Why, in every one of them you make somebody fall in love with you—in your part, I mean; and you only try to ruin their lives; to mean unhappiness to them."

"It's life," he said again.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe there are persons—men—who—who just live to prey on people—just plain villains."

"Oh, don't you?" said Le Bayne.

"Or if there are such people—they're exceptional. And I don't think they ought to be paraded round."

How little the girl knew, he sighed to himself. She was like a sheet of fair white paper.

He sprang into the arena to defend his loved rôles. He found himself using his arms—gesticulating at her in bitter earnestness.

"I will grant," said Willard Le Bayne, "that they are abnormalities, psychic derelicts, decadent specimens of the corrupt human; but they do exist, my dear young lady. Nor is that all. They have an aura—er—if you know what I mean. Take myself. I have studied and played these parts for years. And it has all had its effect on me personally. You can't do that sort of thing without becoming vitiated—yourself. I mean, it gets you."

"You mean"—Phœbe-Ann had blanched—"that you yourself—without playing any part—if you got into one of these situations—these awful Triangles"—she spoke the word with a capital—"would do as they did—just be one of these villains?"

He nodded. A dark, pained look had come into his eyes.

"It's one of the sacrifices a man must make—for his art. You become—saturated with it; and it exacts yourself." He made an expressive gesture, spoke with sudden fierceness: "I should not care to trust myself in any situation that involved the age-old duel of the sexes." He was unprepared for Phœbe-Ann's reply.

"Well," she said after a minute, "if that's what you mean—I don't believe you, Mr. Le Bayne." And she tipped her chin at him defiantly. "Why, anyone with half an eye can see —— Why, the way you look —— Why, the way you—you act —— I don't believe you know the first thing about being a villain—a real one."

He looked at her in horror. Such unsophistication, such ignorance. Why, if he cared —— Why, if he chose ——

He found himself stammering at her, bolstering his dark potentialities with hinted instances. He felt his ears redden with earnestness.

But in the end Phœbe-Ann had actually laughed. Laughed! It was unthinkable. A hill-billy schoolma'am laughing at Willard Le Bayne!

"Well," counseled Sir Francis presently, "it's your own fault, isn't it? Why ride yourself on a curb? Let yourself out a little, my dear fellow! Make a bit of love to her! Let her have a taste of your metal. You can see she likes you. Break her heart a bit. Even just a little flirtation."

"You know what I am." Willard shuddered. "It would never do to begin, unless I went on."

No, he was not interested in the hill-billy schoolma'am. A little idle laughter, some pleasant chatter—that was all.

And so in pursuit of these last Willard passed many a slow, drowsy day—with one or two larger adventures. Once he went to church with Phœbe-Ann—at her invitation.

The one-hoss shay was carefully washed and the dobbin combed to his last fluffy fetlock. And they drove down to a little white wooden church, where a small crowd of simple hill-billy farmers had gathered. And a long-armed orator parson with agile Adam's apple had expostulated bitterly on the error of their ways. And Le Bayne had helped hold Phœbe-Ann's hymn book, touching her hand a little as they sang:

Stop, poor sinner,
Stop and think
Before you further go.
Will you sport
Upon the brink
Of everlasting woe.

They had laughed together going home about that hymn, and Le Bayne had been, he felt afterward, rather like a foolish boy.

Once he went along with Phœbe-Ann when she tried to eke out. She taught school winters, he learned, and took a summer boarder, if possible, and sold flavorings on the side. She had them with her to-day in a flat imitation-leather case.

"I'm going to Abner Cisco's," she said, "down the mountain. He lives by himself and he hasn't bought any vanilla in six months. I know he needs it. Mostly I'm just filling a need round here when I take the things to them, but Abner's so—bull-headed—and hard to sell to. He's a dreadful little man anyhow. He thinks he's an atheist, and he makes himself so unpleasant."

Le Bayne was not interested in Mr. Cisco; he was looking at Phœbe-Ann.

"Do you know," he said earnestly, "that's a terrible hat you have on, Miss Phœbe-Ann?"

Phœbe-Ann's near cheek grew very pink.

"I know it," she said; and quite suddenly took it off and threw it into the undergrowth.

"Isn't that extravagant? After all, I suppose you don't need hats—real ones—up here in the hills."

"Sometimes," said Phœbe-Ann a little curtly. "I'm going to buy a new one next week." And she looked at him a little defiantly.

"You're prettiest without a hat." The words rose to Le Bayne's lips unuttered.

It was quite true. With her face in its warm tan, sun flecked and shadow dappled under the trees, she looked the vigorous wholesome young wood nymph she was.

"If she had the right clothes! In this back drop, draperies—white with a touch of green," he thought.

(Continued on Page 85)

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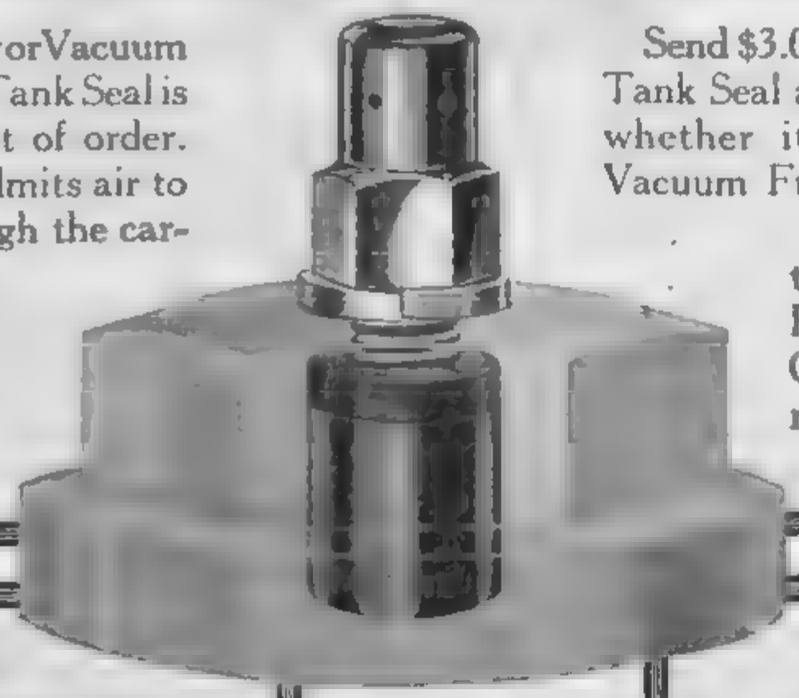

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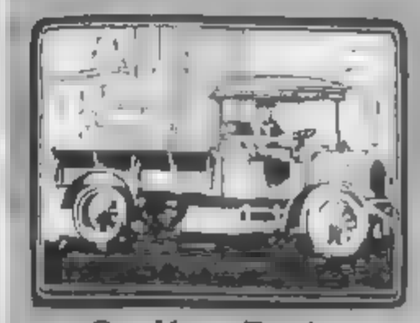
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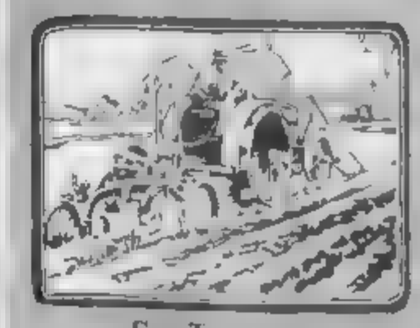
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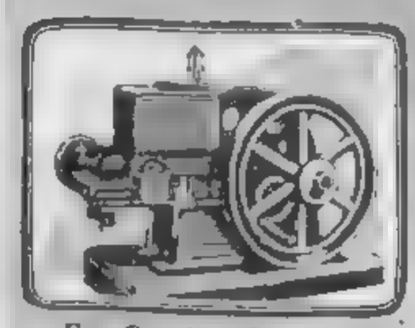
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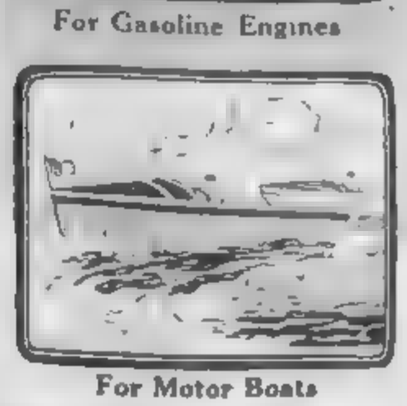
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(Continued from Page 82)

They reached Mr. Cisco's house then. It looked like a last year's bird's nest tossed down in the brush. As they came near, a little troll-headed man in a red-flannel shirt rushed out at them.

"I hain't goin' to buy nothin', Phœbe-Ann, so I hain't!"

"But you need vanilla, Abner," said Phœbe-Ann patiently. "I've got a nice new bottle for you."

"I hain't goin' to use them fancy flavorin's no more. I've turned off to nutmeg again."

"He says that every time," sighed Phœbe-Ann.

"Come, Cisco, be a man and buy your vanilla," prompted Le Bayne.

"Who be you?" cried Cisco sharply. "I don't take no sass from fancy strangers. I don't take nothin' from nobody. I don't believe in God nor nothin' even."

He threw his gage truculently, but Le Bayne did not pick it up.

It took twenty minutes to make the sale, but in the end they left the unregenerate one in possession of a fifty-cent bottle of flavoring.

And they had laughed about this also going home.

It's astonishing what a bond laughter may get to be, and what different grades of laughter there are! Le Bayne reflected on this last before he fell asleep that night. He had an excellent stage laugh of his own—cold, sardonic, in keeping with his rôles. And he was on terms of intimacy with the other kinds: the ingénue's—gay, insouciant, artificial; the laugh of the lady vamp—triumphant, implacable, a shade shrill; of the wealthy banker or capitalist—a guttural, crisp, gilt-edged laugh; the mellow Pollyanna laughter of the philanthropist.

Also he had heard some of the human kinds: groups of men in smokers, trains or hotel lobbies, chortling over business deals, tales of conquest, double and single entendre; the laughter of women, relating triumphs of toilet or bridge.

But he had never heard anyone laugh in just the way Phœbe-Ann did. If a woman could get up a stage laugh like that, he thought.

And so he came to his third week and the episode of the box social.

He was sitting with Phœbe-Ann down among the alders by the spring house when it was first mentioned. There was to be one that Friday, it seemed—at Glen Point. And a great many young people would be going, Phœbe-Ann elucidated. They were assemblages of young folks—in twos. With boxes. The ladies prepared the boxes, which contained eatables for two. And when they reached a given point each box was auctioned off to the highest bidder. But the highest bidder always knew by some slight sign or token whose box he bought. And when the purchase was made the interested twain drew apart and ate thereof. And afterward there were games and dances. And going home —— Here Phœbe-Ann looked down, blushed very pink. Well, going home—you see, that was the whole idea of the social.

"Going home," said Phœbe-Ann scornfully, "they—generally—k-kiss you."

"And do you find it a pleasing form of amusement?" Le Bayne asked idly.

Phœbe-Ann grew almost haughty.

"I hate them," she said. "They're dull, horrid affairs! Great rough farm boys."

You gathered that Phœbe-Ann had ideals—a discriminating person of exacting taste.

But Willard was turning over an idea.

"But suppose—somebody else —— What do you say to our going together, Miss Phœbe-Ann? Just you and I? It would be different!"

She turned outraged eyes upon him.

"But we couldn't! Why, you and *I*—there wouldn't be any reason! Of course, you know ——"

"Certainly not," he reassured her.

They were to go as spectators solely. As an idle city visitor it would be amusing to watch a rural festival like this. Oh, no harm perhaps to take a box; but as for anything else, absurd! Hardly applicable in this case. So Phœbe-Ann smoothed her feathers and prepared a box, with some artistic touches in it, identifying it to Willard by a strand of red floss in the knot. And on the appointed Friday they drove over to Glen Point.

It was a dull affair, after all. A lot of riotous rural young folks, with nothing to intrigue sophisticated interest. So when he had lavishly paid a dollar for Phœbe-Ann's box they duly withdrew from the rest and ate thereof.

And if the party was uninteresting the contents of the box were not, and Willard fed lavishly upon Phœbe-Ann's chocolate cake, cold chicken and custard. And presently it was finished and they started homeward with the gig and dobbin.

There was a moon and the dusky-sweet mountain paths hung full of perfume. And presently they came to a little run which the dobbin must ford. It rippled like molten silver over smooth black stones, the thick soft verdure of pine and birch and maple pressing close.

And it was right here that Willard Le Bayne, with no such earthly intention a minute before, bent suddenly and kissed Phœbe-Ann Allen square on her lips.

The effect shocked him!

Oh, you may smile. You may have kissed your girl in all sorts of situations—in the parlor, behind her mother's back, in Luna Park, on the front porch, where you will—but if you have never kissed her twelve hundred and eighty-two feet above sea level, on a mountain dugway, with the stars so close they almost touch your shoulder, and a whippoorwill singing! And if your girl wasn't a Phœbe-Ann!

It went to Le Bayne's head. She was so clean-sweet, like the brook water of her hills; and the eyes she lifted to his were like two deep soft pools with the stars reflected.

"Oh, Phœbe-Ann! You sweet thing!" he said a little insanely; and he kissed her again.

On this Phœbe-Ann lifted her own voice.

"You're the—first—gentleman friend—I ever had," she said in a queer choked voice.

You see how she took it! It didn't really dawn on Le Bayne until next day. It disturbed him first at breakfast, and later took on stronger significance. It spoke in Phœbe-Ann's look and gesture, in her enraptured glance, the little shy possessive moves she made. He was hers. She had appropriated him. By all the canons of hill-country etiquette he had made a fatal move.

And though a gulf separated them, she made it clear that presently he was to have the chance to move further—to take her when he willed.

Le Bayne went out gloomily and stared at the bully bull that looked like the bulls of Barcelona. He had only kissed her! Two kisses under a moon; and now

"Gad, she thinks she's in love with me. She thinks we're engaged. She probably thinks we're going to be married."

It would have "given him to laugh" at any other time, but strangely he did not feel like laughing. I will have no secrets from you. Le Bayne had kissed many girls in his day, "on" and off. But they had been the Maisette Marlowes and Folly La Rues of his profession; never a Phœbe-Ann Allen. It gave him a queer, uncomfortable sensation.

"If she weren't so damn nice ——"

"Well, why not?" It was Sir Francis Levison speaking again. "You can flirt round and have a little fun if you like. Try a summer engagement. Easy, my dear fellow—easy as picking daisies."

It was just such a situation as Sir Francis must have delighted in. Sophisticated villain, resting in bucolic retreat, meets simple country maiden—oh, a clever enough little schoolma'am, but not acquainted with beans about life. Kisses said maiden and perceives she has fallen in love. Really, the rest was a matter of the canonical in the best walks of villainy.

But strangely, the situation only troubled our friend Willard Le Bayne. You see there was Phœbe-Ann herself—the human equation somehow made such a difference. And then there was the kiss. Perhaps it was the altitude, or the whippoorwill, or the stars in Phœbe-Ann's eyes when he had done it; but the fact remains said kiss stood out contra-distinct against all other kisses in his remembrance.

Still he didn't let his mind rest on that. Neither the kiss nor Phœbe-Ann could have any place in his life, and for Phœbe-Ann's own sake ——

The best thing all round, he concluded, was to ignore the whole thing—to ignore Phœbe-Ann's implication; yes, the kiss itself. Pouf! Presto! Let it be forgotten. What's in a kiss? When he saw Phœbe-Ann again, let their talk be of Shakspere, of the sophistications he knew. After all, it would be easy.

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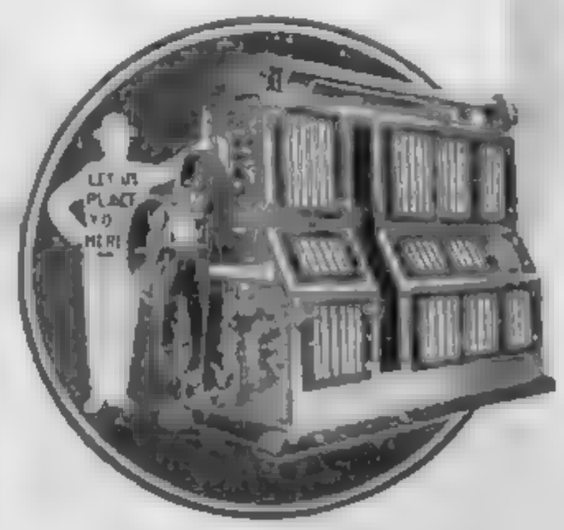

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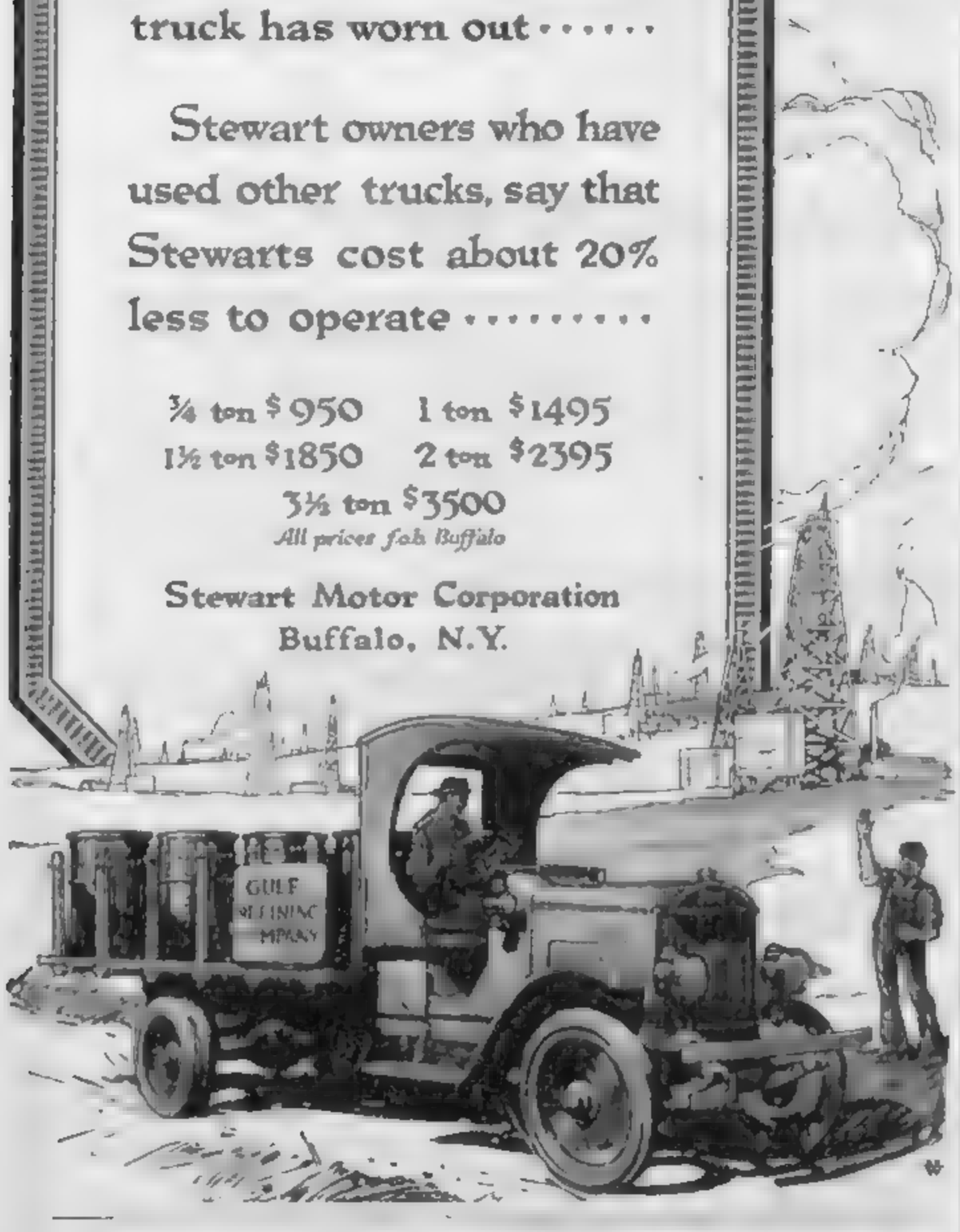

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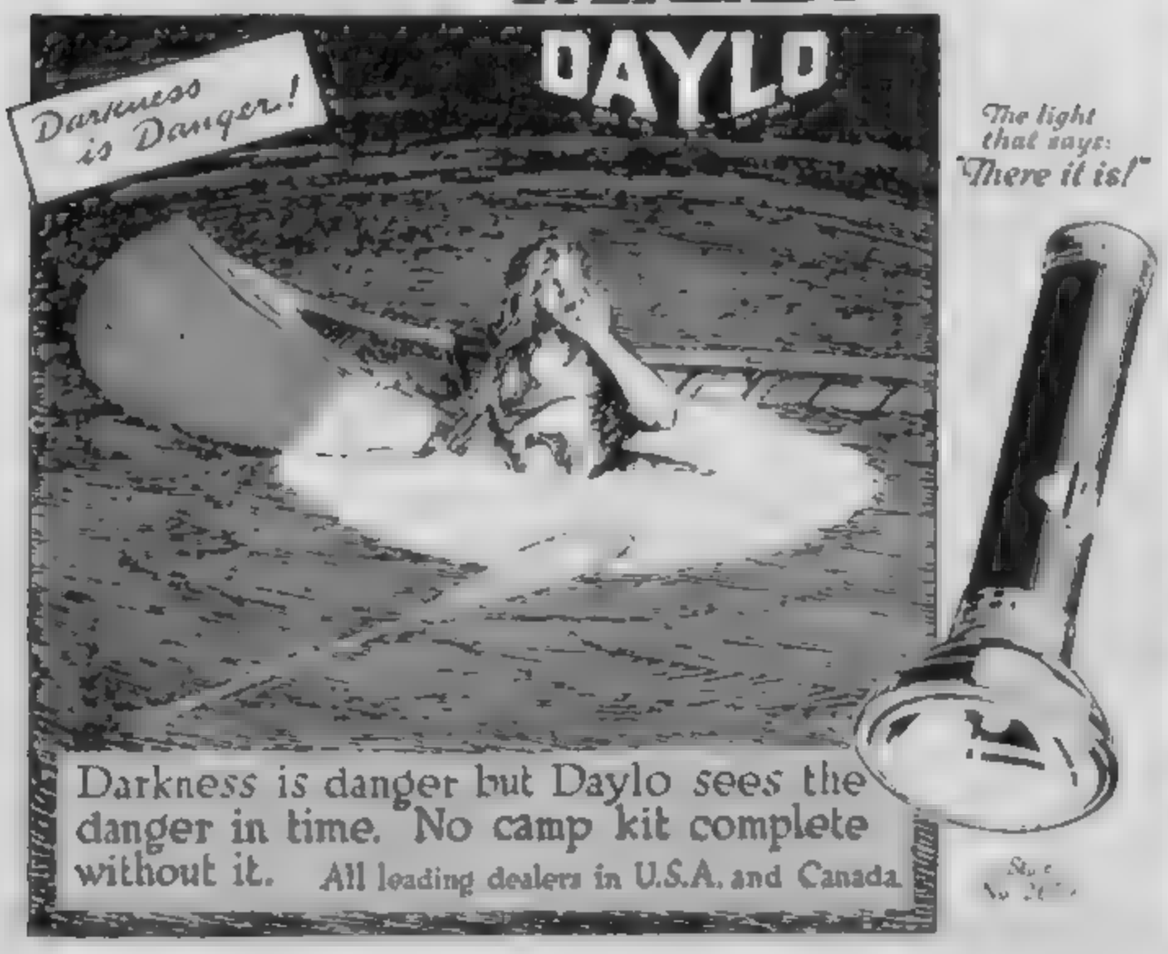

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But it was not easy.

When Phœbe-Ann came out on the lawn that evening Le Bayne looked at her with a sense of shock.

"Why, Phœbe-Ann, what have I done to you?" he thought.

It was true! The shy young creature of the bread-and-butter plate and yesterday was gone. From her ashes a beautiful phœnix had risen. All because she had a gentleman friend! From somewhere Phœbe-Ann had resurrected a thin dress, old but faintly pinkish and open at the throat. She had done her hair differently, and on one side she had pinned a Seven Sisters rose. And when a woman puts a rose in her hair!

She came up half shy, half frank, and sat down by Le Bayne. And all at once he found himself holding her hand—and not saying a word about Shakspere. And it was last night's tale repeated. And Phœbe-Ann called him Willard, and he brought the stars back into her eyes again.

He cursed himself about it afterward, standing by his bedside window.

"What in hell am I going to do?" he asked of himself. "It isn't as though I cared for her—not a straw. Certainly not," he added firmly.

"Certainly not!" It was Sir Francis who took up the old refrain. "And there's all the more reason why you should not hesitate. Come, come! What's a little heartache afterward? What's a broken engagement? Why this squeamishness? It is unworthy of you. Besides, what else can you do as a living exponent of the human fiend, the decadent monster that preys on the opposite "

"Be still, you!" Le Bayne commanded. "It is true you are the real me, but I can at least restrain you. This girl—well, she's different. Even a cad like you ought to see that. And a gentleman ——"

He clenched his hands.

"Faugh!" Sir Francis laughed. "I'm ashamed of you. You are an unfaithful disciple."

"I will not!" said Le Bayne firmly. "It won't do. I've told you before. I have never fully sounded my depths. It would be like—like dredging the bottom of a quagmire."

He shuddered.

"Better not to know what I'm capable of."

No, the thing to do was to get out of it. He was well—or almost. To strike for New York—old Eslinger—that was the trick.

And he would write a letter—a little farewell note.

"*Dear little Phœbe-Ann,*" he composed mentally: "You have fallen in love with me, I can see that, but—but ——"

Damn it, that was not the way to talk to a girl!

"I am not worthy of your friendship—so I am leaving," he began again, "before I—I care too much."

Much better: that would let her down easy

"You see, I am, after all, only a thing of pinchbeck, of cardboard, sham, an illusion."

The phrases sounded well, and he rehearsed them several times.

But it wasn't what he would write, probably.

"*My dear Miss Phœbe-Ann:* Business calls me to New York, but I want to say a few words of farewell just to you—in remembrance of many happy hours spent together.

"Why, it's true!" he said suddenly. "I do want to say 'em. You can't do that sort of thing in a letter. Gad, it would be like striking her across the eyes with a whip!" he thought dramatically.

Yes, he would say them to her—and to-morrow.

And when he had decided this he sat down and wiped his face in relief.

"What the devil ails me anyhow?"

He packed his bags and announced his intention at breakfast—to the gray-print grandmother ostensibly, with a sidelong glance at Phœbe-Ann.

She looked like the sun when a cloud passes over it.

But Le Bayne was inexorable. He asked her to walk with him down to the south pasture, where young birches and maples stood poised like dancing girls. He had cut a little switch along the way and swished it at the growing sweet ferns and grasses. And he talked of his future plans, the engagement he expected to fill, and kept his eyes carefully from Phœbe-Ann.

"You don't know how I'll miss Echo Valley," he said, "and how often I'll remember the pleasant times I had up here."

Her answer came after a full minute—in a queer muffled voice:

"I—I'm glad you had a pleasant time, Mr. L-Le Bayne."

"A very pleasant time," he said. They were at the edge of the spinney now, and his next phrase was already on his lips: "And I owe it all to you. I'll always remember you, Miss Phœbe-Ann, here on your green mountain."

But he never uttered it.

What he really said was: "Oh, don't look like that, Phœbe-Ann! Don't look at me like that!"

Oh, Sir Francis must have laughed long and cynically, but Le Bayne had forgotten such a person had ever existed.

For Phœbe-Ann was in his arms somehow—crying; and what he kept saying over and over was:

"Why, I love you, little girl! Don't cry. I love you."

And the deuce of it was it was true. It overpowered him like a bolt from the blue; and with it came a great wave of humility.

"Oh, Phœbe-Ann, I'm not fit to marry you, but if you'll have me, if you'll love me —— It's in my blood, I guess—playing the rôles I like. It's the only art I know—something that calls me, and I've got to do it. But I want to take you with me, and we'll come back together to your green mountain."

He did get in the "green mountain"—that much!

"I'll go anywhere you take me, Willard," sobbed Phœbe-Ann joyfully.

Truth goaded him further:

"Oh, Phœbe-Ann, my name isn't Willard. It's not Le Bayne at all. It's Pegrue Webster K. Pegrue. My people—they're all dead now—kept a dry-goods store in Otisville, Pennsylvania, a mining town. And I know all about the simple life. I—I was raised a Baptist—very strict."

It didn't matter, she told him. You see he was romance to her and she loved him. She mentioned this last several times.

But Le Bayne was expunging all sins—violently.

"Perhaps that's the reason I always liked the devilish rôle. I don't know. It—it's had a lure for me—on the stage. I never did more than play them, Phœbe-Ann. I've been too busy polishing them off to care about anything else. And I got on—on the small time. Oh, Phœbe-Ann, I'm a cheap rotter. I—I lied to you. That Broadway business—I've never played Broadway in my life. Never expect to. I'm a tank-town man, a ham actor. I belong to the cheap stock company. All you can say for me is I have an ideal: I want to play the sort of thing I like—well. And I have no money—nothing to offer you, dear, but the small actor's chance."

He hung his head in shame at his shocking revelation, but Phœbe-Ann surprised him.

"But I knew that long ago, Wil-Webster, dear."

"Knew what?"

"That—that you were just a-spinning—those fine stories."

He gaped. And she confessed, her cheeks flushed.

"It was a letter—torn across—all blotted—in your wastebasket. Oh, I didn't really read it. Just a phrase—I couldn't help it. It said, 'I lived on that five you lent me over three weeks.' So I knew it wasn't true; I knew you were like me. That—that you were poor and had to eke out too."

Eke! Eke was good!

Pegrue, alias Le Bayne, stared at her in wonder—at the fathomless indulgence and duplicity of woman.

"Well," he said breathlessly, "if we both know what it means it'll be all the easier. But, oh, Phœbe-Ann," he said, "it won't be easy for you. Floating round—boarding houses, little hotels, canned beans and a tin of sardines."

He drank the cup to the dregs.

But she met him bravely—made the immemorial sacrifice of the woman who loves.

"What will it matter, dear, if we have love?"

And after all I suppose that's all that really matters—to some of us. As for the others ——

Oh, it was a crushing blow to Sir Francis and his brethren. I can fancy how they clicked their heels in diabolic rage and rushed off to the other regions. I know they went, for it grew very still on the green mountain, where two had come into their inheritance.

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CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

LUCK OF WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

Only the senior officers have separate rooms. The rest of us sleep in our blankets on the ground. I tell you the chalk gets hard before daylight—sort of knuckles into you. There is straw to be had, but it is so old and smelly that I prefer the rock.

Strothers sleeps near me. He joined us on the way up—attached temporarily as bombing officer.

I noticed the names of women on the walls: Marie, 1876—she must be a grandmother now if she is alive; Jeanne, 1881; Mimi, 1884. Either some ardent lovers wrote the names there or these tunnels were roamed by the youth of the village long ago.

One of our men has had an inspiration; he chalked up on the wall: Lafayette, 1777—Us, 1917. Perhaps, however, those great dates will not stand long in the chalk mine, because it is steadily falling to pieces. Bits of rock drop all the time. One that must have weighed fifty pounds just missed my bean while I was walking to my bed to-day; I'll never move round down here without a helmet. And half a ton fell on the boy who waits on table at the colonel's mess while he was asleep. It's a wonder he wasn't killed; seems all right except for some cuts and bruises on the head.

There's a lot of work for the pioneers to do in this dugout; but they're too busy on rush jobs for the men in the front trenches.

"I wish you pioneers would do a little pinning on this ceiling to-day," said the adjutant, whose signature is being ruined through keeping one eye on the roof for rocks; but they couldn't oblige him. They were needed out front.

You see, there was hardly anything in the way of a front line when we arrived—just a line of shell holes organized for defense. There were shallow trenches, but no communication trench in our part of the sector. We have had to build them; and that meant working at night, often under heavy shelling. To reach the front lines we had to go, at night, across open fields. However, that has now been fixed up. The front trenches have been deepened; we've got communication trenches completed and the men now have dugouts.

The Dugout de Luxe

To-day I saw a little runt of a soldier sitting in a dugout in high-heeled white satin slippers. He had found them in a house; said they eased his feet.

The cook in the colonel's mess came up to me to-day.

"Say, this is some joint, ain't it?" he inquired, throwing the light of a candle round. "I guess we're safe from shells down here—hey, lootnant?"

"We ought to be."

"Forty feet underground! Maybe we ain't sittin' on those other guys! And I suppose now this place is gasproof too?"

There he touched me on the raw. I had put in a requisition for two hundred blankets to make all the dugouts as gasproof as can be done; but they have not yet arrived. That's always the way; they'll come along after a gas attack is over, and then everybody will pass the buck to escape blame.

I said to the cook:

"Well, not quite!"

His eyes grew as big as eggs.

"Then it's good night! If gas ever comes pourin' down here ——" He peered all round him into the dark corners. "Boy howdy! We'll all get bumped off! I'm gonna write to my mamma—right now."

All soldiers are like that. They can face shell and bullet and cold steel with stout hearts; but gas—that sneaking, stealthy, relentless killer of sleeping men—how they dread it!

SATURDAY. Went out just before daylight to the front lines; they're less than a mile from here. The artillery was in full blast. From horizon to horizon darted tongues of flame. The batteries near us were belching eight to the minute, and into the village poured the boche reply in dozens. They whimpered and screeched; they crashed and banged and cr-rumped.

It was a relief to get out of the place. There was no shelling of the front trenches. We had to pass through a little wood we'd call it a thicket—to reach K Eleven; and suddenly the captain stopped.

"For God's sake," he said, "listen to that!"

His tone was so awed that, at first, I thought he meant the guns, which were shaking the ground with their thunders. Then I heard. The birds were waking. It was almost dawn; just such a twittering and chirping as one would hear in a peaceful glade at home. Evidently the firing did not bother them. One burst into full-throated song.

And suddenly I grew sick to the soul of the insane business.

Our village is almost continually under fire. It doesn't do to move about, and the colonel has given strict orders for the men to stay down unless they have some work or business to take them out. If you go upstairs for a breath of air you have to keep your ear cocked and be ready to drop.

Most of us come up out of the dugout to wash and shave, which ceremonies we pull off in a battered house. Three times this morning I laid aside the razor and got ready for the worst, for shells came tearing straight for us. However, they hit a few yards beyond, wrecking an old stable, and I finished my shave all right. This is the life—not! I am naturally a clean person, and it gives me the willies to be forced to risk getting bumped off every morning in order to be beautiful.

Yesterday I had just passed out into the street when two men who had stepped aside for me at a door were hit by a seventy-seven. One was killed outright, the other terribly mangled. Later I went up to the dressing station to find out how he was doing. Of course the dressing station is near a battery—or a battery is near it; anyway, shorts meant for the battery were bursting all round the place, so that I had to wait for an interim of quiet to go in.

Artistic Surroundings

Just as I stepped inside I noticed a human leg standing in its shoe against the door jamb. The doctor had found it necessary to amputate hurriedly and that happened to be the most convenient spot to place the limb at the moment.

I came up out of our dugout this morning and crossed the street to see S——, who is in the machine-gun company. Whee-ee-ee! Here came one of those cute hundred-and-fifty-fives!

I hit the ground about the same second it hit the corner of the church. The hands of the clock in the tower were pointing to nine-fifty-five.

So help me, if the minute hand didn't tremble a moment, and then begin to back up! That clock backed up half an hour backed up to nine-twenty-five! I didn't blame it. I'd have cheerfully backed up a whole day.

This guy in the machine-gun company surely picked out a fine dugout. He's billeting officer; so it was easy for him. An old wine cellar, walled with red brick; he had a big clock, a table, a plaster bust, and the works of Alexandre Dumas in red leather binding! Guess he rustled this booty from the house above.

"Have a snort?" he asked me, bringing out a bottle of red wine.

While we were drinking it a two-hundred-and-ten came screeching into the back garden, and a piece of it knocked a hole in the wall of the house.

"Why don't you get a dugout like ours?" I asked him. "One about thirty feet underground."

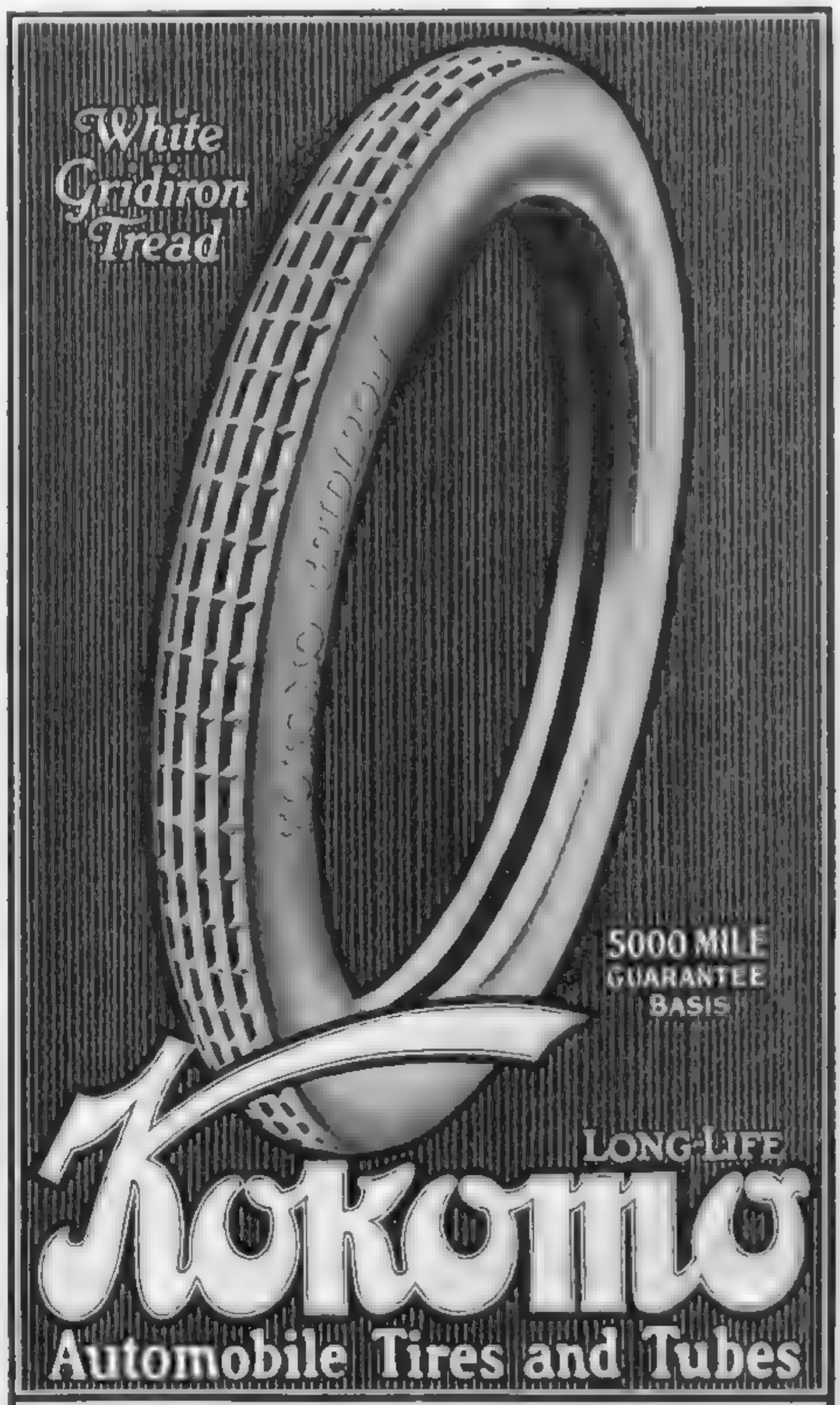
"The point is well taken," remarked S—— placidly, pouring out another drink. "I have only two feet of earth above this roof. But consider the other attractions: If I get bumped off, at least I'll perish a victim to my aesthetic tastes."

Can you beat it?

Felt a lot better after finishing the bottle. Walked outside, gave my old Sam Browne a jerk, said "To hell with 'em!"—and never flicked an eye when a couple came over.

The village is a wreck; all shot to pieces. The civilians fled, of course, long ago; but their homes still hold furniture and kitchen utensils. Yesterday we found a wounded cow that had been hit by a shell splinter. She was roaming toward the front lines.

Speaking of cows, the French regiment we relieved here were old hands at the war game. They've been in the thick of all the hot fights since 1915. Well, their regimental officers' mess carried a cow and a flock of chickens with them. "Why not?" said



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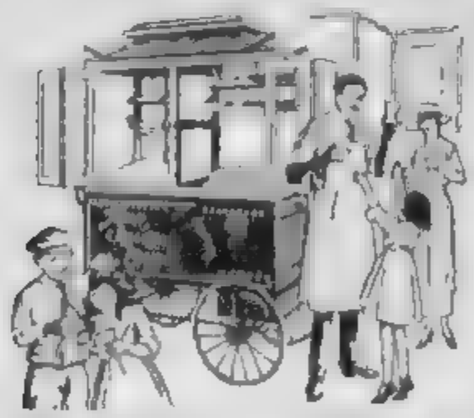

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their colonel when I remarked on it. "You don't fight any the worse for being comfortable!"

Wish our army would learn that!

They kept the cow in a ruined barn and the chickens lived in a garden. All day and all night shells broke round those spots—in front, behind, on the right, on the left—but they escaped. The French still had them when they marched out of here.

Early this afternoon one of our outposts stopped a peasant who was headed for No Man's Land. He told our intelligence officer that he wanted to go to Montdidier to catch a train for Paris. The poor boob hadn't heard that Montdidier was in the hands of the boches!

I believe I've got 'em! Haven't had time to investigate yet, but I don't like the symptoms. Last night I heard C—— scratching in his sleep. At last he woke up and called over to me:

"Say, Steve, are you awake? I'll trade you a couple of females for a male! Or two little ones for a big un!"

SUNDAY. We're on French rations for a while. They're pretty good; but we don't get the quantities we did in the American ration.

Two meals a day is our schedule now—one at ten o'clock in the morning and another about four. That makes a long while between eats—from four P. M. to ten A. M. Maybe they'll change to three squares again, because men can't stand up under this grind without plenty of chow. I guess the present arrangement is due to the shelling.

A French battalion commander blew in this afternoon with a good one. He said he found an American truck driver yesterday afternoon within two hundred yards of the German lines. The Yank had his truck full of ammunition, which he was supposed to deliver somewhere in our back area.

"When my men found him," reported the French commander, "he was swearing very hard—yes, very! He was swearing at the French."

"What was he cussing the French for?" inquired the colonel.

"Because of the barbed wire across the road. There he was, doing his best to remove it so he could go ahead with his truck!"

How in thunder he ever got away with the truck and his life I don't know. But when they told him of his mistake, he cussed this man's army and the Germans, and then turned round and came clanking back. I guess the luck that takes care of drunken men and the unafraid had that big roughneck in charge.

One on the Old Man

We've got a hot one on the Old Man—the K. O., I mean. He gave orders that no soldier should let an officer pass up in the front lines unless he was sure of his identity. That's because of the boche trick of dressing up officers in the enemy's uniform and sending them over to give false orders and demoralize things generally. There're a lot of stories going round that they worked this stunt against both the Italians and the British in their offensives of last fall and this spring. Anyway, our men have been thoroughly instructed about the possibility.

To-day I was going along a trench in Company I's sector when what should I see but the colonel, backed up against the wall of the trench with the muzzle of a rifle pressed against his stomach. Private Ed Bates was at the other end of the rifle.

"Tell that to the capt'in!" Private Bates was saying. "Cut it out now and come along. Colonel, hey? What the hell would the Old Man be doin' round here at this time of day? You make another move and you'll get it."

It seems that Bates never saw the colonel except for fleeting glimpses as he went by in his car or trotted past on his horse, and had no idea that he was so tall. The K. O. was tickled half to death. He commended Bates highly and told me to buy him a carton of cigarettes from the Y. M. C. A., with his compliments.

A very strange thing has occurred: Last night the brigadier's aid blew in; wanted to inspect part of the front lines to find out something for the general.

"You know that sector pretty well; take him round," said the K. O. to me.

"Yes, sir."

We got ready to go at midnight. Then something came up about gas—they needed me over at the third battalion P. C.

"Mr. B——, you show him round instead," ordered the Old Man.

They went. It happened that B—— walked ahead of the general's aid about ten yards when going through the little wood where the birds sing in early morning. A seventy-seven came rushing; it made a direct hit; cut B—— almost in two.

That's luck of war!

MONDAY. This is a young man's game. Only young men can stand the strain of trench life. It isn't battles that break a man, or hard fighting when it comes; it isn't a question of physical stamina; it's the constant nervous tension.

I can see it working all round me. Some of the middle-aged men are beginning to look wan—drawn round the eyes. Old Sergeant A——, who can stand any physical fatigue—he went through the Mexican campaign and its hikes without missing a meal—is going to pieces under the terrific pressure of nerves keyed up ceaselessly to high pitch.

All of us show the effects. We have grown irritable. I catch myself snapping at the others. Even C——, who is the embodiment of good nature, flew into a rage today with me over a perfectly harmless question.

Lack of sleep is partly responsible. One has to grab rest when he can; but it's hard to get any, even when you find time, for there is so much coughing. Some of the boys cough all night. That comes from living in a damp hole forty feet underground. The air down here fairly reeks of smoke.

A Chance for Local Color

These tunnels shiver and tremble every time one of our big guns fires or a shell bursts close above us; they're like a nigger with the ague. And rocks keep tumbling down.

Once last night I woke up with a start, with a dreadful sense of foreboding. For a minute or two I just lay there and shook. What had happened? What was coming off? Was it an attack? Was it gas?

Silence had waked me—a breathless hush—an absolute, terrible silence. After the steady pounding of the artillery the quiet seemed to hold a threat; it shrieked of doom.

I jumped up. Then one of our Big Boys let fly again and started all the others. That broke the tension.

"Thank the Lord!" I said fervently, and went back to bye-bye.

WEDNESDAY. Still no indications of the Big Show coming off, as far as we're concerned. I wish they'd start something and get it over with.

This artillery strafing is the hardest kind of punishment there is. All that the newspapers say about the hell we're raising up here is: "Intermittent artillery activity on the Front between —— and ——."

Wow! I wish the guys who write the official communiqués could taste some of that "intermittent activity." Perhaps they'd put in a dash of local color then. There's one comfort: For every shell the boches send over at us, we send from five to eight back at them. So it's a cinch he's feeling worse than we are.

Our artillery is the goods. You've got to hand it to them. While out front one night C—— called for a barrage. It came almost before our rockets had died—one living wall of flame. I never saw anything quicker or anything so accurate. It was a bird!

The men have implicit confidence in the artillery. That helps, for they're never nervous about following an American barrage. They've seen our barrages play along the enemy trenches like a hose, and they're willing to stick their noses up to the edge of fire any time.

S—— is slowly breaking under the strain. I can see it in his eyes; and I believe he is drinking secretly in order to brace his nerve. Trying bottled courage is the biggest fool stunt on earth. I'm offa that stuff up here. It bucks you up for a while with false pluck, and then you're twice as shaky afterward. That's my experience—and I surely gave it a fair trial! C—— tells me the same thing. We both tested the thing thoroughly.

We were lying on our blankets on the ground in the dugout to-night, feeling pretty miserable and saying nothing at all, when S—— suddenly opened up:

"Steve, what do you think of this darned war, anyhow?"

(Continued on Page 93)

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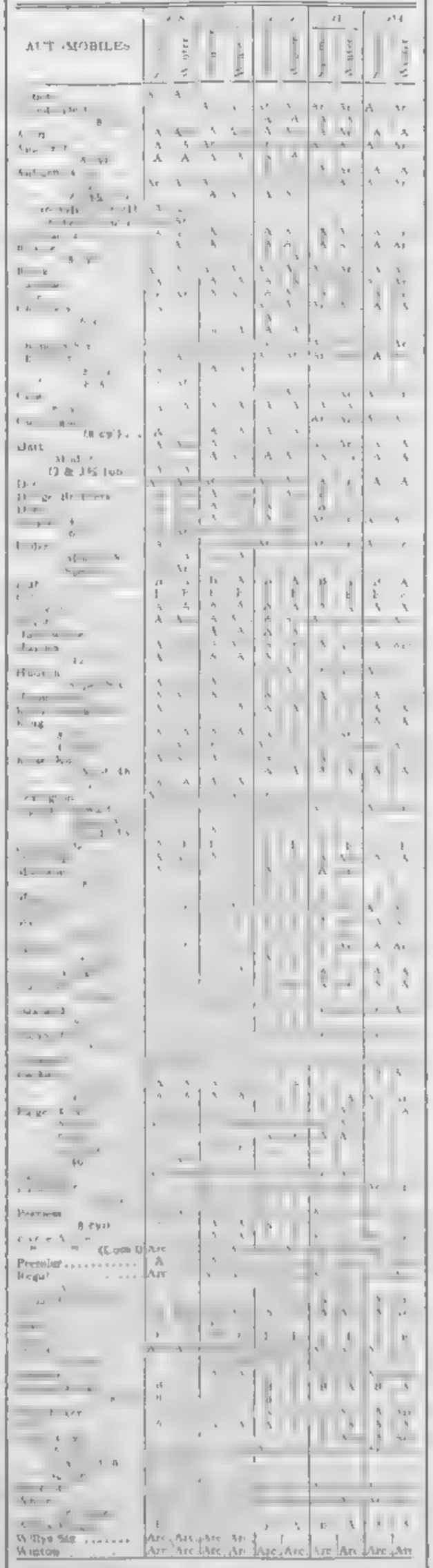
In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil to be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.



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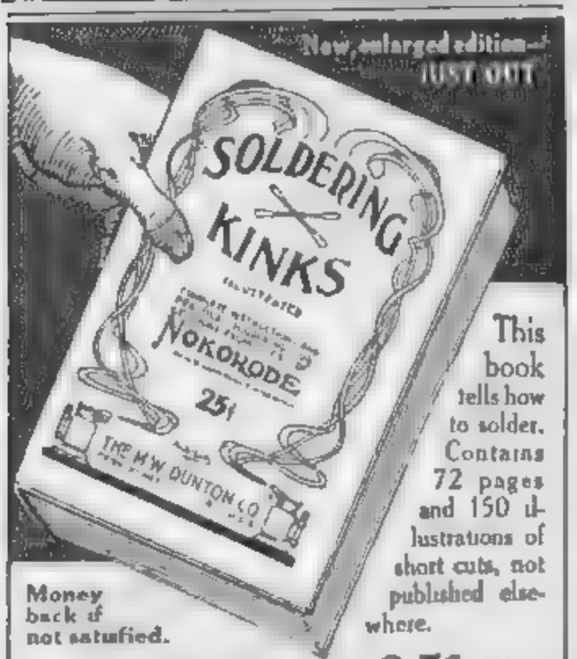

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Best one I was ever at," I replied, because I couldn't figure what he was driving at.

"I wish it was over and we were back home," he said in a shaky voice.

Now everybody wishes that—every darned man in it; but we don't say so. That's no way to talk in a fight. And a fortnight ago he was the busiest little win-the-war whooper of them all! I guess it depends on whether you're back in a nice, safe, comfortable place, or up in the Front, with the odds about fifty-fifty that you'll get bumped off any minute.

If the Big Its who determine whether there'll be war or will not be war—the men who run governments and armies—had to fight it out in the front lines, no war would last a week. They'd be like S——.

Perhaps some day we can fix that up.

FRIDAY. Haven't had a bath in weeks. I get enough water for my teeth and a shave every morning, which leaves mighty little for face and neck and hands. Some guys claim they can get a drink, a shave and a bath out of a pint; but it's beyond me. The water has to be carried from a well down the street; the well is deep; it takes time to draw the water; and all the while shells are coming over. Anyone can see with half an eye why we are stingy with the old H_2O.

It's wonderful how quickly men can adjust themselves. I've had it pretty soft all my life—a good home, servants to do everything, my own car, the best eats money could buy; yet now I manage to thrive in a damp, foul-smelling dugout forty feet underground, filled with smoke and the reek of humanity. I sleep on the hard ground with three blankets for bedding, the coarsest kind of food; and sometimes, in a pinch, I take a chance and drink doubtful water that hasn't been treated. "Thrive!" is the word; I never felt better in my life. Heaven forgive me, I'm even beginning to like the dirt!

If I had a lick of sense I'd get sick and evacuated out of this abomination, this constant hovering danger of death. Instead, I'm feeling "top hole," as the English say; haven't a shadow of an excuse for beating it back to the rear. Besides, I'm not S——!

But what has happened to the Big Show? We hear they are fighting like the devil farther north; but nothing has happened to us except "intermittent artillery activity, fairly violent at times."

Poor Mail Service

I can't help feeling that if the French command had more confidence in us—if they'd throw us into a breach—we'd deliver the goods. There is no finer fighting material on earth than these men of ours; I've been with them day in and day out for a year, and I know; but, of course, there must be more than guts to an army—more than training—more than discipline—more than equipment—more than experience.

It isn't always the gamest fighting men that win battles. This war has proved that innumerable times. Look at the French and English. Nobody who knows both armies will venture to assert that the poilu is a pluckier fighter than the Tommy; yet for months past the poilu has had to help Tommy out of some nasty holes.

That is because of the superb staff work of the French—organization, transport, leadership. And when I think of those needs and what they mean—of the highly trained specialists required—it makes me blue. My own idea is that they'll be developed from the ranks of business as we go along.

SATURDAY. Just received a batch of mail. Young H—— got a letter from his grandmother telling him to be sure to wear the woolen pyjamas she sent, and also the bed socks. And that kid hasn't had his pants off in a month!

Some letters from Paris were nineteen days in reaching me. Several letters I wrote to Paris months ago from a camp within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital were delivered there three weeks later.

Talk about quartermasters' gait! They're speed maniacs compared to the American postal service over here. No other army would stand for it a week.

Were I to drop a letter into the French mail, addressed to Paris, it would be delivered within two days. In the American mail, which I am compelled to use, it would take two weeks, or it might take a month; the same ratio in mail coming from there.

I mention this because the postal service always has an alibi on delays of American mail -submarines, and such. How about the long delays after the arrival of the mail from America? The submarine excuse won't do for that. I've heard a batch of windy explanations; but if the French can do it in two days, why should we take two weeks?

Nobody at home can appreciate one-tenth of the value a soldier places on his letters. He worries more over the non-arrival of that letter from his girl than I do over my bank account—and that's going some! When he doesn't hear he frets—he begins to figure that something must be wrong at home. Regular mail deliveries mean as much to his well-being as regular meals and proper food when he's up front.

If I had supreme command of this man's army—if J. J. Pershing put it up to me—I'd round up the whole crowd of those P. S. guys over here and put them to work out in the wire in broad daylight.

SUNDAY. Shelling continues to be heavy. No gas yet—t. G.!

Was walking down street this morning on my way to inspect some gas masks in Company F when a two-hundred-and-ten lit right in the road ahead of me. It landed in the middle of a mule team; tore them to chunks; they never knew what struck them.

About five o'clock there was another bad business. Some of the boys gathered in a yard for chow. Ought not to have done that. Over came a big shell and got three of them; wounded sixteen. The colonel has given strict orders on this matter of chow, or bunching anywhere outside.

Society's Supreme Sacrifice

I happened to be near and saw the dead and injured. Couldn't eat to-night.

You never can tell about a man! There's S——; you'd pick him for a game one, but he is on the toboggan. On the other hand, there's a guy in the medical corps who used to work in a gent's-furnishings store somewhere out in the tall grass; looks as if he might have been the champion dude of the burg; one of the kind that slicks his hair in every mirror and treats the girls to chocolate ice-cream sodas in the Palace Drug Store.

But he's a bear cat when it comes to this war stuff. Nothing he likes better than a squarehead as an appetizer for breakfast. He surely has surprised me. Volunteered for a raid and acted all through it as though he was at a party.

Another thing—the toughs, the men who were roughnecks back in garrison or in town, always getting drunk, make fine soldiers when they get into the line. That's true in four cases out of five. I guess they have to have excitement, and the front-line strain takes the place of booze; often very vigorous men require a safety valve for excess vitality. Anyhow, some of our guard-house pets have done great work up here; whereas we've had to bust a couple of noncoms who were efficient, well-behaved soldiers in training camps. They couldn't deliver under the guns.

MONDAY. Mother sent me a newspaper in the mail received the other day. One item was a reprint from a society paper:

"Some young people had arranged to go South for shooting with their friends at their North Carolina box. This group is associated in the public mind with intense smartness and great wealth. Suddenly the entire expedition was abandoned. The house in the South remained closed; and the reason for this change of plans was the general situation. One and all, they determined that there was a sufficient demand on the rolling stock of this country without using their cars in the pursuit of recreation. It was a sacrifice for all of them to give up their sport and the fun of being together; but the women turned toward their war work and the men to their business, and thought no more of their balked pleasure. The instance of this abandoned excursion illustrates to what extent certain well-known persons are fulfilling their sacred obligations."

And we lost four more men to-day! One was so cruelly torn that he died on the way to the dressing station. Another asked for a cigarette. He was broken almost to bits;

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but he never so much as moaned. There are some wonderful men in this army! He smoked it quietly, merely remarking that he hadn't heard a sound until the shell hit him. Thirty minutes later he passed out. I promised to write to his wife.

Heinie has been throwing over gas. We have been lucky so far in this village; but we'll get it soon. The next place on our left was fairly drenched during the night. I hate to think how many poor fellows "got it." But none of them were associated in the public mind with intense smartness! And they never dreamed of "sacred obligations." All they knew was their duty.

TUESDAY. Have been reading over this diary of mine. It reminds me of army maneuvers—just a big bunch of nothing.

S—— is all swelled up. His name is on the list of officers to be sent home this month under the system of interchanging. He's been going round all day bragging of the fine times he intends to have in New York.

I wouldn't feel that way. I hate the whole business, but I wouldn't miss this Big Show for anything on earth.

Well, I'm off of walks up here. It sounded pretty quiet to me outside just after dinner to-day, so I thought I'd go over and cheer up some of the guys in the machine-gun battalion.

Going out of the village was O. K. Not a shell was coming over, for a wonder. I didn't know the road to the place I was bound for, so I asked a poilu who was talking to some of our boys.

"*A gauche*," he said. "Keep straight ahead to the left."

I *d-gauched* at the next turn, which took me along an old trail that was deep in mire. There had been a line of trees along this path, but they were torn and twisted and shot away. Also, there were deep shell holes. I didn't like the look of it a-tall, but kept on.

Pretty soon the trail dipped downward into a valley; and lo and behold, some freshly turned sod! Shells had turned it that very morning, to judge by appearances. Now they had told me that a fine pike led to the machine-gun battalion headquarters; so I began to wonder.

On the Forbidden Road

On the other side of the valley rose a hill. I sat down on a rock in its lee to rest and get my bearings, for doubts had risen in me. And as I sat there a great dark snout pushed soundlessly up out of the bushes at my left. I stuck my fingers in my ears and held my breath. But nothing happened. It moved this way; it moved that; its one huge round eye seemed to stare across country; and then it sank slowly back.

Why that gun didn't fire I don't know. I got up and beat it. The battery was so cleverly hidden that a man could have walked past without detecting it.

Up the hill the going was hard. Here the path was rent and torn by shells. The sight made me mighty thoughtful. At the top the trail broadened into a road; but I could see it hadn't been used in a long while. There, ahead, was the village I wanted to reach.

But what was this? Between me and the village were two thicknesses of barbed-wire entanglements. Where, then, was I? Evidently on a *route défendue*, along which the poilu had directed me as a short cut!

While this fact was sinking in I heard the whimper of a shell—a sudden rush of sound, rising to a shriek! Perhaps I didn't hit the ground! Time, one-thousandth of a second.

The *obus* burst on the left of the road, and when the dirt had settled I got to my feet.

Whee-ee-ee! Bang! Another hit on the right of the road. I lay right where I was, my beak in the dirt; never even looked up.

"They'll get the brachet now. Good-by, old scout!" I said to myself; but I didn't lift my nose.

The next one sounded as though it burst ahead of me. And when I glanced up there was its writhing smoke, sure enough—slap in the middle of the road.

Then I knew it was time to go. I jumped up and started to run. Along came another, and another, and another. Each time I heard that devilish whimper, rising to a scream, I dropped. Luckily for me I'm not built like the chaplain; when lying down I'm flat, but the poor old padre might as well stand up as lie on his stomach, for all the difference it makes.

The perspiration poured off me. It trickled from my chin and into my mouth; it ran down under my arms and dripped off my wrists and hands. I admit it—I was scared. Scared? That doesn't begin to convey the idea.

There's a world of difference between being under fire all alone and with comrades—all the difference imaginable. Somehow companionship gives you courage; or else you're afraid to be afraid with others looking on. Whatever the reason, danger doesn't frighten an individual when he's with a bunch one-eighth as much as it will when he's alone. Take it from me.

Of course those boche guns weren't trying for me. They didn't even know I was alive; they were busily engaged in searching for a battery. However, that didn't help me any, and in some strange fashion I got a feeling that each shell was deliberately trying to hit me. It became a personal matter, pure and simple, between me and the boches.

Before I knew it I struck the wire and got tangled up. And now the shells came crashing into the fields behind me and in front. They were throwing big stuff.

"Just the Usual Thing"

How many times I threw myself flat I don't know. Now I was furiously tearing myself free from the barbs; next I was down on the ground, dumbly praying to the Creator for protection, while in front, behind and all round the shells were lashing the earth. Twice the mud they threw covered me from head to foot.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I prayed. What I am ashamed of is that I hadn't done such a thing before in fifteen years; and now, like a yellow dog, I turned to my Maker for help.

But who doesn't? I don't care who the man is or what his belief may be; I don't care what his pluck or what his past, or how atheistic his leanings—when all else fails him, in the agony of pain or fear of death, he will cry to a higher Power; he will make some sort of prayer to his God.

I managed somehow to reach the other side of that barbed wire, and a little distance beyond was a lone strip of trench. I made a dive for that. As I did so I dimly perceived several French artillerymen standing in an orchard, frantically waving their arms at me to take cover. What did they suppose I had in mind?

Well, the shelling died down in about an hour, while I crouched in the trench, cooling off and contracting pneumonia. Then I went on, and had to pretend fine indifference when the machine-gun guys wanted to know whether I had noticed any firing on the way over.

"A few shells. Just the usual thing," I said carelessly with that mock modesty so dear to the Anglo-Saxon.

To-night I have only one hope left in life: It is to meet a little French half portion who sports a black mustache and talks something like a hen that has just laid an egg. He wore a flock of medals on his chest when I saw him this morning. If we ever meet—if that guy and I ever hitch up—well, I'll be wearing the medals.

SUNDAY. No Big Show yet! The offensive appears to have stopped for breath. We are about to be relieved and go back *en repos*. Oh, for that fine, numbed, dead feeling a man gets after he goes out! No worries; no thinking; nothing to do but eat and sleep and work. That's the way the reaction from this sort of strain hits you. You're paralyzed for days; your brain doesn't function; you're dead from the legs up.

We pull out of here to-morrow.

Poor S—— won't go home. He was bumped off this morning.

That's luck of war!

He Gets What He Wants

"First support, second a motor car, third a wife."

That was Mr. Frank Pagett's answer when we asked him, early in the game, how he would use the money we paid him.

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To Motor Truck Engineers:—

Here you see clearly the basic design of Torbensen Drive. It is elementally like this in all sizes, though, of course, individual parts in each size are designed specifically for the work they are intended to do.

Look particularly at the design of the I-Beam — the patented construction that has given Torbensen Drive its leadership. See the very small gear reduction at the differential, and the very large one where the jack-shaft pinions mesh with the internal gears. This accounts in part for the light weight of Torbensen Drive.

Close examination of this rear axle shows how carefully excess weight has been eliminated without in any way affecting strength.

There are many things about Torbensen Drive that are extremely interesting from an engineering standpoint.

We will gladly supply blueprints of any size axle from ¾-ton to five tons, free and without obligation. Kindly request them on your letterhead.

TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

To Motor Truck Users:—

The drawing below is an intimate view of Torbensen Drive. Engineers can see from it instantly why Torbensen Drive has become the undisputed leader in the truck rear-axle field.

Its mechanical features give Torbensen Drive 45 per cent greater road clearance — which makes the truck less likely to stall on bad roads and in snow.

The patented I-Beam—particularly—makes this Drive very strong — at the same time keeping it much lighter in weight than other types of equal capacity. This light weight increases rear-tire mileage about 20 per cent, saves gas and oil, and cuts repair costs to the minimum.

In every way, Torbensen Drive has proved itself the essence of economy and reliability—and the evidence lies in its very extensive use. There are now fifty thousand Torbensen Drive axles in service.

The iron-clad Torbensen Gold Bond Guarantee makes unfailing rear-axle service certain. Torbensen Drive is the only rear-axle drive that is definitely guaranteed.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

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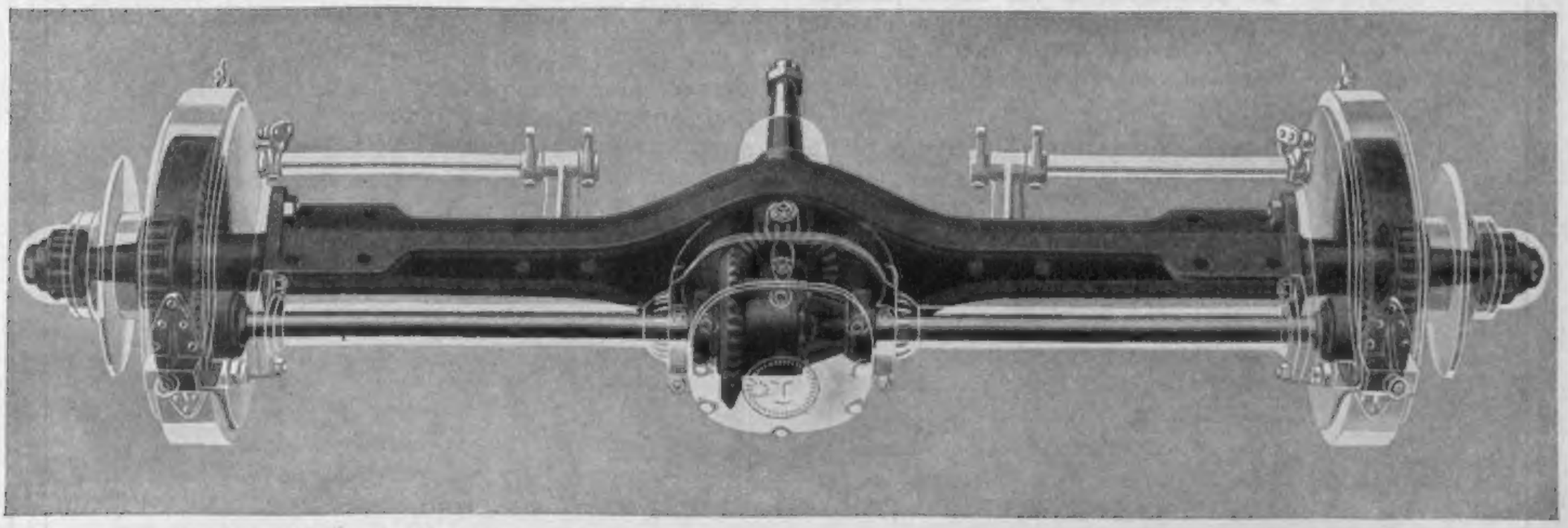

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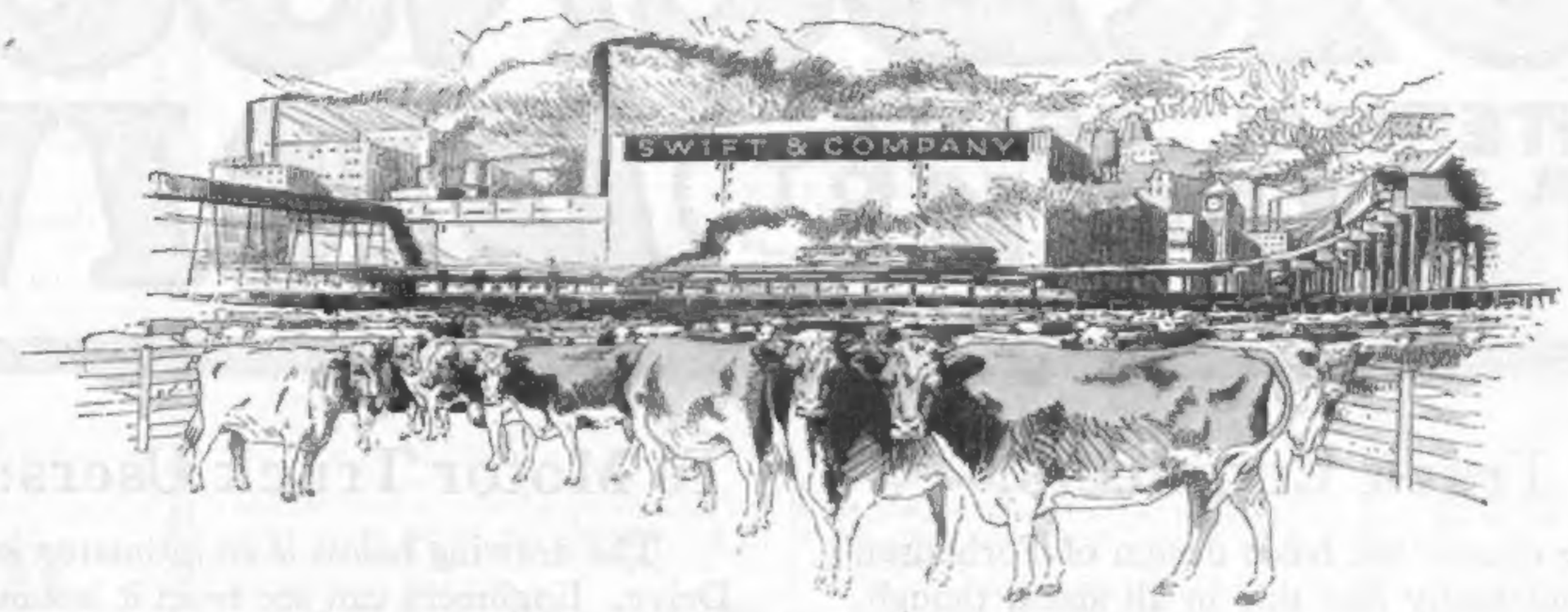

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Here are beverages to suit nearly everyone's taste, and they are made without stimulants.

For warm days or cool days, for every-day meals or for parties, no other beverages were ever more delightful. And note how easy to prepare.

All the ingredients—for the simpler as well as the more elaborate—can be had at neighborhood drugstores or groceries.

All these drinks are distinctive, with well-defined flavors. They were designed by experts in this line.

In each case the principal ingredients are the healthful juices of oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

Try the recipes. See how you like them. Serve them to your friends. And send at once for the other recipes. We will mail them to you free.

Always ask for California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. They are juicy, full-flavored, and practically seedless. Best for orange drinks and lemonade. All first-class dealers sell them. Order from yours now.

Orange Grape Juice

Juice of 1 Sunkist orange — ½ glass of chipped ice — Grape juice

Fill tall glass half full of chipped ice, add juice of 1 orange and fill remainder of glass with sweetened grape juice. Serves one person.

Orange Pineapple Cup

Juice of 3 Sunkist oranges
Juice of 1 Sunkist lemon
1 cup pineapple juice
1 pint water
¾ cup sugar
1 quart ice water

Boil 1 pint water with ¾ cup sugar for 5 minutes. Cool. Add remaining ingredients and serve very cold. Makes nine glasses.

Lemon Fizz

Carbonated water — Sunkist lemon — Sugar

Fill a glass half full of vichy or plain carbonated water, and squeeze into it the juice of half a lemon. Stir into it a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and serve while effervescing. Serves one person.

Other very attractive drinks can be made from the above by floating a layer of grape juice or loganberry juice on top and garnishing with a slice of orange or sprig of mint leaves.

Grape Juice Lemonade

4 Sunkist lemons
1 pint grape juice
1½ pints water
1 cup sugar

Place a small block of ice in a pitcher. With the juice of four lemons mix one cup of sugar, one and one-half pints of water, and one pint of grape juice. Pour into pitcher and stir thoroughly. Allow to stand a few minutes before serving. Serves six persons.

Ginger Ale Lemonade

Substitute ginger ale for grape juice in above formula.

Sunkist Ginger Ale Punch

1 cup sugar
1 cup hot tea infusion
¾ cup Sunkist orange juice
1 pint ginger ale
1 pint Apollinaris
Few slices Sunkist orange
¾ cup Sunkist lemon juice

Pour tea over sugar, and, as soon as sugar is dissolved, add fruit juices; strain into punch-bowl over a large piece of ice, and, just before serving, add ginger ale, Apollinaris and slices of Sunkist orange. Will serve twenty-five people.

CALIFORNIA Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges and Lemons

Send for "Sunkist New-Day Drinks" *by Alice Bradley*

Write us now for "Sunkist New-Day Drinks" containing many other suggestions for attractive beverages that include healthful orange and lemon juice. There are combinations with grape juice, loganberry juice, ginger ale, charged water, and other fruit juices, which are delicious, wholesome and inexpensive.

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A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,000 Growers
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